

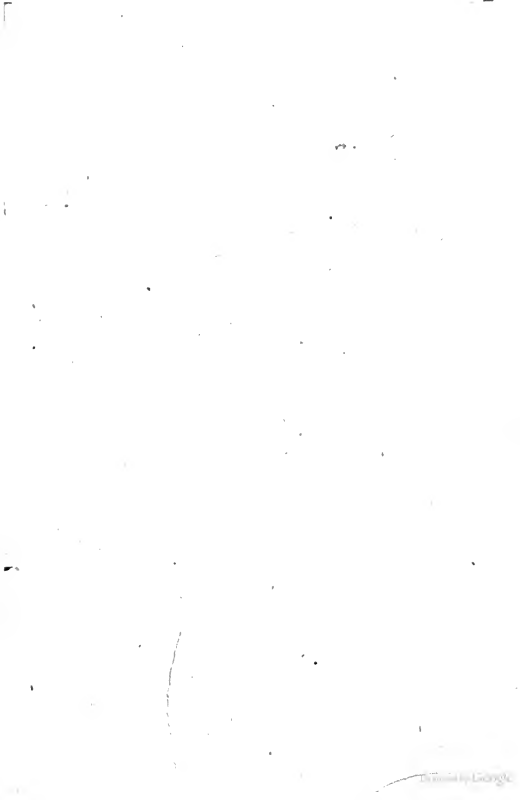




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Jack Magennis playing at Five and Ten with the "dark looking" gentleman.

Shamrock Leaves,

BIBLIOTECA NAZ.
ROMA
VITTORIO EMANUELE

Being



TALES AND STORIES OF IRELAND.

BOSTON

Thomas Sweeney

1875

SHAMROCK LEAVES;

GLEANEED IN THE

FERTILE FIELD OF IRISH LITERATURE:

BEING



TALES AND STORIES OF IRELAND,

SELECTED FROM THE MOST



POPULAR AUTHORS.

"If they found a plot of water-cresses or SHAMROCKS, there they flocked as to a FEAST for the time."—SPENCER'S FAIRY QUEEN.



BOSTON:
PUBLISHED BY PATRICK DONAHOE,
23 FRANKLIN STREET.
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P R E F A C E.

IN presenting this collection of "Shamrock Leaves" to the public, it may not be amiss to state that they are the genuine productions of the verdant vales and majestic mountain sides of the land of poetry and pathos, mirth and melody, the Emerald Isle of the ocean. The gleaner, in the prosecution of his task, has not confined his researches to any particular locality in Ireland, but has traveled over the whole island, "from the centre all round to the sea," to obtain the freshest, greenest, and most "racy of the soil." By following this arrangement he has been enabled to present to public view, as it were, a perfect daguerreotype of Ireland at large by her best artists. The inimitable CARLETON, it is well known, confined his delineations of Irish character chiefly to Ulster and Connaught, while GERALD GRIFFIN, JOHN BAIN, CROFTON CROCKER, MRS. HALL and our other eminent authors and authoresses, chose as the ground work of their living pictures of the peasantry, the historic, picturesque and romantic, south and south-west. This volume contains the master pieces of all these writers, with those of many others,

whose names could not be ascertained, compressed into the smallest possible space consistent with a proper development of the design of each author. By thus acting as an abridger, in which capacity he trusts the reader will perceive he has been judicious. — The compiler has been enabled to give the cream or *quintessence* of over twenty stories, which, if given in detail, would make ten volumes as large as the one here presented. Should those for whose instruction and amusement this volume has been prepared, sufficiently encourage this first effort to revive in their recollection the legendary lore, the traits and traditions, the sports and pastimes of the verdant vales, and the green woodside, where the happy days of their childhood were first spent, it will be but the precursor of other works of a similar character for which he has still on hand ample material.

BOSTON May 1st, 1854.



SHAMROCK LEAVES.

LIGHT HEARTS AND LIGHT HEELS.

THERE is not a people on the face of the earth who possess a more elastic temperament than the Irish : no circumstances, however adverse, can subdue their cheerfulness ; no fatigue break it down ; and even hunger, which, as the proverb says, “ breaks through stone walls,” even that potent agent cannot conquer an Irishman’s habitual hilarity. There is certainly no people in Europe, and, perhaps, not in the world, so ill-provided with the comforts, it might almost be said, the necessities of life, as the humbler classes of the Irish ; and it is a fact they may be proud of, that they do not repine at the want of such bodily enjoyments as their neighboring countrymen are in the possession of. A peasant once spoken to on the subject, answered in a proverb, — “ ‘ Sure,’ ” said he, “ ‘ what the eye never sees the heart never grieves for,’ and sure we never see any thing from year’s end to year’s end but hard tratement ; and though we know that there’s more cattle and pigs and sheep sent out o’ the country than id feed nine times over what’s in it ; yet, as none of *uz* can afford it, why one is’nt bettther off than another, and so as I said afore, ‘ what the eye never sees the heart never grieves for,’ and we’re used to the hard living.”

ton, near the harbor, to rest themselves, while awaiting the time for the sailing of the Liverpool steam boat; for they were all going to England to look for work at the ensuing harvest, as the reaping-hook slung over the shoulder indicated. A gentleman entered into conversation with one of these men, and asked him if he had been in England before. He told him he had. He asked him if he liked being there.

"Why thin, indeed, your honor, I'm not *covityous* of goin' there at all, only in regard of makin' the rint, and keepin' the house over the heads of the wife and the childer."

"Then you do make the rent."

"O yis, sir; they give fine wages when the crap is heavy, and the saizon onsartin—and may be a scarcity of hands at the same time—and they know that we'll slave a power to rise the money."

"Then why should you not like to go there?"

"O, sir! sure they despise us, an' look down on us, for laving our own country, and sure how can we help that, when them that ought to stay at home wid us, and give us work and purfection, goes away from us, and laves us to the inercy of the wide world?"

"But if you tell the English people that, they won't despise, but rather pity you."

"Pity is a *cowld* word, sir; and its not behowlden I'd be to any man's pity, moreover far less a sthranger's, and that same a proud sthranger."

"But the English have cause to be proud."

"Sure, and that's truc indeed, sir; but they might take pride out o' themselves without hurtin' another man's feelings; and, indeed, sometimes my blood rises when they go on with their consait, and throw our poverty in our teeth."

“And are they in the habit of doing that?”

“Truth and they are, but I never let it go wid them without giving them a word or two in exchange, and more, maybe, if they’s sauey.” And he gripped his stiek tight as he spoke, and gave it a knowing jerk. “One fine thing, sir, they’re mighty consaited about, is their fine aitin’ and dhrinkin,’ and God knows but it’s a poor thing for a Christian to be proud of, for sure a brute baste is as sinsible of good aitin’ as a man, and a man ought to know betther; but as I was sayin’, sir, they are consaited about it, and a ehap says to me, one day, that I was workin’ task-work, just as he was aitin’ his dinner in the field, undher the shade o’ the hedge, and as I raped up to him, when I kem to the end of the ridge, and, says he, ‘do you know what this is?’ says he, howldin’ up a fine big piece of ham for-ninst me. ‘Isn’t it eheese?’ says I, purtendin’ not to know, and humbuggin’ the fellow. ‘No, it arn’t cheese,’ said he — he said arn’t, sir; indeed they all say arn’t, not undherstandin’ the jography o’ their own language, which is far greater disgrace than poverty. ‘It arn’t cheese,’ says he, but a *dam* fine pieee of ham,’ says he. ‘Think o’ that, sir, he said *dam* to the ham! eursin’ the mate that was feedin’ him. ‘And what is that?’ says he, howldin’ up a brave big mug of fine yolla ale. ‘Indeed and I don’t know,’ says I, ‘if it be milk,’ says I, ‘it’s very mueh tanned with the sun,’ says I. ‘It arn’t milk,’ says he, ‘you poor ignorant *cretter*,’ says he — he wanted to say *crathur*, but they can’t say them soft words at all, but chops thenr all short, like a snarlin’ dog. ‘No, it arn’t milk,’ says he, ‘but *dam* fine yale.’ you must know they say *yale* instead of ale — they *dunna* know how to *convarse* at all; and you see he said *dam* to the drink as well as to the mate. ‘But you harn’t no *yale* in Ireland,’ says he. ‘No,’ says I,

glory be to God, we've whiskey!' says I. 'And if you harn't ham, nor yale, nor cheese, what do you feed on?' says he. 'Pratees,' says I. 'Is it *taytees*?' says he. 'No, it's *pratees*,' says I, 'don't call them out o' their name, and you'll oblige me.' 'And what do you drink?' says he. 'Wather,' says I, 'when we've no betther; but sometimes we relish the pratees with a squib of butthermilk.' 'O! that's what we feed our pigs on here,' says he. 'It's well for the pigs,' says I. 'And you poor cretters,' says he, 'hav'nt you no better than butthermilk to drink to your tatees?' says he. 'We think ourselves well off when we get that same,' says I. 'I wonder then how you can work at all,' says he, 'on such poor victuals.' 'Well, you see we can,' says I. 'But you can't be strong,' says he, 'on sich rubbishy stuff.' 'Think o' that, sir, to call the fine pratees, that God's word makes grow in the earth for his craythurs, and the fine milk, rubbishy stuff!' 'O, don't talk o' stuff,' says I, 'we don't use them for stuff; we only ate to satisfy wholesome hunger, but it is you that *stuff* yourselves at every hand's turn, making your stomach a'most like a panthry, crammin' all the mate you can get into it, at all hours.' 'Aye,' says he, 'and look at the fine stout fellows we be,' says he, 'there be three inches o' fat outside o' my ribs,' says he. 'Aye, and the same inside o' your head,' says I, 'and a power o' sinse *outside*. And are you the sthronger in arm, or stouter in heart, for all your crammin'?' says I; 'will you eut as much corn in a day?' 'I wouldn't make a slave o' myself like you,' says he. 'I am a slave it's true,' says I, 'but if it was'nt God's will that I should be a slave, it would'nt be, so I'm contint,' says I. 'But tell me, Paddy,' says he, 'how can you work with nothing to eat but taytees and buttermilk!' 'Then I'll tell you, says I, 'whatever we ate we *bless*, but you

curse what you ate ; and so the few pratees we have does :
us more good than all your mate. ' We don't curse what we eat,' says he, in a great rage. ' O ! but you do,' says I, ' sure you say *dam* to every thing—sure it's only a while ago you said it to your ham, and to your ale ; while, if it's only on dhry pratees, without even a grain o' salt, we say God bless it, and av coorse HE makes it thrive with us ;' so you see, sir, I was down on his taw there. "

" Well, I hope you will always continue in the same humble spirit of contentment, and submit with cheerfulness to whatever lot Providence has been pleased to call you."

" Please God ! sir," said the poor fellow, in the truest spirit of Christian resignation.

" But, however you may have your temper and forbearance occasionally tried in England, where the comforts of those in the same class of life with yourself are calculated to create comparisons likely to make you jealous ; yet, in poor Ireland, so many are obliged to submit to the same lot, that it makes it the easier for you to bend your back to the burden."

" Thruce, for you, sir."

" Besides, when you see no others enjoying the comforts of life, a great cause of jealousy is removed, for ' what the eye never sees the heart never grieves for.' "

" Indced and a good saying that same is, sir."

" But you seem tired."

" And no wondher," said the poor fellow, " I have walked betther nor forty miles since mornin'."

" That's a long march."

" Well, surc I'll sleep the soundher on the deek o' the staymer."

Just at this moment a blind fiddler made his appearance,

groping his way by a blank wall, until he arrived at the porch of a house, that stood nearly opposite to where these travel-tired Irishmen were resting, and having ascertained his position in the front of a gentleman's house, he began to rasp his fiddle most furiously, in the hope of making himself heard; but in vain. With a view to conciliate the tastes of the *quolity* he endeavored to scrape acquaintance with some of the most popular modern airs; but finding these unavailing, he dashed out into an Irish jig; one of those inimitable joyous compositions that might make a man dance at his own wake, as they say in Ireland. The poor wearied fellow, who had walked forty miles that day, exhibited strong marks of excitement the moment the fiddle had been played, but as soon as the jig commenced he jumped up, ran over to the porch where the blind man was playing, and stepping up softly immediately behind him, began to dance, in true Connaught style, to the characteristic music, and as he capered in the rear of the fiddler, he cast a waggish look behind him at his companions, as much as to say, "see all the fine dancing I'm getting for nothing." Nothing could be more irresistibly comic than the quiescent unconsciousness of the blind man, and the active merriment of Paddy; the example was electric in its effect, for all the reapers got up and began to dance as well as their companion. The blind fiddler never perceived the extensive fraud that was practised upon him, and not having been able to reduce the house he had laid seige to, to a contribution, he decamped. The man was asked if he did not think they had taken an unfair advantage of the poor blind man, to which he replied:

"Sure he wasn't playing for us at all, but for the *quolity*, that often gives him nothin' I'm thinkin'; and sure, when I seen him standin' over there, with no livin' craythur to

hear him, barrin' the door he was playing forninst, myself thought it was a pity so much good music should be goin' to waste, and by dad, I could'nt keep my heels quiet at all, at all."

"But you know there is an old saying that 'those who dance should pay the piper.'"

"O! but he's only a fiddler, sir, and moreover nor that, he's a *blind* fiddler; and sure your honor towld me, not ten minutes ago, that '*what the eye never sees the heart never grieves for.*'"

NED M'KEOWN.

BY WILLIAM CARLETON.

Who within the parish, whether gentle or simple, man or woman, boy or girl, did not know Ned M'Keown and his wife Nancy, joint proprietors of the tobacco shop and public house at the cross-roads of Kilrudden? Honest, blustering, good-humored Ned, was the indefatigable merchant of the village; ever engaged in some ten or twenty pound speculation, the capital of which he was sure to extort, perhaps for the twelfth time, from the savings of Nancy's frugality, by the equivocal test of a month or six weeks' consecutive sobriety; and which said speculation he never failed to wind up by the total loss of the capital for Nancy, and the capital loss of a broken head for himself. Ned had eternally some bargain on his hands; at one time you might find him a yarn merchant, planted upon the upper step of Mr. Birnie's hall door, where the yarn-market was held, surrounded by a crowd of eager country-women, anxious to give Ned the preference—first, because he was a well-wisher; secondly, because he hadn't his heart in the penny; and thirdly, because he gave sixpence a spangle more than any other man in the market. There might Ned be found, with his twenty pounds of hard silver jingling in the bottom of a green bag, as a decoy to the customers, laughing aloud as he piled the yarn in an ostentatious heap, which, in the pride of his commercial sagacity, he had purchased at a dead loss. Again you might see him at a horse-fair, cantering about on the back of some sleek, but

broken-winded jade, with spavined legs, imposed on him as "a great bargain entirely," by the superior cunning of some rustic sharper;—or standing over a hogshead of damaged flax-seed, in the purchase of which he shrewdly suspected himself of having overreached the seller, by allowing him for it a greater price than the prime seed of the market would have cost him. In short, Ned was never out of a speculation, and whatever he undertook was sure to prove a complete failure. But he had one mode of consolation, which consisted in sitting down with the fag-end of Nancy's capital in his pocket, and drinking night and day with this neighbor and that, whilst a shilling remained; and when he found himself at the end of his tether, he was sure to fasten a quarrel on some friend or acquaintance, and to get his head broken for his pains. None of all this blustering, however, happened within the range of Nancy's jurisdiction. Ned, indeed, might drink and sing, and swagger and fight—and he contrived to do so; but notwithstanding all his apparent courage, there was *one* eye which made him quail, and before which he never put on the Hector;—there was *one*, in whose presence the loudness of his song would fall away into a very awkward and unmusical quaver, and his laughing face assume the visage of a man who is disposed to anything but mirth. The fact was this: Whenever Ned found that his speculation was *gone a shaughran*, as he termed it, he fixed himself in some favorite public house, from whence he seldom stirred while his money lasted, except when dislodged by Nancy, who usually, upon learning where he had taken cover, paid him an unceremonious visit, to which Ned's indefensible delinquency gave the color of legitimate authority. Upon these occasions, Nancy, accompanied by two sturdy servant-men, would sally forth to the next market-town, for the

purpose of bringing home "graceless Ned," as she called him. And then you might see Ned between the two servants, a few paces in advance of Nancy, having very much the appearance of a man performing a pilgrimage to the gallows, or of a deserter guarded back to his barrack, in order to become a target for the muskets of his comrades. Ned's compulsory return always became a matter of some notoriety; for Nancy's excursion in quest of the "graceless," was not made without frequent denunciations of wrath against him, and many melancholy apologies to the neighbors for entering upon the task of personally securing him. By this means, her enterprise was sure to get wind, and a mob of all the idle young men and barefooted urchins of the village, with Bob M'Cann, "*a three quather clift*," or mischievous fellow, half knave, half fool, was to be found a little below the village, upon an elevation of the road, that commanded a level stretch of half a mile or so, in anxious expectation of the procession. No sooner had this arrived at the point of observation, than the little squadron would fall rearward of the principal group, for the purpose of extracting from Nancy, a full and particular account of the capture.

"Indeed childher, id's no wondher for ye to enquire! Where did I get 'im, Dick?—musha, an' where wud I get 'im, but in the ould place, a-hagur; wid the ould set; don't yes know that a dacent place or dacent company wudn't sarve Ned? nobody bud Shane Martin, an' Jimmy Tague, an' the other blackguards."

"An' what will ye do wid 'm, Nancy?"

"Och! thin, Dick, avourneen, id's myself that's jist tired thinkin' iv that; at any rate, consumin' to the loose foot he'll get this blessed month to come, Dick, agra!"

"Troth, Nancy," another mischievous monkey would

exclaim, "if ye hadn't great patience entirely, ye cudn't put up wid such thratement at all, at all."

"Why thin, God knows, id's thrue for ye, Barney. D'ye hear that 'graceless,' the very childher makin' a laughin'-stock and a May-game iv ye? but wait till we get undher the roof, any how."

"Ned," a third would say, "isn't id a burnin' shame for ye to brake the poor eathur's heart, this a-way? Throth, but ye ought to hould down yer head, sure enough—a decent woman! that only for her wudn't have a house over ye, so ye wudn't."

"An' throth an' id's goin', Tim," Nancy would exclaim, "an' whin id goes, let 'im see thin who'll do for 'm: let 'im thry if his blackguards 'ill stan' to 'im whin he won't have poor foolish Nancy at his back."

During these conversations, Ned would walk on between his two guards, with a dogged-looking and condemned face, Nancy behind him, with his own cudgel, ready to administer the restorative of an occasional bang, whenever he attempted to slacken his pace, or throw over his shoulder a growl of dissent or justification.

On getting near home, the neighbors would occasionally pop out their heads, with a smile of good-humored satire on their faces, which Nancy was very capable of translating.

"Ay," she would say, "I've caught 'im, here he is to the fore. Indeed ye may well laugh, Katty Rafferty; not a wan iv myself blames ye for id. Ah, ye mane craythur," turning to Ned, "iv ye had the blood iv a hen in ye, ye wudn't have the neighbors brakin' their hearts laughin' at ye in sich a way; an' above all the people in the world, them Raffertys, that got the decree agin iz at the last sessions, although I offered to pay within fifteen shillins of the differ—the grubs!"

Having seen her hopeful charge safely deposited on the hob, Nancy would throw her cloak into this corner, and her bonnet into that, with the air of a woman absorbed by the consideration of some vexatious trial; she would sit down, and, lighting her *doodeen*, exclaim,

“Wurrah, wurrah! id’s me that’s the heart-scalded craythur wid that man’s four quarters! The Lord may help me, an’ grant me patience wid him, any way! to have my little, honest, hard-arned penny spint among a pack o’ vagabonds, that didn’t care him an’ me war both down the river, so they cud get their belly-full iv dhrink out iv ’im. No matter, agra! things can’t long be this a-way; but what diz Ned care? give him dhrink an’ fightin’, an’ his blackguards about ’im, an’ that’s his glory. There now’s the lan’lord comin’ down upon us for the rint, an’ ’cept he takes the cows out iv the byre, or the bed from anundher iz, what in the wide arth is there for him?”

The current of this lecture was never interrupted by a single observation from Ned, who usually employed himself in silently playing with “Bunty,” a little black cur, without a tail, and a great favorite with Nancy; or, if he noticed any thing out of its place in the house, he would arrange it with great apparent care. In the mean time Nancy’s wrath generally evaporated with the smoke of the pipe, a circumstance which Ned well knew; for, after she had sucked it until it emitted a shrill, bubbling sound, like that from a reed, her brows, which wore at other times an habitual frown, would gradually relax into a more benevolent expression; the parenthetical curves on each side of her mouth, formed by the irascible pursing of her lips, would become less marked; the dog or cat, or whatever else came in her way, instead of being kicked aside, or pursued in an underfit of digressional peevishness, would

be put out of her path with a gentler force ; so that it was in such circumstances, a matter of little difficulty to perceive that conciliation would soon be the order of the day. Ned's conduct on these critical occasions was very prudent and commendable ; he still gave Nancy her own way, never "jawed back to her," but took shelter, as it were, under his own patience, until the storm had passed, and the sun of her good humor began to shine again. Nancy herself, now softened by the fumes of her own pigtail, usually made the first overtures to a compromise, but without departing from the practice and principles of higher negociators — always in an indirect manner ; as, "Judy, avourneen, may be that crathur's ate nothing to-day ; ye had betther, agra, get 'm the cowl'd bacon that's in the cubbord, and warm for 'im upon the greeshaugh, them yellowlegs* that's in the colindher, though God he knows it's ill my common ; but no mather, a hagur, there's enough sed, I'm thinkin ; give 'em to 'im."

On Ned seating himself to his bacon and potatoes, Nancy would light another pipe, and plant herself on the opposite hob, putting some interrogatory to him, in the way of business ; always concerning a third person, and still in a tone of dry ironical indifference ; as,

"Did ye see Jimmy Connolly on yer thravels ?"

"No."

"Humph ! Can ye tell iz if Andy Morrow sowld his cowlt ?"

"He did."

"May be, ye have gumption enough to know what he got for 'im ?"

"Fifteen ginneys."

* A kind of Potato.

"In troth, an' it's more nor a poor body-would get; but, any way, Andy Morrow deserves to get a good price: he's a man that takes care of his own bizness, an' minds nothin' else. I wish that filley of ours was dockt; ye ought to spake to Jim M'Quade about id: i'ds time to make her up, ye know we'll want to sell her for the rint."

This was an assertion by the way, which Ned knew to have every thing but truth in it.

"Never heed the filley," Ned would reply, "I'll get Charley Lawdher to dock her; bud id's not her I'm thinkin' iv: did ye hear the news about the tobacky?"

"No, but I hope we won't be long so."

"Well, any how, we war in look to buy in them three last rowls."

"Eh? in look! death alive, how, Ned?"

"Sure there was three ships iv id lost last week, on their way from the kingdom of Swuzzerland, in the Aste Indians, where id grows: we can rise it thruppence a-pound now."

"No, Ned! you're not in arnest?"

"Faith, but ye may say I am; an' as soon as Tom Loan comes home from Dublin, he'll tell iz all about id; an' for that matther, may be, id may rise sixpence a pound: faith, we'll gain a lob by id, I'm thinking."

"May I never stir! bud that's look: well, Ned, ye may thank me for that, any way, or not a rowl we'd have in the four corners iv the house; an' ye wanted to persuade me agin buyin' thim; but I knew betther; for the tobacky's always sure to get a bit iv a hitch at this time a year."

"Bedad, you can do id, Nancy; I'll say that for ye; that's an' give ye yer own way."

"Eh! can't I, Ned? an' what was betther, I bate



down Pether M'Entee three ha'pence a-pound afther I bought them."

"Ha! ha! ha! by my sannies, Nancy, as to market-makin', they may throw their caps at ye; ye thief o'the world, ye can do them nately."

"Ha! ha! ha! Stop, Ned, don't dhrink that wather, id's not from the rock well; but I'll just mix a sup iv this last stuff we got from the mountains, till ye taste id: I think id's not worse nor the last; for Hugh Traynor's an ould hand at makin id."

This was all Ned wanted; his point was now carried: but with respect to the rising of the tobacco, the less that is said about that, the better for his veracity.

THE STOLEN SHEEP ; AN IRISH SKETCH.

BY JOHN BANIM.

THE faults of the humble classes of the Irish peasantry, are sufficiently known. Perhaps their virtues have not been proportionately observed, or recorded for observation. At all events, it is but justice to them, and it cannot conflict with any established policy, or do any harm to exhibit them in a favorable light to their fellow citizens, as often as strict truth will permit. In this view the following story is written—the following facts, indeed; for we have a newspaper report before us, which shall be very slightly departed from while we make our copy of it.

The Irish plague, called the typhus fever, raged in its terrors. In almost every third cabin there was a corpse daily. In every one, without an exception, there was what had made the corpse—hunger. It need not be added that there was poverty, too. The poor could not bury their dead. From mixed motives of self-protection, terror, and benevolence, those in easier circumstances exerted themselves to administer relief, in different ways. Money was subscribed, wholesome food, or food as wholesome as a bad season permitted, was provided; and men of respectability, bracing their minds to avert the danger that threatened themselves, by boldly facing it, entered the infected house, where death reigned almost alone, and took measures to cleanse and purify the close-cribbed air, and the rough bare walls. Before proceeding to our story, let us be permitted to mention some general marks of Irish virtue, which, under those circumstances, we personally noticed. In pov-

erty, in abject misery, and at a short and fearful notice, the poor man died like a Christian. He gave vent to none of the poor man's complaints or invectives against the rich man who had neglected him, or who, he might have supposed, had done so, till it was too late. Except for a glance — and, doubtless, a little inward pang while he glanced — at the starving, and perhaps infected wife, or child, or old parent as helpless as the child — he blessed God, and died. The appearance of a comforter at his wretched bed-side, even when he knew comfort to be useless, made his heart grateful, and his spasmed lips eloquent in thanks. In cases of indescribable misery — some members of his family lying lifeless before his eyes, or else some dying — stretched upon the damp and unclean straw, on an earthen floor, without cordial for his lips, or potatoes to point out to a crying infant — often we have heard him whisper to himself, (and to another who heard him!) "The Lord giveth, and the Lord taketh away, blessed be the name of the Lord." Such men need not always make bad neighbors.

In the early progress of the fever, before the more affluent roused themselves to avert its career, let us cross the threshold of an individual peasant. His young wife lies dead; his second child is dying at her side; he has just sunk into the corner himself, under the first stun of disease, long resisted. The only persons of his family who have escaped contagion, and are likely to escape it, are his old father, who sits weeping feebly upon the hob, and his first-born, a boy of three or four years, who, standing between the old man's knees, cries also for food.

We visit the young peasant's abode some time after. He has not sunk under "the sickness." He is fast regaining his strength, even without proper nourishment; he can creep out of doors, and sit in the sun. But in the expres-

sion of his sallow and emaciated face, there is no joy for his escape from the grave, as he sits there alone, silent and brooding. His father and his surviving child are still hungry — more hungry, indeed, and more helpless than ever; for the neighbors, who had relieved the family with a potato and a mug of sour milk, are now stricken down themselves, and want assistance to a much greater extent than they can give it.

“I wish Mr. Evans was in the place,” cogitated Michaul Carroll, “a body could spake forn’ent him, and not spake for nothin’, for all that he’s an Englishman; and I don’t like the thoughts o’ goin’ up to the house to the steward’s face; it wouldn’t turn kind to a body. May be he’d soon come home to us, the masther himself.”

Another fortnight elapsed. Michaul’s hope proved vain. Mr. Evans was still in London; though a regular resident on a small Irish estate, since it had come into his possession, business, unfortunately — and he would have said so himself — now kept him an unusually long time absent. Thus disappointed Michaul overcame his repugnance to appear before the “hard” steward. He only asked for work, however. There was none to be had. He turned his slow and still feeble feet into the adjacent town. It was market-day, and he took up his place among a crowd of other claimants for agricultural employment, shouldering a spade, as did each of his companions. Many farmers came to the well known “stannin,” and hired men at his right and at his left, but no one addressed Michaul. Once or twice, indeed, touched perhaps by his sidelong looks of beseeching misery, a farmer stopped a moment before him, and glanced over his figure; but his worn and almost shaking limbs giving little promise of present vigor in the working field, worldly prudence soon conquered

the humane feeling which started up towards him in the man's heart, and, with a choking in his throat, poor Michaul saw the arbiter of his fate pass on.

He walked homeward without having broken his fast that day. "Bud *musha*, what's the harin o' that," he said to himself, "only here's the ould father, an' *her* pet boy, the weenock, without a pyatee either. Well *asthore*, if they can't have the pyatees, they must have bettther food, that's all; aye—" he muttered, elenching his hands at his side, and imprecating fearfully in Irish—"an' so they must."

He left his house again, and walked a good way to beg a few potatoes. He did not come back quite empty-handed. His father and his child had a meal. He ate but a few himself, and when he was about to lie down in his corner for the night, he said to the old man, across the room, "Don't be a crying to-night, father, you and the child there; but sleep well, and ye'll have the good break'ast afore ye in the mornin'." "The good break'ast, *ma bouchal*?* a then, an' where 'ill id come from?" "A body promised it to me father." "*Avich*! Michaul, an' sure its fun you're makin' of us, now, at any rate; bud the good night, *a chorra*,† an' my blessin' on your head, Michaul; an' if we keep trust in the good God, an' ax his blessin', too, mornin' an' evenin', gettin' up and lyin' down, He'll be a friend to us at last; that was always an' ever my word to you, poor boy, since you was at the years o' your weenock, now fast asleep at my side; and its my word to you now, *ma bouchal*, an' you won't forget id; an' there's one sayin' the same to you, out o' heaven, this night—herself, an' *her* little angel in glory by the hand, Michaul, *a vourneen*."

* My boy.

† Term of endearment.

Having thus spoken in the fervent and rather exaggerated, though every-day, words of pious allusion of the Irish poor man, old Carroll soon dropt asleep, with his arms round his little grandson, both overcome by an unusually abundant meal. In the middle of the night he was awakened by a stealthy noise. Without moving, he cast his eyes round the cabin. A small window, through which the moon broke brilliantly, was open. He called to his son, but received no answer. He called again and again; all remained silent. He arose, and crept to the corner where Michaul had laid down. It was empty. He looked out through the window into the moonlight. The figure of a man appeared at a distance, just about to enter a pasture-field belonging to Mr. Evans.

The old man leaned his back against the wall of the cabin, trembling with sudden and terrible misgivings. With him, the language of virtue, which we have heard him utter, was not cant. In early prosperity, in subsequent misfortunes, and in his late and present excess of wretchedness, he had never swerved in practice from the spirit of his own exhortations to honesty before men, and love for, and dependence upon God, which, as he has truly said, he had constantly addressed to his son, since his earliest childhood. And hitherto that son had, indeed, walked by his precepts, further assisted by a regular observance of the duties of his religion. Was he now about to turn into another path? to bring shame on his father in his old age? to put a stain on their family and their name, "the name that a rogue or a bowld woman never bore?" continued old Carroll, indulging in some of the pride and egotism for which an Irish peasant is, under his circumstances, remarkable. And then came the thought of the personal peril incurred by Michaul; and his agitation,

incurred by the feebleness of age, nearly overpowered him.

He was sitting on the floor, shivering like one in an ague fit, when he heard steps outside the house. He listened, and they ceased ; but the familiar noise of an old barn door creaking on its crazy hinges, came on his ear. It was now day-dawn. He dressed himself, stole out cautiously, peeped into the barn through a chink of the door, and all he had feared met full confirmation. There, indeed, sat Michaul, busily and earnestly engaged, with a frowning brow, and a haggard face, in quartering the animal he had stolen from Mr. Evan's field.

The sight sickened the father ; the blood on his son's hands, and all. He was barely able to keep himself from falling. A fear, if not a dislike, of the unhappy culprit, also came upon him. His unconscious impulse was to re-enter their cabin unperceived, without speaking a word ; he succeeded in doing so ; and then he fastened the door again, and undressed, and resumed his place beside his innocent grandson.

About an hour afterwards, Michaul came in cautiously through the still open window, and also undressed and reclined on his straw, after glancing towards his father's bed, who pretended to be asleep. At the usual time for arising, old Carroll saw him suddenly jump up, and prepare to go abroad. He spoke to him, leaning on his elbow.

"And what *hollg** is on you, *ma bouchal* ?" "Going for the good break'ast I promised you, father dear." "An' who's the good Christian 'll give id to us, Michaul ?" "Oh ! you'll know that soon, father ; now, a good bye" — he hurried to the door. "A good bye, then, Michaul ; but

* What are you about.

tell me what's that on your hand?" "No — nothin'," stammered Michaul, changing color, as he hastily examined the hand himself, "nothin' is on id; what could there be?" (nor was there, for he had very carefully removed all evidence of guilt from his person; and the father's question was asked upon grounds distinct from any thing he then saw.) "Well *avich*, an' sure I didn't say any thing was on it wrong, or anything to make you look so quare, an' spake so sthrange to your father, this mornin'; only I'll ax you, Michaul, over agin, who has took such a sudd'n likin' to us, to send us the good break-'ast? an' answer me sthraight, Michaul, what is id to be, that you call it so *good*?" "The good mate, father" — he was again passing the threshold. "Stop!" cried his father, "stop, an' turn fornent me. Mate? — the good mate? What ud bring mate into our poor house, Michaul? Tell me, I bid you again an' again, who is to give id to you?" "Why, as I said afore, father, a body that—" "a body that thieved id, Michaul Carroll!" added the old man, as his son hesitated, walking close up to the culprit, "a body that thieved id, an' no other body. Don't think to blind me, Michaul. I am ould, to be sure, but sense enough is left in me to look round among the neighbors, in my own mind, an' know that none of 'em that has the will, has the power to send us the mate for our break-'ast, in an honest way. An' I don't say, outright, that you had the same thought wid me, when you consented to take it from a thief; I don't mean to say that you'd go to turn a thief's recaiver, at this hour o' your life, an' after growin' up from a boy to a man without bringin' a spot o' shame on yourself, or on your weenock, or on one of us. No, I won't say that. Your heart was scalded, Michaul, an' your mind was darkened, for a start; an' the

thought of getting comfort for the ould father, an' for the little son, made you consent in a hurry, widout lookin' well afore you, or widout looking up to your God." "Father, father, let me alone! don't spake them words to me," interrupted Michaul, sitting on a stool, and spreading his large and hard hands over his face. "Well, thin, an' I won't, *avich*; I won't; nothing to trouble you, sure; I didn't mean it — only this, *avourneen*, don't bring a mouthful o' the bad, unlueky vietuals into this cabin; the pyatees, the wild berries o' the bush, the wild 'oots o' the arth, will be sweeter to us, Michaul: the hunger itself will be sweeter; an' when we give God thanks afther our poor meal, or afther no meal at all, our hearts, will be lighter, and our hopes for to-morrow stronger, *avich ma chree*, than if we faisted on the fat o' the land, but couldn't ax a blessing on our faist." "Well thin, I won't either, father — I won't; an' sure you have your way now. I'll only go out a little while from you, to beg; or else, as you say, to root down in the ground, with my nails, like a baste brute, for our break'ast." "My vourneen you are, Michaul, an' my blessin' on your head; yes, to be sure, *avich*, beg, an' I'll beg wid you; sorrow a shame is in that — no, but a good deed, Michaul, when it's done to keep us honest. So come, we'll go among the Christians together; only, before we go, Michaul, my own dear son, tell me — tell one thing." "What, father?" Michaul began to suspect. "Never be afraid to tell me, Michaul Carroll, *ma bouchal*, I won't — I can't be angry wid you now. You are sorry; an' your Father in heaven forgives you, and so do I. But you know, *avich*, there would be danger in quittin' the place widout hiding every serap of any thing that could tell on us." "Tell on us! what can tell on us?" demanded Michaul, "what's in the place to tell

on us?" "Nothin' in the cabin, I know, Michaul; but—" "But what, father?" "Have you left nothin' in the way, out there?" whispered the old man, pointing towards the barn. "Out there? Where? What? What do you mean at all, now, father? Sure you know it's your ownself has kept me from as much as layin' a hand on it." "Ay, to-day-mornin'; bud you laid a hand on it last night *avich*, an' so—" "*Curp an' duoul!*" imprecated Michaul, "this is too bad, at any rate; no I didn't—last night—let me alone, I bid you father." "Come back again, Michaul," commanded old Carroll, as the son once more hurried to the door; and his words were instantly obeyed. Michaul, after a glance abroad, and a start, which the old man did not notice, paced to the middle of the floor, hanging his head, and saying in a low voice, "Hushth, now, father—it's time." "No, Michaul, I will not hushth, an' it's not time; come out with me to the barn." "Hushth!" repeated Michaul, whispering sharply; he had glanced sideways to the square patch of strong morning sunlight on the ground of the cabin, defined there by the shape of the open door, and saw it intruded upon by the shadow of a man's bust leaning forward in an earnest posture. "Is it in your mind to go back into your sin, Michaul, an' tell me you were not in the barn at day-break, the mornin'?" asked his father, still unconscious of a reason for silence. "Arrah, hushth, old man!" Michaul made a hasty sign towards the door, but it was disregarded. "I saw you in id," pursued old Carroll, sternly, "ay, and at your work in id, too." "What's that you're sayin', ould Peery Carroll?" demanded a well known voice. "Enough to hang his son!" whispered Michaul to his father, as Mr. Evans's land steward, followed by his herdsman and two policemen, entered the cabin. In a few

minutes afterwards, the policemen had in charge the dismembered carcass of the sheep, dug up out of the floor of the barn, and were escorting Michaul, hand-cuffed, to the county gaol, in the vicinity of the next town. They could find no traces of the animal's skin, though they sought attentively for it; this seemed to disappoint them and the steward a good deal.

From the moment that they entered the cabin, till their departure, old Carroll did not speak a word. Without knowing it, as it seemed, he sat down on his straw bed, and remained staring stupidly around him, or at one or another of his visitors. When Michaul was about to leave his wretched abode, he paced quickly towards his father, and holding out his ironed hands, and turning his cheek for a kiss, said, smiling miserably, "God be wid you, father, dear." Still the old man was silent, and the prisoner and all his attendants passed out on the road. But it was then the agony of old Carroll assumed a distinctness. Uttering a fearful cry, he snatched up his still sleeping grandson, ran with the boy in his arms till he overtook Michaul; and, kneeling down before him in the dust, said, "I ax pardon o' you, *avich*; won't you tell me I have id afore you go? an' here, I've brought little Peery for you to kiss; you forgot *him*, *avunneen*." "No, father, I didn't," answered Michaul, as he stooped to kiss the child; an' get up, father, get up; my hands are not my own, or I wouldn't let you do that afore your son. Get up, there's nothin' for you to trouble yourself about; that is' I mean, I have nothin' to forgive you; no, but every thing to be thankful for; an' to love you for; you were always an' ever the good father to me; an' —" The many strong and bitter feelings, which till now he had almost perfectly kept, found vent, and poor Michaul could not go on. The

parting from his father, however, so different from what it had promised to be, comforted him. The old man held him in his arms, and wept on his neck. They were separated with difficulty.

Peery Carroll, sitting on the road side after he lost sight of the prisoner, and holding his screaming grand-son on his knees, thought the cup of his trials was full. By his imprudence he had fixed the proof of guilt on his own child; that reflection was enough for him, and he could indulge in it only generally. But he was yet to conceive distinctly in what dilemma he had involved himself as well as Michaul. The policeman came back to compel his appearance before the magistrate; and when the little child had been disposed of in a neighboring cabin, he understood, to his consternation and horror, that he was to be chief witness against the sheep stealer. Mr. Evans's steward knew well the meaning of the words he had overheard him say in the cabin, and that if compelled to swear all he was aware of no doubt would exist of the criminality of Michaul, in the eyes of a jury. "'Tis a strange thing to ax a father to do," muttered Peery, more than once, as he proceeded to the magistrate's, "it's a very strange thing."

The magistrate proved to be a humane man. Notwithstanding the zeal of the steward and the policemen, he committed Michaul for trial, without continuing to press the hesitating and bewildered old Peery into any detailed evidence; his nature seemed to rise against the task, and he said to the steward, "I have enough of facts for making out a committal; if you think the father will be necessary on the trial, subpoena him."

The steward objected that Peery would abscond, and demanded to have him bound over to prosecute, on two sureties, solvent and respectable. The magistrate assent-

ed; Peery could name no bail; and consequently he also was marched to prison, though prohibited from holding the least intercourse with Michaul.

The assizes soon came on. Michaul was arraigned; and, during his plea of "not guilty," his father appeared, unseen by him, in the jailer's custody, at the back of the dock, or rather in an inner dock. The trial excited a keen and painful interest in the court, the bar, the jury box, and the crowds of spectators. It was universally known that a son had stolen a sheep, partly to feed a starving father; and that out of the mouth of that father it was now sought to condemn him. "What will the old man do?" was the general question which ran through the assembly, and while few of the lower orders could contemplate the possibility of his swearing to the truth, many of their betters scarcely hesitated to make out for him a case of natural necessity to swear falsely.

The trial began. The first witness, the herdsman, proved the loss of the sheep, and the finding the dismembered carcass in the old barn. The policemen and the steward followed to the same effect, and the latter added the allusions which he had heard the father make to the son, upon the morning of the arrest of the latter. The steward went down from the table. There was a pause, and complete silence, which the attorney for the prosecution broke by saying to the erier, deliberately: "Call Peery Carroll." "Here, sir," immediately answered Peery, as the gaoler led him, by a side door, out of the back dock to the table. The prisoner started round; but the new witness against him had passed for an instant into the crowd.

The next instant, old Peery was seen ascending the table, assisted by the gaoler and by many other commiserating hands, near him. Every glance was fixed on his face. The

barristers looked wistfully up from their seats round the table; the judge put a glass to his eye, and seemed to study his features attentively. Among the audience there ran a low but expressive murmur of pity and interest.

Though much emaciated by confinement, anguish, and suspense, Peery's cheeks had a flush, and his weak blue eyes glittered. The half-gaping expression of his parched and haggard lips was miserable to see. And yet he did not tremble much, nor appear so confounded as upon the day of his visit to the magistrate. The moment he stood upright on the table, he turned himself fully to the judge, without a glance towards the dock. "Sit down, sit down, poor man," said the judge. "Thanks to you my lord, I will," answered Peery, "only first I'd ax you to let me kneel, for a little start;" and he accordingly did kneel; and after bowing his head, and forming the sign of the cross on his forehead, he looked up and said, "My Judge in heaven above, 'tis you I pray to keep me to my duty, afore my earthly judge, this day—amen;" and then repeating the sign of the cross, he seated himself.

The examination of the witness commenced, and humanely proceeded as follows—(the counsel for the prosecution taking no notice of the superfluity of Peery's answers)—"Do you know Michaul, or Michael Carroll, the prisoner at the bar?" "Afore that night, sir, I believed I knew him well; every thought of his mind, every bit of the heart in his body; afore that night, no living creatur could throw a word at Michaul Carroll, or say he ever forgot his father's renown, or his love of his good God; and sure the people are after telling you, by this time, how it come about that night; 'an' you, my lord—an' ye, gintlemen—an' all good Christians that hear me; here I am to help to hang him—my own boy, and my only one; but for all

that, gintlemen, ye ought to think of it; 'twas for the weenock and the ould father that he done it; indeed, an' deed, we hadn't a pyatee in the place; and the sickness was among us, a start afore; it took the wife from him, an' another baby; an' id had himself down, a week or so beforhand; an' all that day he was looking for work, but couldn't get a hand's turn to do; an' that's the way it was; not a mouthful for me an' little Peery; an' more betoken, he grew sorry for id, in the mornin', an' promised me not to touch a scrap of what was in the barn—ay, long afore the steward and the peelers came on us—but was willin' to go among the neighbors an' beg our break'ast, along wid myself, from door to door, sooner than touch it." "It is my painful duty," resumed the barrister, when Peery would at length cease, "to ask you for closer information. You saw Michael Carroll in the barn that night?" "*Musha*,—the Lord pity him and me—I did, sir." "Doing what?" "The sheep betwecn his hands," answered Peery, dropping his head, and speaking almost inaudibly. "I must still give you pain, I fear; stand up, take the crier's rod, and if you see Michael Carroll in court, lay it on his head." "*Och, musha, musha*, sir, don't ax me to do that!" pleaded Peery, rising, wringing his hands, and for the first time weeping, "Och, don't, my lord, don't, and may your own judgment be favorable, the last day." "I am sorry to command you to do it, witness, but you must take the rod," answered the judge, bending his head close to his notes, to hide his own tears, and, at the same time, many a veteran barrister rested his forehead on the edge of the table. In the body of the court were heard sobs. "Michaul, *avich!* Michaul, *a corra machree!*" exclaimed Peery, when at length he took the rod, and faced round to his son, "is id your father they make to do it, *ma bouchal?*" "My father

does what is right," answered Michaul, in Irish. The judge immediately asked to have his words translated ; and when he learned their import, regarded the prisoner with satisfaction. " We rest here, my lord," said the counsel, with the air of a man freed from a painful task.

The judge instantly turned to the jury box.

" Gentlemen of the jury. That the prisoner at the bar stole the sheep in question, there can be no shade of moral doubt. But you have a very peculiar case to consider. A son steals a sheep, that his own famishing father and his own famishing son may have food. His aged parent is compelled to give evidence against him here, for the act. The old man virtuously tells the truth, and the whole truth, before you and me. He sacrifices his natural feelings, and we have seen that they are lively, to his honesty, and to his religious sense of the sacred obligations of an oath. Gentlemen, I will pause to observe that the old man's conduct is strikingly exemplary, and even noble. It teaches all of us a lesson. Gentlemen, it is not within the province of a judge to censure the rigor of the proceedings which have sent him before us. But I venture to anticipate your pleasure, that, notwithstanding all the evidence given, you will be enabled to acquit that old man's son, the prisoner at the bar. I have said there cannot be the shade of a moral doubt that he has stolen the sheep, and I repeat the words. But, gentlemen, there is a legal doubt, to the full benefit of which he is entitled. The sheep has not been identified. The herdsman could not venture to identify it, (and it would have been strange if he could) from the dismembered limbs found in the barn. To his mark on its skin, indeed, he might have positively spoken ; but no skin has been discovered. Therefore, according to the evidence, and you have sworn to decide by that alone, the prisoner

is entitled to your acquittal. Possibly, now that the prosecutor sees the case in its full bearing, he may be pleased with this result."

While the jury, in evident satisfaction, prepared to return their verdict, Mr. Evans, who had but a moment before returned home, entered the court, and becoming aware of the concluding words of the judge, expressed his sorrow aloud, that the prosecution had ever been undertaken; that circumstances had kept him uninformed of it, though it had gone on in his name; and he begged leave to assure his lordship, that it would be his future effort to keep Michael Carroll in his former path of honesty, by finding him honest and ample employment, and as far as in him lay, to reward the virtue of the old father.

While Peery Carroll was laughing and crying in a breath, in the arms of his delivered son, a subscription, commenced by the bar, was mounting into a considerable sum for his advantage.

DARBY DOYLE'S VOYAGE TO QUEBEC.

ONE fine morning in May, I *tuck* the road from Inche-
gelagh, an' got up to the Cove safe an' sound. There I
saw lots of ships with big broad boards fastened to ropes,
every one ov them saying, "The first vessel for Quebec."
Siz I to myself, these are about to run for a wager; this
one sez she'll be first, and that one sez *she'll* be first. At
any rate, I pitched on one that was finely painted, and
looked long and slender like a corragh on the Shannon.
When I went on board to ax the fare, who should come
up out ov a hole but Ned Flinn, an ould townsman ov my
own. "Och, is it yoorself that's there, Ned," sez I; "are
you going to Amerrykey?" "Why, an' to be shure," siz
he; "I'm *mate* ov the ship." "Meat! that's ye sort, Ned
siz I; "then we'll only want breád. Hadn't I betther go
and pay my way?" "You're time enough," siz Ned, "I'll
tell you when we're ready for sae — leave the rest to me,
Darby." "Och tip us your fist," siz I, "you were always
the broth ov a boy; for the sake ov ould times, Ned, we
must have a dhrop." So my jewil, Ned, brought me to
where there was right good stuff. But when it came to
three o'clock, I found myself mighty weak with hunger; I
had got the smell ov corn beef an' cabbage that knock'd me
up entirely; so I wint to the landledly, and siz I to her,
"May be your leddyship id not think me rood by axin' iv
Ned an' myself could get our dinner ov that fine hot mate
that I got a taste ov in my nose?" "In troth you can, an'
welkim," siz she, an' she look'd mighty pleasant. So, my
darlin', dish an' all came up. "That's what I call a flaug-
holoch mess," siz I. So we eat and drank away. Many's

the squeeze Ned gave my fist, telling me to leave it all to him, an' how comfortable he'd make me on the voyage.

Day after day we spint together, waitin' for the wind, till I found my pockets begin to grow very light. At last says he to me, one day afther dinner, "Darby, the ship will be ready for sac on the morrow—you'd betther go on board, an' pay your way." "Is it jokin' you are, Ned?" siz I; "shure you tould me to leave it all to you." "Ah. Darby," siz he, "you're for takin' a rise out o' me, shure enough ye were the lad that was never without a joke—the very priest himself couldn't get over ye. But, Darby, there's no joke like the throe one. I'll stick to my promise; but, Darby, you must pay your way." "O Ned!" siz I, "is this the way you're goin' to threat me afther all. I'm a rooin'd man; all I could scrape together I spint on you. If you don't do something for me I'm lost. Is there no place where you could hide me from the captain?" "Not a place," siz Ned. "An' where, Ned, is the place I saw you comin' up out ov?" "Och, Darby, that was the hould where the cargo's stowed." "An' is there no other place?" siz I. "O yes!" siz he, "where we keep the wather casks." "An' Ned," siz I, "does any one live down there?" "Not a mother's sowl," siz he. "An' Ned," siz I, "can't you cram me down there, and give me a lock ov straw an' a bit?" "Why, Darby," siz he, an' he look'd mighty pitiful, "I must thry; but mind, Darby, you'll have to hide all day in an empty barrel, an' when it comes to my watch, I'll bring you down some prog; but if you're discover'd, it's all over wid me, an' you'll be put on a dissolute island to starve." "O Ned!" siz I, "leave it all to me—never fear Darby—I'll mind my eye."

When night cum on, I got down into the dark cellar, among the barrels; poor Ned fixed a place in a corner for

me to sleep, an' every night he brought me down hard black cakes an' salt meat. There I lay snug for a whole month. At last, one night, siz he to me, "Now, Darby, what's to be done? we're within three days sail of Quebec; the ship will be overhaul'd an' all the passengers names called over; if you are found, you'll be sould as a slave for your passage money." "An' is that all that frets you, my jewil?" siz I; "can't you leave it all to me? In troth, Ned, I'll never forget your hospitality at any rate. But, Ned, what place is outside ov the ship!" "Why, the sea to be sure," siz he. "Och!" botheration," siz I, "I mane what's the outside the ship?" "Why, Darby," siz he, "part of it's called the balwark." "An' tundher an' turf!" siz I, "is it bulls that work the vessel along?" "No, nor horses," siz he, "neither; this is no time for jokin; what do you mean to do!" "Why, I'll tell ye, Ned — get me an empty meal bag, a bottle, an' a bare ham bone, an' that's all I'll ax." So, bedad, Ned look'd very quare at me; but he got them for me anyhow. "Well, Ned," siz I, "you know I'm a great shwimmer; your watch will be early in the mornin'; I'll just slip down into the sae; do you cry out, there's a man in the wather, as loud as you can, an' léave all the rest to me."

Well, to be sure, down into the sae I dropt without as much as a splash. Ned roar'd out with the hoarseness of a brayin' ass — "A man in the sea — a man in the sea!" Every man, woman, an' child came running up out of the holes, the captain among the rest, who put a long red barrel like a gun to his eye, an' so, thinkin' he was intint on shootin' me, down I dived. When I got my head over the wather agen, what should I see but a boat rowin' to me as fast as a throat after a pinkeen. When it came up close enough to be heard, I roared out, "Bad scran to yees for a

set of spalpeen rascals, did ye hear me at last?" The boat now run 'pon the top ov me; down I dived again like a duck afther a frog, but the minnit my scull came over the wather, I was gript by the scruff ov the neck, and dhragged into the boat. To be sure I didn't kick up a row — "Let go my hair, ye blue devils," I roared, "it's well ye have me in your marcy in this dissolute place, or be the powthers I'd make you feel the strinth ov my bones. What hard look I had to follow ye's at all, at all; which of ye is the masther?" As I said this every mother's son began to stare at me, with my bag round my neck, an' my bottle by my side, an' the bare bone in my fist. "There he is," siz they, pointing to a little yellow man in a cornér of the boat. "May bad weather rise blisters on your rapin-hook shins," siz I, "you yallow-lookin' monkey, but it's a'most time for you to think of letting me into your ship — I'm here plowin' and plugin' this month afther ye; shure I didn't care a *thrawneen*, was it not that you have my best Sunday clothes in your ship, and my name in your books. For three straws, as I don't know how to write, I'd leave my mark, an' that on your skull;" so saying, I made a lick at him with the ham bone, but I was near tumblin' into the sae agen. "An' pray what is your name, my lad?" siz the captain. "What's my name! What id you give to know?" siz I, "ye unmannerly spalpeen — it might be what's your name, Darby Doyle, out ov your mouth — aye, Darby Doyle, that was never afeard or ashamed to own it at home or abroad!" "An' Mr. Darby Doyle," siz he, "do you mean to persuade us that you swum from Cork to this afther us?" "That's more of your ignorance," siz I; "aye, an' if you sted three days longer, and not take me up, I'd be in Quebec before ye, only my purvisions were out, and the few rags of bank notes I had all melted into paste in

my pocket, for I hadn't time to get them changed. But stay, wait till I get my foot on shore, there's never a corroner in Cork iv you don't pay for leaving me to the marcy of the waves."

All this time the blue chaps were pushing the boat with sticks through the water, till at last we came close to the ship. Every one on board saw me at the Cove, but didn't see me on the voyage; to be sure every one's mouth was wide open, crying out "Darby Doyle." "The sorra stop your threats," siz I, "it's now ye can call me loud enough; ye wouldn't shout that way when ye saw me rowlin' like a tub in a millrace the other day forninst your faces." When they heard me say that, some of them grew pale as a sheet—every thumb was at work, till they most brought the blood from their forreds." But, my jewel, the captain does no more but runs to the book, and calls out the names that paid, and them that *wasn't* paid—to be shure I was one ov them that didn't pay. If the captain looked at me before with *wondherment*, he now looked with astonishment! Nothing was tawk'd'ov for the other three days but Darby Doyle's great shwim from the Cove to Quebec. One sed—"I always knew Darby to be a great shwimmer." "Do ye remember," siz another, "when Darby's dog was nigh been drowned in the great duck hunt, when Darby pecked off an' brought in the dog, and made afther the duck himself, and swum for two hours end ways; and do ye remember when all the dogs gathered round the duck at one time, when it wint down, how Darby dived afther it, and sted down for a'most an hour—and sted below while the crathur was eatin' a few frogs, for she was weak and hungry; and when every body

thought he was lost, up he came with the duck by the leg in his kithogue?"*

Bedad, I agreed to all they said, till at last we got to Amerrykey. I was now in a quare way; the captain wouldn't let me go till a friend of his would see me. By this time, my jewel, not only his friends came but swarms upon swarms staring at poor Darby. At last I called Ned, "Ned, avie," siz I, "I want to go about my *bisness*." "Be easy, Darby," siz he, "havn't ye your fill of good ating, an' the captain's got mighty fond of ye entirefy." "Is he, Ned?" siz I; "but tell us, Ned, are all them crowds of people goin' to sae?" "Augh, ye omedhaun," siz Ned, "shure they are come to look at you." Just as he sed this, a tall yallow man, with a black curley head, comes and stares me full in the face. "You'll know me agen," siz I, "confound your manners, and the school-masther that taught ye." But I thought he was going to shake hands with me, when he tuck hould of my fist, and opened every finger, one by one, then opened my shirt and look'd at my breast. "Pull away, ma bouchal," siz I, "I'm no desarthur at any rate." But never an answer he made me, but walked down into the hole where the captain lived. "This is more ov it," siz I; "Ned, what could that tallow-faced man mane?" "Why," siz Ned, "he was *looken' to see* iv your fingers were webb'd or had ye scales on your breast." "His impudence is grate," siz I, "did he take me for a duck or a bream. But Ned, what's the meanin' ov the boords acress the stick the people walk on, and the big white boord up there?" "Why, come over and read," siz Ned. But, my jewil, I didn't know whether I was stannin' on my head or on my heels when I saw in great big black letters —

* Left-hand.

THE GREATEST WONDHER IN THE WORLD !!

TO BE SEEN HERE ;

A MAN THAT BEATS OUT NICHOLAS THE
DIVER !

HE HAS SWUM FROM CORK TO AMERRYKEY !!!

Proved on oath by ten of the crew and twenty passengers.

ADMITTANCE, HALF A DOLLAR.

"Arrah Ned, Jewil," siz I, "does this mane your humble sarvint?" "Sorra one else," siz he — so I makes no more a-do, than with a hop, skip, and jump, gets over to the eaptain, who was now talkin' to the yalla fellow that was afther starin' me out ov eountenance. "Pardon my rudeness, your honor," siz I, mighty polite, and making a bow — at the same time Ned was at my heels — so, rising my foot to give the genteel serape, sure I seraped all the skin of his shins. "To the old boy with your brogues," siz he. "You'd betther not curse the wearer," siz I, "or ——" "Oh! Darby," siz the eaptain, "don't be ungintee, and so many ladies and gintlemen lookin' at ye." "The never another mother's sowl shall lay their peepers on me till I see sweet Incheagelagh agen," siz I, "bedad you are doin' it well. How much money have ye gothered for my shwimmin'?" "Be quiet, Darby," siz the eaptain, and he looked very much friekened, "I have plenty, and I'll have more for ye iv ye do what I want ye to do." "And what is it, avic?" siz I. "Why, Darby," siz he, "I'm after houldin' a wager last night with this gentleman, for all the worth ov my ship, that you'll shwim against any shwinmer in the world; and Darby, if you don't do that I'm a gone man." "Angh, give us your fist," siz I, "did you ever hear ov the sons ov the sod desavin' any man in

the European world yet — barrin' themselves." "Well, Darby," siz he, "I'll give you a hundred dollars; but, Darby, you must be to your word, and you shall have another hundred." So saying, he brought me down into the cellar; but, my jewil, I did'nt think for the life ov me to see such a wondherful place, nothin' but goold every way I turned, and Darby's own sweet face in twenty places. Bedad I was a'most ashamed to ax the gintleman for the dollars. But siz I to myself agen — the jintleman has too much money; I suppose he does be throwin' it into the sae, for I often heard the sae was richer than the land, so I may as well take it, anyhow. "Now, Darby," siz he, "here's the dollars for ye." But bedad, my jewil it was only a bit ov paper he was handin' me. "Arrah, none ov yer tricks upon travellers," siz I, "I had betther nor that, and many more of them, melted in the sae; give me what won't wash out ov my pocket." "Why, Darby," siz he, "this is an ordher on a merchant for the amount." "Pho, pho!" siz I, "I'd sooner take your word nor his oath," looking round mighty respectful on the goold walls. "Well, well, Darby," siz he, "you must have the real thing;" so, sure enough, he reckoned me out a hundred dollars in goold. I never saw the like since the stockin. fell out of the chinny on my aunt, and cut her forred. "Now, Darby," siz he, "you are a rich man, and you are worthy ov it all — sit down, Darby, and take a bottle ov wine." So, to please the gentleman, I sat down. Aftther a bit, who comes down but Ned. "Captain," siz he, "the deck is crowded; I had to block up the gangway to prevint any more from coming to see Darby. Bring him up, or as sure as a gun the ship 'ill be sunk." "Come up, Darby," siz the captin, smilin' wonderful pleasant at myself. So, my jewil, he handed me up through

the hall as tindh'er as iv I was a lady, or a pound of fresh butther in the dog day. When I got up, sure enough, I couldn't help starin'; such crowds ov fine ladies and yallow gentlemen never was seen before in any ship. One of them, a little rosy-cheeck'd beauty, whisper'd the captain somethin', but he shuk his head, and then came over to me. "Darby," siz he, "I know an Irishman would do any thing to please a lady." "In troth you may say that with your own purty mouth," siz I. "Well then Darby," siz he, "the ladies would wish to see you give a few strokes in the sac." "Och! an' they shall have them an' welcome," siz I. "That's a good fellow," siz he, "sthrip off." "Dacency, Katty," siz I, "is it in my mother naked pelt before the ladies? Hard fortune to the undacent, brazen-faced — but no matther! Irish girls for ever afther that!" But all to no use, I was made to peel off behind a big sheet, and then I made one race, and jumpt ten yards into the water to get out ov their sight. Shure enough, every one's eyes danced in their head, while they lookt on the spot where I went down. A thought came into my head while I was below, how I'd show them a little divarsion, as I could use a great many thriecks in the wather. So I didn't rise at all till I got on the tother side; and every one ran to that side; then I took a houl't of my two big toes, and making a ring of myself, rowled like a hoop on the top ov the wather all round the ship. I b'leeve I opened their eyes! Then I yarded, back swum, an' dived, till at last the captain made signs to me to come out, so I got into the boat, an' threw on my duds. The very ladies were break-in' their necks, running to shake hands with me. "Shure," says they, "your the greatest man in the world!" So for threè days I showed off to crowds ov people, though I was *frying* in the wather for s ame.

At last the day came that I was to stand the tug. I saw the captain lookin' very often at me. At last, "Darby" siz he, "are you any way cow'd? 'The fellow you have to shwim agenst can shwim down watherfalls an' eatharacts." "Can he avic," siz I; "but can he shwim up agenst them? Wow, wow, Darby, for that! But captain, come here; is all my purvisions ready? — don't let me fall short of a dhrop ov the rale stuff, about above all things." An' who should come up while I was tawkin' to the captain but the chap I was to shwim with, and heard all I sed. Bedad! his eyes grew as big as two oyster shells. Then the captain called me aside. "Darby," siz he, "do you put on this green jacket an' white throwers, that the people may betther extinguish you from the other chap." "With all my hearts, avic," siz I, "green for ever — Darby's own favorite color all the world over; but where am I goin' to, captain." "To the shwimmin' place to be shure," siz he. Here's at you, my hearty," siz I, and "the deil take the hindmost." I was then introduced in due form to the shwimmer. I looked at him from head to foot. He was so tall that he could eat bread and butter over my head — with a face as yellow as a kite's foot, "Tip up the mitten," siz I, ma bouchal, quite pleasant. Siz I to myself, I'm done — but, cheer up, Darby! if I'm not able to kill him, I'll frighten the life out ov him. "Where are we goin' to shwim to?" siz I, though bedad, if all was known, I was rightly nonplushed at the same time. But never a word he answered. "Are you bothered, neighbour!" siz I to him again, mighty stiff. "I reckon I'm not," siz he, as chuff as a bear. "Well then, siz I, "why didn't you answer your betthers? What id ye think iv we shwim to Keep Clear or the Keep of Good Hope?" "I reckon neither," siz he agen, eyecin' me as iv I was goin'

to pick his pockets. "Well then have ye any favorite place?" siz I. "Now, I've heard a great deal about the island where poor Bony died; I'd like to see it, iv I had any one to show me the place; suppose we wint there." But not a taste of a word could I get out ov him good or bad — so off we set through the crowds of ladies and gentlemen. Such cheerin' and wavin' ov hats never was seen at *Dan's* enthry into Dublin, an' then the row ov purty girls laughin' and rubbin' up against me, that I could hardly get ou. To be shure no one could be lookin' to the ground, an' not be lookin' at them, till at last I was thript up by a big lump ov iron stuck fast in the ground, with a a big ring to it. "Whoo! Darby," siz I, makin' a hop an' a crack o' my fingers, "you're not down yet." I turned round to look at what thript me. "What d'ye call that?" siz I to the captain, who was at my elbow. "Why, Darby," siz he, "that's half an anchor." "Have ye any use for it?" siz I. "Not in the laste," siz he; "it's only to fasten boats to." "Maybe, you'd give it to a body," siz I. "An' welkin' Darby," siz he, "its yours." "Good luck to your honor, sir," siz I, "it's my poor father that will pray for you. When I left home, the crathur hadn't as much as an anvil but what was sthreeled away by the agint — bad look to him. This will be jist the thing that'll match him; he can tie the horse to the ring, while he forges on the other part. Now, will ye obleege me by gettin' a couple of chaps to lay it on my shouldher when I get into the wather, and I won't have to be comin' back for it afther I shake hands with this fellow." Bedad, the chap turned from yallow to white when he heard me say this; an' siz he to the gentleman that was walking by *his* side, "I reckon I'm not fit for the shwimmin' to-day — I don't feel *myself*." "An' murder in Irish, if your yer brother, can't you send

him for yourself, an' I'll wait here till he comes. Here man, take a dhrop of this before ye go. Here's to your betther health, an' your brother's into the bargain." So I took off my glass, and handed him another; but the never a dhrop ov it he'd take. "No force, avic," siz I, "maybe you think there's poison in it—an' takin' another glass myself—well, here's good luck to us, once more. So we shook hands and parted. The poor fellow went home—took the fever—then began to rave—"shwim up catharacts!—shwim to the Keep of Good Hope!—shwim to St. Helena! shwim to Keep Clear!—swim with an anchor on his back! Oh! oh! oh! that'll never do for me."

I now thought it best to be on the move; so I gathered up my winners; and here I sit under my own hickory threes, as independint as any Yankee.

DARBY DOYLE.

Upper Canada, Oct. 4, 1832.

THE THREE TASKS ;

OR THE LITTLE HOUSE UNDER THE HILL.

BY WILLIAM CARLETON.

EVERY person in the parish knows the purty knoll that rises above the Routing Burn, some few miles from the renowned town of Knockimdowny, which, as all the world must allow, wants only houses and inhabitants to be as big a place as the great town of Dublin itself. At the foot of this little hill, just undher the shelter of a dacent pebble of a rock, something about the bulk of half a dozen churches, one would be apt to see — if they knew how to look sharp, otherwise they mightn't be able to make it out from the grey rock above it, except from the smoke that rise from the chimbley — Nancy Magennis's little eabin, snug and coosy, with its corrag, or ould man of branches, standing on the windy side of the door, to keep away the blast. Upon my word it was a dacent little residence in its own way, and so was Nancy herself, for that matther ; for though a poor widdy, she was very punctwell for paying for Jack's schooling, as I often heard ould Terry M'Phaudeen say, who tould me the story. Jaek, indeed, grew up fine slip ; and for hurling, foot-ball playing, and lepping, hadn't his likes in the five quarters of the parish. It's he that knew how to handle a spade and a raping-hook, and what was betther nor all that, he was kind and tindher to his poor ould mother, and would let her want for nothing. Before he'd go to his day's work in the morning, he'd be sure to bring home from the clear spring well that

ran out on the other side of the rock, a pitcher of water to serve her for the day ; nor would he forget to bring in a good ereel of turf from the snug little peat-stack that stood, thatched with rushes, before the door, and leave it in the corner, beside the fire ; so that she had nothing to do but put over her hand, without rising off her sate, and put down a sod when she wanted it. Naney, on her part, kept Jack vey elane and comfortable ; his linen, though coarse, was always a good color, his working clothes tidily mended at all times ; and when he'd have occasion to put on his good coat to work in, for the first time, Naney would sew on the fore part of each sleeve a stout patch of ould cloth, to keep them from being worn by the spade ; so that when she'd rip these off them every Saturday night, they would look as new and fresh as if he hadn't been working in them at all, at all. Then, when Jack came home in the winter nights, t'would do your heart good to see Nancy sitting at her wheel, singing "Stachan Maragah," or "Peggy Na Laveen," beside a purty clear fire, with a small pot of murphys boiling on it for their supper, or in a wooden dish, comfortably covered with a elane praskeen, on the well-swept hearth-stone ; whilst the quiet dancing blaze might be seen blinking in the nice earthen plates and dishes, that stood over against the side wall of the house. Just before the fire you might see Jack's stool waiting for him to come home ; and, on the opposite side the brown cat washing her face with her paws, or sitting beside the dog that lay asleep, quite happy and contented, purring her song, and now and then looking over at Naney, with her eyes half shut, as much as to say, "catch a happier pair nor we are, Naney, if ye ean." Sitting quietly on the roost above the door, were Dickie the cock, and half a dozen of hens, that kept this honest pair in eggs and egg-milk for the best part

of the year — besides enabling Nancy to sell two or three clutches of March-birds every sason, to help to buy wool for Jack's big coat, and her own grey-beard gown, and striped red and blue petticoat.

To make a long story short — no two could be more comfortable, considering every thing. But, indeed, Jack was always obsarved to have a dacent, gintee turn with him; for he'd scorn to see a bad gown on his mother, or a broken Sunday coat on himself; and instead of dhrinking his little earnings in a sheebecn house, and then eating his pratecs dry, he'd take care to have something to kitchen them; so that he was not only snug and dacent of a Sunday, regarding wearables, but so well fed and rosy, that the point of a rush would take a drop of blood out of his cheek. Then he was the comeliest and best-looking young man in the parish, could tell lots of droll stories, and sing scores of merry songs, that would make ye split your sides with downright laughing, and when a wake or a dance would happen to be in the neighborhood, may be there wouldn't be many a sly lookout from the purty girls for pleasant Jack Magennis.

In this way lived Jack and his mother, as happy and continted as two lords; except now and thin that Jack would feel a little consarn for not being able to lay past any thing for the sore foot, or that might enable him to think of marrying — for he was beginning to look about him for a wife; and why not, to be sure? But he was prudent for all that, and didn't wish to bring a wife and a small family into poverty and hardship.

It was one fine, frosty, moonlight night — the sky was without a cloud, and the stars all blinking, that it would delight any body's heart to look at them, when Jack was crassing a bog that lay a few fields beyant his own cabin.

He was just crooning "The Humors of Glynn" into himself, and thinking that it was a very hard case that he couldn't save any thing at all, at all, to help him to the wife — when, on coming down a bank in the middle of the bog, he saw a dark-looking man, leaning against a clump of turf, and a black dog sitting at his ase beside him, with a pipe of tobacky in his mouth, and he smoking as sober as a judge. Jack, however, had a stout heart, bekase his conscience was clear, and barring being a little daunted, he wasn't very much afraid. "Who is this coming down toardst us?" said the black-favored man, as he saw Jack approaching them. "It's Jack Maginnis," says the dog making answer, and taking the pipe out of his mouth, with his right paw, and after puffing away the smoke, and rubbing the end of it against his left leg, exactly as a Christian (this day's Friday, the Lord stand bethune us and harm) would do against his sleeve, giving it at the same time to his comrade — "It's Jack Magennis," says the dog, "honest widow Magennis's dacent son." "The very man," says the other back to him, "that I'd wish to sarve out of a thousand. Arrah! Jack Magennis, how is every tether-length of you?" says the other ould fellow, putting the furrawn on him — "and how is every bone in in your body, Jack, my darling? I'll hould a thousand guineas," says he, pointing to a great big bag that lay beside him, "and that's only the tenth part of what's in this bag, Jack, that you're just going to be in luck, this very night." "And may worse never happen you, Jack, ma bouchal," says the dog, putting in his tongue, then wagging his tail, and houlding out his paw to shake hands with Jack. "Gintlemen," says Jack, never minding to give the dog his hand, bekase he heard it wasn't safe to touch the likes of him — "Gintlemen," says he, "ye're

sitting far from the fire this frosty night." "Why, that's true, Jack," answers the ould fellow, "but if we're sitting far from the fire, we're sitting very near the makins of it." So, with this, he pulls the bag of goold over to him, that Jack might know by the jingle of the shiuners what was in it. "Jack," says dark-facc, "there's some born with a silver ladle in their mouth, and others with a wooden spoon; and if you'll just sit down on the one end of this clamp with me, and take a hand at the five and ten," pulling out as he spoke, a deck of cards, "you may be a made a man for the remainder of your life." "Sir," says Jack, "with submission, both yourself and this cur — I mane," says he, not wishing to give the dog offence — "both yourself and this dacent gentlemen with the tail and claws upon him, have the advantage of me, in respect of knowing my name; for, if I don't mistake," says he, putting his hand to his hat, "I never had the pleasure of seeing either of ye before. "Never mind that," says the dog, taking back the pipe from the other, and clapping it in his mouth; "we're both your well-wishers, any how, and it is now your own fault if you're not a rich man."

Jack, by this time, was beginning to think that they might be after wishing to throw loock in his way; for he had often heard of men being made up entirely by the fairies, till there was no end of their wealth. "Jack," says the black man, "you had better be sed by us for this bout — upon the honour of a gentleman we wish you well; howsoever, if you don't choose to take the ball at the right hop, another may, and you're welcome to toil all your life, and die a beggar after." "Upon my reputation what he says is true, Jack," says the dog, in his turn, "the lucky minnit in your life has come; let it pass without doing what them that wishes your mother's son well desire you, and you'll

die in a ditch." "And what am I to do," says Jack, "that's to make me so rich all of a sudden?" "Why, only to sit down and take a game of cards with myself," says black-brow, "that's all, and I'm sure it's not much." "And what is it to be for?" Jack inquires, "for I have no money—tarenation to the rap itself's in my company. "Well, you have yourself," says the dog, putting up his fore claw along his nose, and winking at Jack, "you have yourself, man—don't be faint-hearted,—he'll bet the contents of this bag;" and with that the ould thief gave it another great big shake, to make the ginneys jingle again—"It's ten thousand ginneys in hard gould; if he wins, you're to sarve him for a year and a day; and if he loses, you're to have the bag."

"And the money that's in it;" says Jack, wishing, you see, to make a sure bargain any how. "Ev'ry penny," answered the ould chap, "if you win it; and there's fifty to one in your favour."

By this time the dog had got into a great fit of laughing at Jack's sharpness about the money. "The money that's in it, Jack," says he, and he took the pipe out of his mouth, and laughed till he brought on a hard fit of coughing; "O, by this and by that," says he, "but that bates Bannagher! and you're to get it ev'ry penny, you theif of the world, if you win it;" but for all that, he seemed to be laughing at something that Jack wasn't up to.

At any rate, surely, they palavered Jack betune them, until he sat down and consinted. "Well," says he, scratching his head, "why, worse nor lose I can't, so here goes for one trial at the shiners, any how!" "Now," says the obscure jintleman, just when the first card was in his hand, ready to be laid down, "you're to sarve me for a year and a day, if I win; and if I lose, you shall have all the money in the bag." "Exactly," says Jack, and just as he said the

word, he saw the dog putting the pipe into his pocket and turning his head away for fraid Jack would see him breaking his sides with laughing. At last, when he got his face sobered, he looks at Jack, and says, "Surely, Jack, if you win, you must get all the money in the bag; and upon my reputation, you may build castles in the air with it, you'll be so rich."

This pluckd up Jack's courage a little, and to work they went; but how could it end otherwise, than Jack to lose betune two such knowing schemers as they soon turned out to be? For what do you think? but as Jack was beginning the game, the dog tips him a wink, laying his fore claw along his nose, as before, as much as to say, "watch me, and you'll win,"—turning round, at the same time, and showing Jack a nate little looking-glass, that was set in his oxther, in which Jack saw, dark as it was, the spots of all the other fellow's cards as he thought, so he was cock sure of bating him. But they were a pair of downright knaves, any how, for Jack, by playing to the cards he saw in the looking-glass, instead of to them the other held in his hand, lost the game and the money. In short, he saw that he was blarnied and cheated by them both; and when the game was up he plainly told them as much.

"What, you scoundrel!" says the black fellow, starting up and catching him by the collar, "dare you go for to impache my honour?" "Leather him if he says a word," says the dog, running over on his hind legs, and laying his shut paw on Jack's nose, "say another word, you rascal," says he, "and I'll *down* you;" with this the ould fellow gives him another shake. "I don't blame you so much," says Jack to him, "it was the looking-glass that desaved me." "What looking-glass, you knave?" says dark face, giving him a fresh haul. "Why, the one I saw under the

dog's oxther!" replied Jack. "Under my oxther, you swindling raseal," replies the dog, giving him a pull by the other side of the collar; "did ever any honest pair of jintlemen hear the like? — but he only wants to break through the agreement; so let us turn him at once into an ass, and then he'll break no more bargains, nor strive to take in honest men and win their money." So saying, the dark fellow drew his hands over Jack's jaws, an' in a twinklin' there was a pair of ass's ears growing up out of his ears. When Jack found this, he knew that he wasn't in good hands; so he thought it best to get himself as well out of the scrape as possible.

"Jintleman, be aisy," says he, "and let us understand one another; I'm very willing to sarve you a year and a day, but I've one request to ax, and it's this; I've a helpless ould mother at home, and if I go with you now she'll break her heart with grief first, and starve afterwards. Now, if your honour will give me a year to work hard, and lay in provision to support her while I'm away, I'll sarve you with all the veins of my heart — for a bargain's a bargain." With this the dog gave his companion a pluck by the skirt, and after some chat together, that Jack didn't hear, they came back and said that they would comply with his wishes that far; "so, on to-morrow twelvemonth, Jack," says the dark fellow, "the dog here will come to your mother's, and, if you follow him, he'll bring you safe to my castle." "Very well, your honour," says Jack; "but as dogs resemble one another so much, how will I know him when he comes?" "Why," answers the other, "he'll have a green ribbon about his neck, and a pair of Wellington boots on his hind legs." "That's enough sir," says Jack, "I can't mistake him in that dress, so I'll be ready."

During that year Jack wrought night and day, that he might be able to lave as much provision with his poor mother as would support her in his absence ; and when the morning came that he was to bid her farewell, he went down on his two knees and got her blessing. He then left her with tears in his eyes, and promised to come back the very minit his time would be up. "Mother," says he, "be kind to your little family here, and feed them well, as they're all you'll have to keep you company, till you see me agin."

His mother then stuffed his pockets with bread, till they stuck out behind him, and gave him a crooked sixpence for luck ; after which he got his staff, and was just ready to tramp, when, sure enough, he spies his ould friend the dog, with the green ribbon about his neck, and the Wellington boots upon his hind legs. He didn't go in, but waited on the outside till Jack came out. They then set off, but no one knows how far they travelled, till they reached the dark gentleman's castle, who appeared very glad to see Jack, and gave him a very hearty welcome.

The next day, in consequence of his long journey, he was ax'd to do nothing ; but in the coorse of the evening, the dark chap brought him into a long, frightful room, where there were three hundred and sixty-five hooks sticking out of the walls, and on every hook but one, a man's head. When Jack saw this agreeable sight, his dinner began to quake within him ; but he felt himself still worse, when his master pointed to the empty hook, saying, "Now, Jack, your business to-morrow is to clean out a stable that was'nt cleaned for the last seven years, and if you don't have it finished before dusk — do you see that hook ?" "Ye — yes ;" replied Jack, hardly able to spake. "Well, if you don't have it finished before dusk, your head will

be hanging on that hook as soon as the sun sets." "Very well, your honor," replied Jack, scarcely knowing what he said, or he wouldn't have said "very well" to such a bloody-minded intention, any how—"Very well," says he, "I'll do my best, and all the world know the best can do no more."

Whilst this discourse was passing betune them, Jack happened to look to the upper end of the room, and there he saw one of the beautifulest faces that ever was seen on a woman, looking at him through a little pannel that was in the wall. She had a white snowy forehead—such eyes, and cheeks, and teeth that there's no coming up to them; and the clusters of dark hair that hung about her beautiful temples—by the laws, I'm afeard of falling in love with her myself, so I'll say no more about her, only that she would charm the heart of a miser. At any rate, in spite of all the ould fellow could say—heads, and hooks, and all, Jack couldn't help throwing an eye, now and then, to the pannel; and to tell the truth, if he had been born to riches and honor, it would be hard to fellow him for a good face and good figure. "Now Jack," says his master, "go, and get your supper, and I hope you'll be able to perform your task—if not, off goes your head." "Very well, your honor," says Jack; again scratching it in the hoith of perplexity, "I must only do what I can."

The next morning Jack was up with the sun, if not before him, and hard at his task; but before breakfast time he lost all heart, and little wonder he should, poor fellow, bekase for every onc shovelful that he'd throw out, there would come three more in; so that instead of making his task less, according as he got on, it became greater. He was now in the greatest dilemmy, and did'nt know how to manage, so he was driven at last to such an ampulsh, that

he had no other shift for employment, only to sing, *Pad-deen O'Rafferty*, out of mere vexation, and dance the hornpipe trebling step to it, cracking his fingers, half mad, through the stable. Just in the middle of this tantrum, who comes to the door to call him to his breakfast, but the beautiful craythur he saw the evening before, peeping at him through the pannel. At this minnit, Jack had so hated himself by the dancing, that his handsome face was in a fine glow, entirely.

"I think," said she to Jack, with one of her own sweet smiles, "that this is an odd way of performing your task." "Och, thin, 'tis you that may say that," replies Jack; "but it's myself that's willing to have my head hung up any day, just for one sight of you, you darling." "Where did you come from?" asked the lady, with another smile that bate the first all to nothing. "Where did I come from is it?" answered Jack; "why, death alive! did you never hear of ould Ireland, my jewil?" — hem — I mane, plase your ladyship's honor." "No," she answered; "where is that country?" "Och, by the honor of an Irishman," says Jack, "that takes the shine! — not heard of green Erin — the Imcerald Isle — the Jim of the ocean, where all the men are brave and honorable, and all the women — hem — I manc the ladies — chaste and beautiful!" "No," said she, "not a word: but if I stay longer I may get you to blame — come in to your breakfast, and I'm sorry to find that you have done so little to your task. Your master's a man that always acts up to what he threatens; and, if you have not this stable cleared out before dusk, your head will be taken off your shoulders this night." "Why, then," says Jack, "my beautiful darl — plase your honor's ladyship — if he hangs it up, will you do me the favor, *a-cushla machree*, to turn my head

toords that same pannel where I saw a sartin fair face that I won't mintion; and if you do, may I ever—" "What means *cushla machree*?" inquired the lady as she turned away, "It means that you're the pulse of my heart, avournen, plase your ladyship's reverence," says Jack. "Well," says the lovely craythur, "any time you can speak to me in future, I would rather you would omit terms of honor, and just call me after the manner of your own country; instead, for instance, of calling me your ladyship, I would be better pleased if you call me *cushla*—something—" "*Cushla macree mavourneen*—the pulse of my heart—my darling," said Jack, constherin it (the thief) for her, for fraid she wouldn't know it well enough. "Yes," she replied, "*cushla machree*; well, as I can pronounce it, *acushla machree*, will you come in to your breakfast?" said the darling, giving Jack a smile, that would be enough, any day, to do up the heart of an Irishman. Jack, accordingly, went after her, thinking of nothing except herself; but on going in he could see no sign of her, so he sat down to his breakfast, though a single ounce the poor fellow couldn't eat, at that bout, for thinking of her.

Well, he went agin to his work, and thought he'd have better luck; but it was still the ould game—three shovel-fuls would come in for every one he'd throw out; and now he began in earnest, to feel something about his heart that he didn't like, bekase he couldn't, for the life of him, help thinking of the three hundred and sixty-four heads and the empty hook. At last he gave up the work entirely, and took it into his head to *make himself scarce* from about the ould fellow's castle altogether; and, without more to do, he sets off, never sayiug as much as "good bye" to his master; but he hadn't got as far as the lower end of

the yard, when his ould friend, the dog, steps out of his kennel, and meets him full butt in the teeth. "So Jack," says he, "you're going to give us leg bail, I see; but walk back with yourself, you spalpeen, this minit, and join yoor work, or if you don't," says he, "it'll be worse for your health. I'm not so much your enemy now as I was, bekase you have a friend in coort that you know nothing about; so just do whatever you're bid, and keep never minding."

Jack went back with a heavy heart, as you may be sure, knowing that, whenever the black cur began to blarney him, there was no good to come in his way. He accordingly went into the stable, but consuming to the hand's turn he did, knowing it would be only useless; for instead of clearing it out, he'd be only filling it.

It was now near dinner time, and Jack was very sad and sorrowful, as how could he be otherwise, poor fellow, with such a bloody-minded ould chap to dale with? when up comes the darling of the world again, to call him to his dinner.

"Well, Jack," says she, with her white arms so beautiful, and her dark clusters tossed about by the motion of of the walk—"how are you coming on at your task?" "How am I coming on is it? Och, thin," says Jack, giving a good-humored smile through the frown that was on his face, "plase your lady—a *cushla machree*—it's all over with me; "for I've still the same story to tell, and off goes my head, as sure as it's on my shoulders, this blessed night."

"That would be a pity, Jack," says she, "for there are worse heads on worse shoulders; but will you give *me* the shovel?" "Will I give *you* the shovel, is it?—Och, thin, wouldn't I be a right big baste to do the likes of that, any

how?" says Jack: "what! *avourneen dheelish*? to stand up with myself, and let this hard shovel into them beautiful, soft white hands of your own! Faith, my jewel, if you know but all my mother's son's not the man to do such a disgraceful turn, as to let a lady like you take the shovel out of his hand, and he standing with his mouth under his nose, looking at you—not myself, *avourneen*! we have no such unginteele manners, as that in our country." "Take my advice, Jack," says she, pleased in her heart at what Jack said, for all she didn't purtend it—"give me the shovel, and depend upon it, I'll do more in a short time to clear the stable, than you would for years." "Why then, *avourneen*, it goes to my heart to refuse you; but, for all that, may I never see yesterday, if a taste of it will go into your purty white fingers," says the thief, praising her to her face all the time—"my head may go off, any day, and welcome, but death before dishonor. Say no more, darling; but tell your father I'll be in to my dinner immediately." Notwithstanding all this, by jingo, the lady would not be put off; like ra-al woman, she'd have her way, so on telling Jack that she didn't intend to work with the shovel, at all, at all, but only to take it for a minute in her hand, at long last he gave it to her, when she struck it three times on the threshel of the door, and, giving it back into his hand, tould him to try what he could do. Well, surc enough, now there was a change; for instead of three shovelfuls coming in, as before, when he threw one out, there went nine more along with it. Jack, in coorse, couldn't do less than thank the lovely craythur for her assistance; but, when he raised his head to speak to her, she was gone. I needn't say, howsomever, that he went to his dinner with a light heart, and when the ould fellow axed him how he was coming on, Jack tould him

he was doing gloriously. "Remember the empty hook, Jack," said he. "Never fear, your honor," answered Jack, "if I don't finish my task, you may bob my head off any time."

Jack now went out, and was a short time getting through his job, for, before the sun set it was finished, and he came into the kitchen, ate his supper, and sitting down before the fire, sung "Love among the roses," and the "Black Joke," to vex the ould fellow.

This was one task over, and his head was safe for this bout; but that night, before he went to bed, his master called him up stairs, brought him into the bloody room and gave him his orders for the next day. "Jack," says he, "I have a wild filley, that has never been caught, and you must go to my demesne to-morrow, and catch her, or if you don't — look there," says the big blackguard, "on that hook it hangs, before to-morrow, if you havn't her before sunset in the stable that you claned yesterday. "Very well, your honor," says Jack, "I'll do every thing in my power, and if I fail, I can't help it."

The next morning Jack was out with his bridle in his hand, going to catch the filley. As soon as he got into the demesne, sure enough there she was in the middle of the green field, grazing quiet at her ase. When Jack saw this, he went over toards her, holding out his hat, as if it was full of oats; but he kept the hand that had the bridle in it behind his back, for fraid she'd see it and make off. Well, my dear, on he went till he was almost within grip of her, cock sure that he had nothing to do than to slip the bridle over her neck and secure her; but he made a bit of a mistake in his reckoning, for though she smelt and snoaked about him, just as if she didn't care a feed of oats whether he caught her or not, yet when he boulded over to hould

her fast, she was off like a shot, with her tail cocked, to the far end of the demesne, and Jack had to set off hot foot after her. All, however, was to no purpose; he couldn't come next or near her for the rest of the day, and there she kept coarsing him about, from one field to another, till he hadn't a blast of breath in his body.

In this state was Jack, when the beautiful crathur came out to call him home to his breakfast, walking with the pretty small feet and light steps of her own, upon the green fields, so bright and beautiful, scarcely bending the grass and flowers as she went along, the darling.

"Jack," says she, "I fear you have as difficult a task to-day as you had yesterday." "Why, an' it's you that may say that with your own purty mouth," says Jack, says he; for out of breath and all as he was, he couldn't help giving her a bit of blarney, the rogue. "Well, Jack," says she, "take my advice and don't tire yourself any longer by attempting to catch her; truth's best—I tell you, you could never do it; come home to your breakfast, and when you return again, just amuse yourself as well as you can until dinner time." "Och, och," says Jack, striving to look, the sly thief, as if she had promised to help him—"I only wish I was a king, and by the powers, I know who would be my queen, any how; for it's your own sweet lady—*savoureen dheedish*—I say, amn't I bound to you for a year and day longer, for promising to give me a lift as well as for what you done yesterday." "Take care, Jack," says she, smiling, however, at his ingenuity in striving to trap her into a promise, "I don't think I made any promise of assistance." "You didn't?" says Jack, wiping his face with the skirt of his coat, 'cause why?—you see pocket handkerchiefs weren't invinted in thim times;—"why then, may I never live to see yesterday, if there's not

as much ra-al beauty in that smile that's divarting itself about them sweet breathing-lips of yours, and in them two eyes of light that's breaking both their hearts laughing at me, this minit, as would encourage any poor fellow to expect a good turn from you — that is, when you could do it without hurting or harming yourself ; for it's he that would be the right rascal that could take it, if it would injure a silken hair of your head." "Well," said the lady, with another roguish smile, "I shall call you home to dinuer at all events."

When Jack went back from his breakfast, he didn't slave himself after the filley any more, but walked about to view the demesne, and the avenue, and the green walks, and nice temples, and fish-ponds, and rookeries, and every thing, in short, that was worth seeing. Towards dinner time, however, he began to have an eye to the way the sweet crathur was to come, and sure enough it's she that wasn't one minute late. "Well, Jack," says she, "I'll keep you no longer in doubt," for the tender hearted crathur saw that Jack, although he didn't wish to let an to her, was fretting every now and then, about the odd hook and the bloody room — "Jack," says she, "although I didn't promise, yet I'll perform ;" and with that she pulled a small ivory whistle out of her pocket, and gave three blasts on it that brought the wild filley up to her very hand, as quick as the wind. She took the bridle, and threw it over the baste's neck, and giving her up at the same time, to Jack. "You needn't fear now, Jack." says she, "You'll find her as quiet as a lamb, and as tame as you wish ; as a proof of it, just walk before her, and you will see she'll follow you to any part of the field."

Jack, you may be sure, paid her as many and as sweet compliments as he could, and never heed one from his

country for being able to say something toothsome to the ladies. At any rate, if he laid it on thick the day before, he gave her two or three additional coats this time, and the innocent soul went away smiling, as usual.

When Jack brought the filley home, the dark fellow, his master, if dark before, was a perfect tunder cloud this night : bedad, he was nothing less than near bursting with vexation, bekase the thieving ould sinner intended to have Jack's head upon the hook, but he fell short of his reckoning now as well as before. Jack sung "Love among the Roses," and the "Black Joke," to help him into better temper.— "Jack," says he, striving to make himself speak pleasant to him, "you've got two difficult tasks over you ; but you know the third time's the charm — take care of the next." "No matter about that," says Jack, speaking up to him stiff and stout, bekase as the dog tould him, he knew he had a frind in coort — "let us hear what it is, any how." "To-morrow, then," says the other, "you are to rob a cranc's nest, on the top of a beech tree which grows in the middle of the lake that you saw, yesterday, in my demesne ; you're to have neither boat nor oar, nor any kind of conveyance, but just as you stand ; and if you fail to bring me the eggs, or if you break one of them — look there !" says he, again pointing to the odd hook, for all his discourse took place in the bloody room. "Good again," says Jack ; "if I fail, I know my doom." "No you don't you spalpeen," says the other, getting vexed with him entirely, "for I'll roast you till you are half dead, and ate my dinner off you, after ; and, what is more than that, you blackguard, you must sing the 'Black Joke' all the time." "Divel fly away with you," thought Jack, "but you're fond of music, you vagabond."

The next morning Jack was going round and round the

lake, trying about the edge of it, if he could find a place shallow enough to wade in; but he might as well go for to wade the say, and, what was worst of all, if he attempted to swim, it would be like a tailor's goose, — straight to the bottom; so he kept himself safe on dry land, still expecting a visit from the "lovely crathur," but bedad, his luck failed him for wonst; for instead of seeing her coming over to him, so mild and sweet, who does he observe steering at a dog's trot, but his ould friend, the smoking cur. "Confusion to that cur," says Jack to himself. "I know there's some bad fortune before me, or he wouldn't be coming across me."

"Come home to your breakfast, Jack," says the dog, walking up to him, "it's breakfast time." "Aye," says Jack, scratching his head, "It's no great matter whether I do or not, for I believe my head's hardly worth a flat-dutch cabbage at the present speaking." "Why man, it was never worth so much," says the baste, pulling out his pipe and putting it in his mouth, when it lit at once. "Take care of yourself," says Jack, quite desperate — for he thought he was near the end of his tether — "take care of yourself, you dirty cur, or may be I might take a getleman's toe from the nape of your neck." "You had better keep a straight tongue in your head," says four legs, "while it's on your shoulders; or I'll break every bone in your skin. Jack you are a fool," says he checking himself, and speaking kindly to him, "you are a fool; did not I tell you the other day to do what you were bid, and keep never minding?" "Well," thought Jack to himself, "there's no use in making him any more my enemy than he is — particularly as I'm in such a hobble." "You lie," says the dog, as if Jack had spoken *out* to him, wherein he only thought the words to himself, "you lic," says he, "I'm

not, nor never was your enemy, if you but knew all." "I beg your honor's pardon," answers Jack, "for being so smart with your honour; but, bedad, if you were in my case — if you expected your master to roast you alive, eat his dinner off your body, make you sing the 'Black Joke' by way of music to him, and to crown all, knew that your head was to be stuck upon a hook after — my be you'd be a little short in your temper as well as your neighbours." — "Take heart, Jack," says the other, laying his fore claw as knowingly as ever along his nose, and winking slyly at Jack, "didn't I tell you that you have a friend in coort? the day's not past yet, so cheer up; who knows but there is luck before you still?" "Why, thin," says Jack, getting a little cheerful, and wishing to crack a joke with him, "but your honour's very fond of the pipe!" "Oh! don't you know, Jack," says he, "that that's the fashion at present among my tribe; sure all my brother puppies smoke now, and a man might as well be out of the world as out of the fashion, you know." When they drew near home, they got quite thick entirely; "now," says Jack, in a good humoured way, "if you can give me a lift in robbing this crane's nest, do; at any rate, I'm sure your honor won't be my enemy. I know you have too much good nature in your face to be one that wouldn't help a lame dog over a style — that is," says he, taking himself up for fear of offending the other, "I'm sure you'd be always inclined to help the weak side." "Thank you for the compliment," says the dog, "but didn't I tell you that you have a friend in coort?" When Jack went back to the lake, he could only sit and look sorrowfully at the tree, or walk about the edge of it, without being able to do anything else. He spent the whole day this-a-way till dinner time, when what would you have of it, but he sees the "darling" com-

ing out to him, as fair and as blooming as an angel. His heart, you may be sure, got up to his mouth, for he knew that she would be apt to take him out of all his difficulties. When she came up, "Now Jack," says she, "there's not a minit to be lost, for I am watched; and if it's discovered that I gave you assistance we will be both destroyed."—"Oh! murther Sheery!" says Jack, "fly back, avourneen machree, for rather than any thing should happen *you*, I'd lose fifty lives." "No," says she, "I think I shall be able to get you over this, as well as the rest; so have a good heart and be faithful." "That's it," replied Jack, "that's it; a cushla — my own character to a shavin'." She then pulled a small white wand out of her pocket, struck the lake, and there was the prettiest green ridge across it to the foot of the tree that ever eye beheld. "Now," says she, turning her back to Jack, and stooping down to do something that he couldn't see, "take these, put them against the tree, and you will have steps to carry you to the top, but be sure not, for your life and mine, to forget any of them; if you do, my life will be taken to-morrow morning, for your master puts on my slippers with his own hands." Jack was now going to swear that he would give up the whole thing, and surrender his head at once, but when he looked at her feet, and saw no appearance of blood, he went over without more to do, and robbed the nest, taking down the eggs, one by one, that he mightn't break them. There was no end to his joy as he secured the last egg; he instantly took down the toes, one after another, save and except the little one of the left foot, which, in his joy and hurry, he forgot entirely. He then returned by the green ridge to the shore, and according as he went along, it melted away into the water behind him. "Jack," says the charmer, "I hope you forgot none of my toes."

"Is it me?" says Jack, quite sure that he had them all,—
"arrah, eatch any one from my country making a blunder
of that kind." "Well," says she, "let us see;" so taking
the toes, she placed them on again, just as if they had never
been off. But, lo and behold; on coming to the last of the
left foot, it wasn't forthcoming, "Oh! Jack, Jack," says
she, "you have destroyed me; to-morrow morning your
master will notice the want of this toe, and that instant I'll
be put to death." "Lave that to me," says Jack; "by
the powers you won't lose a drop of your darling blood for
it. Have you got a penknife about you! and I'll soon
show you how you won't." "What do you want with the
knife?" she inquired. "What do I want with it?—why
to give you the best toe on both my feet, for the one I lost
on you; do you think I'd suffer you to want a toe, and I
having ten thumping one's at your sarvice?—Faith, I'm
not the man for such a shabby trick as that comes to."—
"But you forget," says the lady, who was a little cooler
than Jack, "that none of yours would fit me." "And
must you die to-morrow, a *cushla*?" asked Jack in despe-
ration. "As sure as the sun rises," answered the lady;
"for your master would know at once that it was by *my* toes
the nest was robbed." "By the powers," observed Jack,
"he's one of the greatest ould vag—I mane, isn't he a ter-
rible man, out and out, for a father?" "Father?" says
the darling, "he's not my father, Jack; he only wishes to
marry me, and if I'm not able to outdo him before three
days more, it's decreed that he must have me."

When Jack heard this, surely the Irishman must come
out; there he stood, and began to wipe his eyes with the
skirt of his coat, making as if he was crying, the thief of
the world: "What's the matter with you?" she ax'd.
"Ah!" says Jack, "you darling, I couldn't find in my

heart to desave you ; for I have no way at home to keep a lady like you, in proper style, at all, at all ; I would only bring you into poverty, and since you wish to know what ails me, I'm vexed that I'm not rich for your sake ; and next, that that thieving ould villain's to have you ; and by the powers I'm crying for both these misfortunes together." The lady couldn't help being touched and plased with Jack's tinderness and generosity ; so, says she, " don't be cast down, Jack, come or go what will, I won't marry him — I'd die first. Do you go home, as usual ; but take care and don't sleep at all this night. Saddle the wild filley, and meet me under the white thorn bush at the end of the lawn, and we'll both leave him for ever. If you're willing to marry me, don't let poverty distress you, for I have more money than we'll know what to do with." Jack's voice now began to tremble in earnest, with down-right love and tinderness, as good right it had ; so he promised to do every thing just as she bid him, and then he went home to his supper.

You may be sure the ould fellow looked darker and grimmer at Jack ; but what could he do ? Jack had done his duty ; so he sat before the fire, sung " Love among the Roses," and the " Black Joke," with a stouter and lighter heart than ever, whilst the black chap could have seen him skivered. When midnight came, Jack, who kept a hawk's eye to the night, was at the hawthorn with the wild filley, saddled and all — more betoken, she wasn't a bit wild then, but as tame as a dog. Off they set, like Erin-go-bragh, Jack and the lady, and never pulled bridle till it was one o'clock next day, when they stopp'd at an inn and took some refreshment. They then took to the road again, full speed ; however, they hadn't gone far, when they heard a great noise behind them, and the tramp

of horses galloping like mad. "Jack," says the darling, on hearing the hub-bub, "look behind you, and see what's this." "Och by the elevens," says Jack, "we're done at last? it's the dark fellow, and half the country, after us." "Put your hand," says she, "in the filley's right ear, and tell me what you find in it." "Nothing at all, at all," says Jack, "but a weeshy bit of a dry stick." "Throw it over your left shoulder," says she, "and see what will happen." Jack, my dear, did so at once, and there was a grove of thick trees growing so close to one another, that a dandy could scarcely get his arm betwixt them. "Now," says she, "we are safe for another day. "Well," says Jack, as he pushed on the filley, "you're the jewel of the world, sure enough; and may be it's you that won't live happy when we get to Ireland." As soon as dark-face saw what had happened, he was obliged to scour the country for hatchets and handsaws, and all kinds of sharp instruments, to hew himself and his men a passage through the grove. As the saying goes, many hands make light work, and, sure enough, it wasn't long till they had cleared a way for themselves, thick as it was, and set off with double speed after Jack and the lady.

The next day about one o'clock, he and she were after taking another refreshment, and pushing on, as before, when they heard the same trampling behind them, only it was ten times louder. "Here they are again," says Jack; "I'm afeard they'll come up with us at last." "If they do," says she, "they'll put us to death upon the spot; but we must try somehow to stop him another day, if we can; try the filley's right ear again, and let me know what you can find in it." Jack pulled out a little three cornered pebble, telling her that it was all he got; "well," says she, "throw it over your left shoulder like the stick." No

sooner said than done ; and there was a great chain of high sharp rocks right in the way of divil-face and all his clan. "Now," says she, "we have gained another day." "Tunder and ouns !" says Jack, "what's this for, at all, at all ! — but wait till I get you in Ireland, for this, and if you don't enjoy happy days, any how, why, I'm not sitting before you on this horse, by the same token that it's not a horse at all, but a filley though ; if you don't get the hoith of good aiting and drinking — leshings of the best wine and whiskey that the land can afford, my name's not Jack. We'll build a castle, and you'll have up stairs and down stairs — a coach and six to ride in — lots of sarvants to attind you, and full and plinty of every thing ; not to mintion — hem ! — not to mention that you'll have a husband that the fairest lady in the land might be proud of," says he, stretchling himself up in the saddle, and giving the filley a jay of the spurs, to show off a bit ; although the coaxing rogue knew that the money which was to do all this was her own. At any rate, they spent the remainder of this day pleasantly enough, still moving on, though as fast as they could ; and Jack, every now and then, would throw an eye behind him, as if to watch their pursuers, wherein, if the truth was known, it was to get a peep at the beautiful glowing face and warm lips that were breathing all kinds of fragrances about him. I'll warrant he didn't envy the king upon his throne, when he felt the honey-suckle of her breath, like the smell of Father Ned's orchard there, of a May morning.

When *Fardoroughah** found the great chain of rocks before him, you may set it down that he was likely to blow up with vexation ; but, for all that, the first thing that he

* The dark-man.

blew up was the rocks — and, that he might lose little or no time in doing it, he collected all the gunpowder, and crow-bars, spades, and pick-axes, that could be found for miles about him, and set to it, working as it was with inch of candle. For half a day there was nothing but boring and splitting, and driving of iron wedges, and blowing up pieces of rock, as big as little houses, until, by hard labor, they made a passage for themselves sufficient to carry them over. They then set off again full speed; and great advantage they had over the poor filley that Jack and the lady rode on, for their horses were well rested, and hadn't to carry double like Jack's. The next day they spied Jack and his beautiful companion, just about a quarter of a mile before them. "Now," says dark-brow, "I'll make any man's fortune for ever that will bring me them two, either living or dead, but if possible, alive; so spur on, for whoever secures them is a made man — but, above all things make no noise." It was now divel take the hindmost, among the bloody pack — every spur was red with blood, and every horse smoking. Jack and the lady were jogging on *across* a green field, not suspecting the rest was so near them, and talking over the pleasant days they would *spind* together in Ireland, when they *hears* the hue-and-cry once more at their very heels. "Quick as lightning, Jack," says she, "or we're lost — the right ear and left shoulder, like thought — they're not three lengths of the filley from us?" But Jack knew his business; for just as a long grim-looking villain, with a great rusty rapier in his hand, was within a single leap of them, and quite sure of either killing or making prisoners of them both, Jack flings a little drop of green water that he got in the filley's ear, over his left shoulder, and in an instant there was a deep, dark gulf, filled with black,

pitchy-looking water, between them. The lady now desired Jack to pull up the filley a bit, till they would see what would become of the dark fellow; but just as they turned round, he set spurs to his horse, and, in a fit of desperation, plunged himself, horse and all, into the gulf, and was never seen or heard of more. The rest that were with him went home, and began to quarrel about his wealth, and kept murdering and killing one another, until a single vagabond of them wasn't left alive to enjoy it.

When Jack saw what had happened, and that the blood-thirsty ould neger got what he deserved so richly, he was as happy as a prince, and ten times happier than the most of them, and she was every bit as delighted. "We have nothing more to fear," said the darling that put them all down so cleverly, seeing that she was but a woman; but, bedad, it's she that was the right sort of a woman; "our dangers are now over, at least all yours are; regarding myself," says she, "there's is a trial before me yet, and that trial, Jack, depends upon your faithfulness and constancy." "On me is it? Och, then murder! isn't it a poor case entirely, that I have no way of showing you that you may depind your life upon me, only by telling you so?" — "I do depend upon you," says she; — "and now, as you love me, do not, when the trial comes, forget her that saved you out of so many troubles, and made you such a great and wealthy man." The foregoing part of this Jack could well understand, but the last part of it making *collusion* to the wealth was a little dark, he thought, bekase he hadn't fingered any of it at the time; still, he knew she was truth to the back-bone, and wouldn't *desave* him. They hadn't travelled much farther when Jack snaps his fingers, with a "whoo! by the powers there it is, my darling — there it is, at last!" "There is what, Jack?" says she, surprised,

as well she might, at his mirth and happiness — “There is what?” says she. “Cheer up,” says Jack, “there it is, my darling — the Shannon! — as soon as we get to the other side of it, we’ll be in ould Ireland once more. There was now no end to Jack’s good humour, when he crassed the Shannon; and she was not a bit displeased to see him so happy. They had now no enemy to fear, were in a civilized country, and among green fields and well-bred people. In this way they travelled at their ase, till they came within a few miles of the town of Knockindowny, near which, Jack’s mother lived. “Now Jack,” says she, “I tould you that I would make you rich. You know the rock beside your mother’s cabin; in the east side of that rock there is a loose stone, covered over with grey moss, just two feet below the cleft out of which the hanging rowan tree grows — pull that stone out, and you will find more gold than would make a duke. Neither speak to any person, nor let any living thing touch your lips till you come back to me, or you’ll forget that you ever saw me, and I’ll be left poor and friendless in a strange country.” “Why, then *manium asthee hu*,”* says Jack, “but the best way to guard against that, is to touch your own sweet lips at the present time,” says he, giving her a smack that you’d hear, of a calm evening, across a couple of fields. Jack set off to touch the money, with such speed, that when he fell he scarcely waited to rise again; he was seen at the rock any how, and without either doubt or disparagement, there was a cleft full of ra’al goolden guineas, as fresh as daisies.— The first thing he did, after he had filled his pockets with them, was to look if his mother’s cabin was to the fore; — and there surely it was, as snug as ever with the same da-

* My soul’s within you.

cint column of smoke rolling from the chimbley. "Well," thought Jack, "I'll just stale over to the door cheek and peep in to get a sight at my poor mother; then I'll throw her in a handful of these guineas, and take to my scrapers." Accordingly he stole up at a half-bend to the door, and was just going to take a peep in, when out comes the little dog, Trig, and begins to leap and fawn upon him as if it would eat him. The mother, too, came running out to see what was the matter, when the dog made another spring up about Jack's neck, and gave his lips the slightest lick in the world with its tongue, the crathur was so glad to see him; the next minute Jack forgot the lady, as *clane* as if he had never seen her: but if he forgot her, catch him at forgetting the money — not he, *avick!* — that stuck to him like pitch. When the mother saw who it was, she flew to him, and clasping her arms about his neck, hugged him till he wasn't worth three half pence. After Jack *sat* awhile, he made trial to let her know what had happened to him but he *disremembered* it all, except having the money in the rock, so he up and tould her that, and a glad woman she was to hear of his good fortune. Still he kept the place where the goold was to himself, having been often forbid by his mother ever to trust a woman with a secret when he could avoid it. Every body knows what changes the money makes, and Jack was no exception to this ould saying. In a few years he had built himself a fine castle, with three hundred and sixty-four *windy's* in it, and he would have added another, to make one for every day in the year, only that would be equal to the number in the King's palace, and the Lord of the Black Rod would be sent to take his head off, it being high *trason* for a subject to have as many windy's in his house as a King. However, Jack at any rate had enough of them; and he that couldn't be hap-

py with three hundred and sixty-four, wouldn't deserve to have three hundred and sixty-five. Along with all this, he got coaches and carriages, and didn't get proud, like many another beggarly upstart, but took especial care of his mother, whom he dressed in silks and satins, and gave her nice nourishing food, that was fit for an ould woman in her condition. He also got great tachers, men of deep larning, from Dublin, acquainted with all subjects; and, as his own abilities were very bright, he soon became a great scholar, entirely, and was able, in the long run, to outdo all his tutherers. In this way he lived for some years — was now a man of great larning himself — could spake the seven *langidges*, and, it would delight your hearts to hear how high-flown and Englified he could talk. All the world wondered where he got his wealth; but, as he was kind and charitable to every one that stood in need of assistance, the people said, that wherever he got it, it couldn't be in better hands. At last he began to look about him for a wife, and the only one in that part of the country that was at all fit for him, was the honourable Miss Bandbox, the daughter of a nobleman in the neighborhood. She, indeed, flogged all the world for beauty; but it was said that she was proud and fond of wealth, though God he knows, she had enough of that, any how. Jack, however, saw none of this; for she was cunning enough to smile and simper, and look pleasant, whenever he'd come to her father's. Well, be-dad, from one word, and one thing, to another, Jack thought it was best to make up to her at wanst, and try if she'd accept him for a husband; accordingly he put the word to her like a man, and she, making as if she was blushing, put her fan before her face, and made no answer. Jack, however, wasn't to be daunted; for he knew two things worth knowing, when a man goes to look for a wife:

the first is — that “faint heart never won fair lady,” and the second — that “silence gives consent;” he, therefore, spoke up to her in fine English, for it’s he that knew how to spake now, and after a little more fanning and blushing, by jingo, she consented. Jack then broke the matter to her father, who was as fond of money as the daughter, and only wanted to grab at him for the wealth. When the match was a-making, says old Bandbox to Jack, “Mr. Magennis,” says he, (for nobody called him Jack now but his mother) — “these two things you must comply with, if you marry my daughter, Miss Gripsy: You must send away your mother from about you, and pull down the cabin in which you and she used to live; Gripsy says that they would jog her memory consarnin your low birth and former poverty; she’s nervous and high spirited, Mr. Magennis, and declares upon her honour that she couldn’t bear to have the delicacy of her feelings offended by these things.” “Good morning to you both,” says Jack, like an honest fellow, as he was, “If she doesn’t marry me except on these conditions, give her my compliments, and tell her our courtship is at an end.” But it wasn’t long till they soon came out with another story, for before a week passed, they were glad to get him on his own conditions. Jack was now as happy as the day was long — all things appointed for the wedding, and nothing awanting to make every thing to his heart’s content but the wife, and her he was to have in less than no time. For a day or two before the wedding, there never was such grand preparations: bullocks, and hogs, and sheep were roasted whole — kegs of whiskey, both Roscrea and Innishowen barrels of ale and beer, were there in dozens. All descriptions of nieeties, and wild-fowl, and fish from the say; and the dearest wine that could be bought with money, was got for the gentry and the grand

folks. Fiddlers, and pipers, and harpers, in short, all kinds of music and musicianers played in shoais. Lords and ladies and squires of high degree — and, to crown the thing, there was open house for all comers.

At length the wedding day arrived; there was nothing but roasting and boiling; servants, dressed in rich liveries, ran about with joy and delight in their countenances, and white gloves and wedding favors on their hats and hands. To make a long story short, they were all seated in Jack's castle at the wedding breakfast, ready for the priest to marry them when they'd be done; for in them times people were never married until they had laid in a good foundation to carry them through the ceremony. Well, they were all seated round the table, the men dressed in the best of broad-cloth, and the ladies rustling in their silks and satins — their heads, necks, and arms hung round with jewels both rich and rare: but of all that were there that day, there wasn't the likes of the bride and bridegroom. As for him, nobody could think, at all, at all, that he was ever any thing else than a born jintleman; and what was more to his credit, he had his kind ould mother sitting beside the bride, to tache her that an honest person, though poorly born, is company for a king. As soon as the breakfast was served up, they all set to, and may be the various kinds of eatables did not pay for it; and amongst all this cutting and thrusting, no doubt but it was remarked, that the bride herself was behind hand wid none of them — that she took her *dalin-trich* without flinching, and made nothing else than a right fog meal of it; and small blame to her for that same, you persave.

When the breakfast was over, up gets Father Flanagan — out with his book, and on with his stole, to marry them. The bride and bridegroom went up to the end of the

room, attended by their friends, and the rest of the company stood on each side of it, for you see they were too high bred, and knew their manners too well, to stand in a crowd like spalpeens. For all that there was many a sly look from the ladies to their baehelors, and many a titter among them, grand as they were; for to tell the truth, the best of them, begad, likes to see fun in the way, particularly of that sort. The priest himself was in as great a glee as any of them, only he kept it under, and well he might, for sure enough this marriage was nothing less than a ra-al windfall to him, and the parson that was to marry them after him — bekase you persave a Protestant and a Catholie must be married by both, otherwise it doesn't hould good in law. The parson was as grave as a mustard-pot, and Father Flanagan called the bride and bridegroom his childher, which was a big bounce for him to say the likes of, more betoken, that neither of them was a drop's bood to him. However, he pulled out the book, and was just beginning to buckle them, when in comes Jack's ould acquaintance the smoking cur, as grave as ever. The priest had just got through two or three words of Latin, when the dog gives him a pluck by the sleeve; Father Flanagan of course turned round to see who it was that nudged him: "Behave yourself," says the dog to him, just as he peeped over his shonlder — "behave yourself," says he; and with that he sat him down on his hunkers beside the priest, and pulling a cigar, instead of a pipe, out of his poeket, he put it in his mouth, and began to smoke for the bare life of him. And, by my own word, it's he that could smoke; at times he would shoot the smoke in a slender streame, like a knitting-needle, with a round eurl at the one end of it, ever so far out of the *right* side of his mouth — then he would shoot it out of the *left*; and sometimes

make it swirl out so beautifully from the middle of his lips — why then, it's he that must have been the well-bred puppy all out, as far as smoaking went. "In the name of St. Anthony, and of that holy nun, St. Teresa," said his Reverence to him, "who or what are you, at all, at all?" "Never mind that," says the dog, taking the cigar for a minute between his claws, "but if you wish particularly to know, I'm 'a thirty-second cousin of your own, by the mother's side." "I command you, in the name of all the saints," says Father Flanagan, "to disappear from among us, and never become visible to any one in this house again." "The divel a budge, at the present time will I budge," says the dog to him, "until I see all sides rightified, and the rogues disappointed." Now one would be apt to think the appearance of a spaking dog might be after frightening the ladies; but doesn't all the world know that speaking puppies are their greatest favorites. Instead of that, you see, there was half a dozen of fierce looking whiskered fellows, and three or four half-pay officers, that were nearer making off than the ladies. But, besides the cigar, the dog had, upon this occasion, a pair of green spectacles across his face, and through these, while he was speaking to Father Flanagan, he ogled all the ladies, one after another, and when his eye would light upon any that pleased him, he would kiss his paw to her, and wag his tail with the greatest politeness. "John," says Father Flanagan to one of the servants, "bring me salt and water till I consecrate them to banish the devil, for he has appeared to us all during broad day light, in the shape of a dog." "You had better behave yourself I say again," said the dog, "or if you make me spake, by my honor as a jintleman, I'll expose you; I say, you won't marry these two, neither this nor any other day, and I'll give you my

reasons presently ; but I repate it, Father Flanagan, if you compel me to spake, I'll make you look two ways at once." "I defy you, Satan," says the priest, "and if you don't take yourself away before the holy wather's made, I'll send you off in a flame of fire." "Yes I'm trimbling," says the dog, "plenty of spirits you laid in your day, but it was in a place that's nearer us than the Red Sea, you did it ; listen to me, though, for I don't wish to expose you, as I said ;" so he gets on his hind legs—puts his nose to the priest's ear, and whispers something to him that none of the rest could hear—all before the priest had time to know where he was. At any rate, whatever he said seemed to make his Reverence look double, though faiks, that wasn't hard to do, for he was as big as two common men. When the dog was done speaking, and had put his cigar in his mouth, the priest seemed tunderstruck, crossed himself, and was, no doubt of it, in great perplexity. "I say, it's false," says Father Flanagan, striving to pluck up courage ; "but you know you're a liar, and the father of liars." "As true as gospel, this bout, I tell you," says the dog, "and if it was all known how would you feel ?" "Wait till I make the holy water," says the priest, "and if I don't cork you in a thumb bottle for this, I'm not here." "Your'e better at uncorking," says the dog—"better at relasing spirits than confuing them."

Just at this minnit, the whole company sees a gentleman galloping for the bare life of him, up to the hall door, and he dressed like an officer. In three jiffeys he was down off his horse, and in among the company. The dog, as soon as he made his appearance, laid his claw as usual on his nose, and gave the bridegroom a wink, as much as to say, "watch what'll happen." Now it was very odd that Jack, during all this time, remembered the dog very well,

but could never once think of the darling that did so much for him. As soon, however, as the officer made his appearance, the bride seemed as if she would sink outright, and when he walked up to her, to ask what was the meaning of what he saw, why, down she drops at once — fainted clane. The gentleman then went up to Jack, and says, "Sir, was this lady about to be married to you?" "Sartinly," says Jack, "we were going to be yoked in the blessed and holy tackle of mathrimony;" or some high flown words of that kind. "Well sir," says the other back to him, "I can only say that she is solemnly sworn never to marry any other man but me; that oath she tuck when I was joining my regiment before it went abroad, and if the ceremony of your marriage be performed, you will sleep with a perjured bride." Begad he did, plump before all their faces. Jack, of coorse, was struck all of a hape at this, but as he'd the bride in his arms, giving her a little sup of whiskey to bring her to, you persave, he couldn't make him an answer. However she soon came to herself, and on opening her eyes, "Oh hide me, hide me," says she, "for I can't bear to look on him!" "He says you are his sworn bride, my darling," says Jack; "I am — I am," says she, covering her eyes and crying away at the rate of the wedding; "I cannot deny it, and by tare-an-ounthy," says she, "I'm unworthy to be either his wife or yours, for except I marry you both, I dunna know how to settle this affair between you; oh, murther sherry! but I'm the unfortunate craythur, entirely." "Well," says Jack to the officer, "nobody can do more than to be sorry for a wrong turn; small blame to her taking a fancy to your humble servant, Mr. Officer,"—and he stood as tall as possible to show off a bit; you see the fair lady is sorryful for her folly, so, as it's not yet too late, and as you came in the nick of

time, in the name of Providence take my place, and let the marriage go on." "No," says she, "never; I'm not worthy of him, at all; tudheranouns, but I'm the unlucky thief;" While this was going forward the officer looked closely at Jack, and seeing him such a fine handsome fellow, and having heard before of his riches, he began to think that all things considhered, she wasn't so much to be blempt. Then, when he saw how sorry she was for having forgot him, he steps forrid; "Well," says he "I'm still willing to marry you particularly as you feel conthriti~~on~~ for what you were going to do;" so with this they all gother about her, and as the officer was a fine fellow himself, prevailed upon her to let the marriage be performed, and they were accordingly spliced as fast as his Reverence could make them. "Now Jack," says the dog, "I want to spake with you for a minnit; it's a word for your own ear;" so up he stands on his two hind legs, and putinded to be whispering something to him; but what do you think—he gives him the slightest touch on the lips with his paw, and that instant Jack remimbered the lady and every thing that happened betune them. "Och! tunder-an-ages," says Jack, "where is the darling at all, at all?" Jack spoke finer than this, to be sure, but I can't give his tall English, the sorry one of me will bother myself striving to do it. "Behave yourself," says the dog, "just say nothing, only follow me." Accordingly, Jack went out with the dog, "and in a few minnits comes in again, leading on the one side the loveliest lady that ever eye beheld, along with him, and a beautiful, illegant jintleman on the other. "Now Father Flanagan," says Jack, "you thought a while ago you'd have no marriage; but instead of that, you will have a brace of them;" up and telling the company, at the same time, all that happened him, and how the beautiful cray-

thur that he brought in with him had done so much for him.

When the jintleman heard this, as they were all Irishmen, you may be sure there was nothing but huzzaing and throwing up of hats from them, and waving of handkerchers from the ladies. Well, my dear, the wedding dinner was ate in great style: the nobleman proved himself no disgrace to his cloth at the treneher; and so, to make a long story short; such faisting and bauqueteering was never seen since or before. At last night came, and among ourselves, not a doubt of it, but Jack thought himself a happy man: and may be, if all was known, the bride was much of the same opinion; be that as it may, night came—the bride, all blushing, beautiful and modest as your own sweetheart, was getting tired after the dancing; Jack, too, though much stouter, wished for a trifle of repose, and many thought it was near time to throw the stocking, as is proper of coorse, on every occasion of the kind. Well, he was just on his way up stairs, and had reached the first landing, when he hears a voice at his ear, shouting, “Jack—Jack Jack Magennis!” Jack could have spitted any body for coming to disturb him at such a criticality—“Jack Magennis,” says the voice. Jack looked about to see who it was that called him, and there he found himself lying on the grecn rath’ a little above his mother’s cabin, of a fine calm summer’s evening in the mouth of June. His mother was stooping over him with her mouth at his ear, striving to waken him, by shouting and shaking him out of his sleep.

“Thundher-an-age, mother,” says Jack, “what did you waken me for?” “Jack, avourneen,” says the mother, “sure and you were lying grunting, and groaning, and sniftering there, for all the world as if you had the colic, and I only nudged you for fraid you were in pain.” “I

wouldn't for a thousand guineys," said Jack, "that ever you wakened me, at all at all; but whisht, mother, go into the house, and I'll be afther ye in less than no time."

The mother went in, and the first thing that Jack did was to try the rock; and sure enough, there he found as much money as made him the richest man that ever was in that country. And what was to his credit, when he did grow rich, he wouldn't let his cabin be thrown down, but built a fine house on a spot near it, when he could always have it under his eye. In the coorse of time, a harper hearing the story, composed a tune upon it, which every body knows is called "Little House under the Hill" to this day, beginning—

Hi for it, ho for it, hi for it still;

Och, and whoo!—your sowl—hi for the little house under the hill."

CONFESSIONS OF A REFORMED RIBBONMAN.

(AN OWRE TRUE TALE.)

BY WILLIAM CARLETON.

I HAD read the anonymous summons, but, from its general import, I believed it to be one of those special meetings convened for some purpose affecting the general objects and proceedings of the body. At least the terms in which it was conveyed to me had nothing extraordinary or mysterious in them, beyond the simple fact, that it was not to be a general, but a select meeting; this mark of confidence flattered me, and I determined to attend punctually.

I was, it is true, desired to keep the circumstance entirely to myself, but there was nothing startling in this, for I had often received summonses of a similar import. I therefore resolved to attend, according to the letter of my instructions, "on the next night, at the solemn hour of midnight, to deliberate and act upon such matters as should, then and there, be submitted to my consideration." The morning after I received this message, I arose and resumed my usual occupations; but from whatever cause it may have proceeded, I felt a sense of approaching evil hang heavily upon me; the beats of my pulse were languid, and an undefinable feeling of anxiety pervaded my whole spirit; even my face was pale, and my eye so heavy, that my father and brothers concluded me to be ill; an opinion which I thought at the time to be correct; for I felt exactly that kind of depression which precedes a severe fever. I could not understand what I experienced, nor can I yet,

except by supposing that there is in human nature some mysterious faculty, by which, in coming calamities, the approach throws forward the shadow of some fearful evil, and that it is possible to catch a dark anticipation of the sensations which they subsequently produced. For my part I can neither analyze nor define it ; but on that day I knew it by painful experience, and so have a thousand others in similar circumstances.

It was about the middle of winter. The day was gloomy and tempestuous almost beyond any other I remembered ; dark clouds rolled over the hills about me, and a close sleet like rain fell in slanting drifts that chased each other rapidly to the earth on the course of the blast. The out-lying cattle sought the closest and calmest corners of the fields for shelter ; the trees and young groves were tossed about, for the wind was so unusually high that it swept its hollow gusts through them, with that hoarse murmur which deepens so powerfully on the mind the sense of dreariness and desolation.

As the shades of night fell, the storm if possible increased. The moon was half gone, and only a few stars, were visible by glimpses, as a rush of wind left a temporary opening in the sky. I had determined if the storm should not abate, to incur any penalty rather than attend the meeting, but the appointed hour was distant, and I resolved to be decided by the future state of the night.

Ten o'clock came, but still there was no change ; eleven passed, and on opening the door to observe if there was any likelihood of it clearing up, a blast of wind mingled with rain, nearly blew me off my feet ; at length it was approaching to the hour of midnight, and on examining a third time, I found it had calmed a little, and no longer rained.



I instantly got my oak stick, muffled myself in my great coat, strapped my hat about my ears, and as the place of meeting was only a quarter of a mile distant, I presently set out.

The appearance of the heavens was lowering and angry, particularly in that point where the light of the moon fell against the clouds from a seeming chasm in them, through which alone she was visible. The edges of this were faintly bronzed, but the dense body of the masses that hung piled on each side of her, was black and impenetrable to sight. In no other point of the heavens was there any part of the sky visible, for a deep veil of clouds overhung the horizon, yet was the light sufficient to give occasional glimpses of the rapid shifting which took place in this dark canopy, and of the tempestuous agitation with which the midnight storm swept to and fro beneath.

At length I arrived at a long slated house, situated in a solitary part of the neighborhood; a little below it ran a small stream, which was now swollen above its banks, and rushing with mimic roar over the flat meadows beside it. The appearance of the bare slated building in such a night was particularly sombre, and to those, like me, who knew the purpose to which it was then usually devoted, it was, or ought to have been, peculiarly so. There it stood, silent and gloomy, without any appearance of human life, or enjoyment about, or within it. As I approached, the moon once more had broken out of the clouds, and shone dimly upon the glittering of the wet slates and window, with a deadlike lustre, that gradually faded away as I left the point of observation, and entered the folding-door. It was the parish chapel.

The scene which presented itself here, was in keeping not only with the external appearance of the house, but

with the darkness, the storm, and the hour—which was now a little after midnight. About eighty persons were sitting in dead silence upon the circular steps of the altar ; they did not seem to move, and as I entered and advanced, the echo of my footsteps rang through the building with a lonely distinctness, which added to the solemnity and mystery of the circumstances about me. The windows were secured with shutters on the inside, and on the altar a candle was lighted, which burned dimly amid the surrounding darkness, and lengthened the shadow of the altar itself, and of six or seven persons, who stood in the obscurity which shrouded the lower end of the chapel. The faces of those who sat on the altar steps were not distinctly visible, yet the prominent and more characteristic features were in sufficient relief, and I observed that some of the most malignant and reckless spirits in the parish were assembled. In the eyes of those who stood at the altar and whom I knew to be invested with authority over the others, I could perceive gleams of some latent and ferocious purpose, kindled, as I soon observed, into a fiercer expression of vengeance, by the additional excitement of ardent spirits, with which they had stimulated themselves to a point of determination that mocked at the apprehension of all future responsibility, either in this world or the next.

The welcome which I received on joining them, was far different from the boisterous good humor which used to mark our greetings on other occasions ; just a nod of the head from this or that person, on the part of those who sat, with a *ghud dhemur tha thu*,* in a suppressed voice, even below a common whisper ; but, from the standing group, who were evidently the projectors of the enterprise, I re-

* How are you ?

ceived a convulsive grasp of the hand, accompanied by a fierce and desperate look, that seemed to search my eye and countenance, to try if I was a person not likely to shrink from whatever they had resolved to execute. It is surprising to think of the powerful expression which a moment of intense interest or great danger is capable of giving to the eye, the features, and slightest actions, especially in those whose station in society does not require them to constrain nature, by the force of social courtesies.

None of the standing group spoke, but as each of them wrung my hand in silence, his eye was fixed on mine, with an expression of drunken confidence and secrecy, and an insolent determination not to be gainsayed without peril. If looks could be translated with certainty, they seemed to say, "we are bound upon a project of vengeance, and if you do not join us, remember that we can revenge." Along with this grasp, they did not forget to remind me of the common bond by which we were united, for each man gave the secret grip of Ribbonism, in a manner that made the joints of my fingers ache for some minutes after.

There was one present, however — the highest in authority — whose actions and demeanor were calm and unexcited; he seemed to labor under no unusual influence whatever, but evinced a serenity so placid and philosophical, that I attributed the silence of the sitting group, and the restraint which curbed the out-breaking passions of those who *stood*, entirely to his presence. He was a school-master, who taught his daily school in that chapel, and acted also, on Sunday, in capacity of clerk to the priest — an excellent and amiable old man, who knew little of his illegal connexion and atrocious conduct.

When the ceremonies of brotherly recognition and friendship were past, the Captain, by which title I will

designate the last-mentioned person, stooped, and raising a jar of whiskey on the corner of the altar, held a wine glass to its neck, which he filled, and with a calm nod handed it to me to drink. I shrunk back, with an instinctive horror, at the profaneness of such an act, in the house, and on the altar of God, and peremptorily refused to taste the proffered draught. He smiled, mildly, at what he considered my superstition, and added quietly, in a low voice, "You'll be wantin' it, I'm thinkin', afther the wettin' you got." — "Wet or dry," said I — "Stop man," he replied in the same tone — "spake lower; but why wouldn't you take the whiskey? Sure there's as holy people to the fore as you — didn't they all take it? — an' I wish we may never do worse than dhrink a harmless glass of whiskey, to keep the could out, any way." "Well," said I, "I'll just trust to God, and the consequences, for the cowl'd, Paddy, ma bouchal; but a blessed dhrop ov it won't be crossin' my lips, avick; so no more goster about it — dhrink it yerself, if you like; may be you want it as much as I do — wherein I've the patthren of a good big coat upon me, so thick, yer sowl, that if it was raining bullocks, a dhrop wouldn't get undher the nap ov it." He gave me a calm, but keen glance, as I spoke. "Well Jim," said he, "it's a good comrade you've got for the weather that's in it — but in the mane time, to set you a dacent patthren, I'll just take this myself," — saying which, with the jar still upon its side, and the fore finger of his left hand in its neck, he swallowed the spirits. "It's the first I dhrank to-night," he added, "nor would I dhrink it now, only to show you that I've heart and sperit to do a thing that we're all bound and sworn to, when the proper time comes," — saying which, he laid down the glass and turned up the jar, with much coolness upon the altar.

During this conversation, those who had been summoned to this mysterious meeting were pouring in fast ; and as each person approached the altar, he received from one to two or three large glasses of whiskey, according as he chose to limit himself—and, to do them justice, there were not a few of those present, who, in despite of their own desire, and the Captain's express invitation, refused to taste it in the house of God's worship. Such, however, as were scrupulous, he afterwards recommended to take it on the outside of the chapel door, which they did—as by that means, the sacrilege of the act was supposed to be evaded.

About one o'clock they were all assembled except six—at least, so the Captain, on looking at a written paper, asserted. "Now, boys," said he, in the same low voice,— "we are all present except the thraitors, whose names I'm going to read to you ; not that we are to count them as thraitors, till we know whether or not it was in their power to come ; any how, the night is terrible—but, boys, you're to know, that neither fire nor wather is to prevint yees, whin duly summoned to attend a meetin'—particularly whin the summons is widout a name, as you have been tould there is always something of consequence to be done *thin*." He then read out the names of those who were absent, in order that the real cause of their absence might be ascertained—declaring, that they would be dealt with accordingly. After this he went, and with his usual caution shut and bolted the door, and having put the key in his pocket, he ascended the steps of the altar, and for some time traversed the little platform from which the priest usually addressed the congregation.

Until this night I never contemplated this man's countenance with any particular interest, but as he walked the

platform, I had an opportunity of observing him more closely. He was a little man, apparently not thirty; and on a first view seemed to have nothing remarkable either in his dress or features. I, however, was not the only person whose eye was riveted upon him this moment; in fact every one present observed him with equal interest, for hitherto he had kept the object of the meeting perfectly secret, and of course we all felt anxious to know it. It was while he traversed the platform that I scrutinized his features, with a hope, if possible, to glean from them some indication of what was passing within. I could, however, mark but little, and that little was at first rather from the intelligence which seemed to subsist between him and those whom I have already mentioned as *standing* against the altar, than from any indication of his own; their gleaming eyes were fixed upon him with an intensity of savage and demon-like hope, which blazed out in flashes of malignant triumph, as upon turning, he threw a cool but rapid glance at them, to intimate the progress he was making in the subject to which he had devoted the undivided energies of his mind. But in the course of this meditation, I could observe on one or two occasions a dark shade come over his countenance that contracted his brow into a deep furrow, and it was then, for the first time, that I saw the satanic expression of which his face, by a very slight motion of its muscles, was capable; his hands, during this silence, closed and opened convulsively; his eyes shot out two or three baleful glances, first to his confederates, and afterwards vacantly into the deep gloom of the lower part of the chapel; his teeth ground against each other, like those of a man whose revenge burns to reach a distant enemy, and finally after having wound himself up to a certain determination,

his features relaxed into their original calm and undisturbed expression.

At this moment a loud laugh, having something supernatural in it, rang out wildly from the darkness of the chapel; he stopped, and putting his open hand over his brows, peered down into the gloom, and said calmly in Irish, *bee dhu hust ne wulh enan inh* — “hold your tongue, it is not yet the time.” Every eye was now directed to the same spot, but, in consequence of its distance from the dim light on the altar, none could perceive the object from which the laugh proceeded. It was by this time near two o’clock in the morning.

He now stood for a few moments on the platform, and his chest heaved with a depth of anxiety equal to the difficulty of the design he wished to accomplish; “Brothers,” said he, “for we are all brothers — sworn upon all that’s sacred an’ holy, to obey whatever them that’s over us, maining among ourselves, wishes us to do — are you now ready, in the name of God, upon whose althar I now stand, to fulfil yer oath?”

The words were scarcely uttered, when those who *stood* beside the altar during the night, sprung from their places, and descending its steps rapidly, turned round, and raising their arms, exclaimed, “By all that’s sacred an’ holy we’re willing.”

In the mean time, those that *sat* upon the steps of the altar, instantly rose, and following the example of those who had just spoken, exclaimed after them, “to be sure — by all that’s sacred an’ holy we’re willin’.”

“Now, boys,” says the Captain, “arn’t yees big fools for your pains? an’ *one* of yees dosen’t know what I mane.”

“You’re our captain,” said one of those who had stood at the altar — “an’ has yer ordhers from high quarthers, of

coorse whatever ye command us we're bound to obey you in."

"Well," said he, smiling, "I only wanted to thry yees, an' by the oath yees tuck, there's not a captain in the county has as good a right to be proud of his min as I have — well yees won't rue it, may be, when the right time comes; and for that raison every one yees must have a glass from the jar; thim that won't dhrink it *in* the chapel, can dhrink it *widout*; an' here goes to open the door for them" — he then distributed another large glass to every man who would accept it, and brought the jar afterwards to the chapel door, to satisfy the scruples of those who would not drink within. When this was performed, and all duly excited, he proceeded: —

"Now, brothers, you are solemnly sworn to obey me, an' I'm sure there's no thraitor here that 'id parjure himself for a trifle, anyhow, but *I'm* sworn to obey them that's above me — manin' still among ourselves — an' to show you that I don't scruple to do it, here goes" — he then turned round, and taking the Missal between his hands, placed it upon the holy altar. Hitherto, every word was uttered in a low, precautionary tone; but on grasping the book, he again turned round, and looking upon his confederates with the same satanic expression which marked his countenance before, he exclaimed in a voice of deep determination:

"By this sacred an' holy book of God, I will perform the action which we have met this night to accomplish, be that what it may — an' this I swear upon God's book, an' God's altar!" At this moment the candle which burned before him went suddenly out, and the chapel was wrapped in pitchy darkness; the sound as if of rushing wings fell upon our ears, and fifty voices dwelt upon the last words

of his oath, with wild and supernatural tones that seemed to echo and to mock what he had sworn. There was a pause, and an exclamation of horror from all present, but the Captain was too cool and steady to be disconcerted; he immediately groped about until he got the candle, and proceeded calmly to a remote corner of the chapel, took up a half-burned turf which lay there, and after some trouble, succeeded in lighting it again. He then explained what had taken place; which indeed was easily done, as the candle happened to be extinguished by a pigeon which sat exactly above it. The chapel, I should have observed, was at this time, like many country chapels, unfinished inside, and the pigeons of a neighboring dove-cote, had built nests among the rafters of the unceiled roof, which circumstance also explained the rushing of the wings, for the birds had been affrighted by the sudden loudness of the noise. The mocking voices were nothing but the echoes, rendered naturally more awful by the scene, the mysterious object of the meeting, and the solemn hour of the night.

When the candle was again lighted, and these startling circumstances accounted for, the persons whose vengeance had been deepening more and more during the night, rushed to the altar in a body, where each in a voice trembling with passionate eagerness, repeated the oath, and as every word was pronounced, the same echoes heightened the wildness of the horrible ceremony, by the long and unearthly tones. The countenances of these human tigers were livid with suppressed rage — their knitted brows, compressed lips, and kindled eyes, fell under the dim light of the taper, with an expression calculated to sicken any heart not absolutely diabolical.

As soon as this dreadful rite was completed, we were again startled by several loud bursts of laughter, which

proceeded from the lower darkness of the chapel, and the Captain on hearing them, turned to the place, and reflecting for a moment, said in Irish, *gutsho nish, avohelhee* — “come hitler now, boys.” A rush immediately took place from the corner in which they had secreted themselves all the night — and seven men appeared, whom we instantly recognized as brothers and cousins of certain persons who had been convicted some time before, for breaking into the house of an honest poor man in the neighborhood, from whom, after having treated him with barbarous violence, they took away such fire arms as he kept for his own protection.

It was evidently not the Captain's intention to have produced these persons until the oath should have been generally taken, but the exulting mirth with which they enjoyed the success of his scheme betrayed them, and put him to the necessity of bringing them forward before the concerted moment.

The scene which now took place was beyond all power of description; peals of wild, fiend-like yells rang through the chapel, as the party which stood on the altar, and that which had crouched in the darkness met; wringing of hands, leaping in triumph, striking of sticks and fire arms against the ground and the altar itself, dancing and cracking of fingers, marked the triumph of some hellish propensity. Even the Captain for a time was unable to restrain their fury; but at length he mounted the platform before the altar once more, and with a stamp of his foot, recalled their attention to himself and the matter in hand.

“Boys,” said he, “enough of this, and too much; an' well for us it is that the chapel is in a lonely place, or our foolish noise might do us no good — let them that swore so

manfully just now stand a one side, till the rest kiss the book one by one."

The proceedings, however, had by this time taken too alarming a shape, for even the Captain to compel them to a blindfold oath; the first man he called flatly refused to swear, until he should first hear the nature of the service that was required. This was echoed by the remainder, who, taking courage from the firmness of this person, declared generally, that until they first knew the business they were to execute, none of them should take the oath. The Captain's lip quivered slightly, and his brow once more knit with the same hellish expression, which I have remarked gave him so much the appearance of an embodied fiend; but this speedily passed away, and was succeeded by a malignant sneer, in which lurked, if there ever did in a sneer, "a laughing devil," calmly, determinedly atrocious.

"It wasn't worth yer whiles to refuse the oath," said he, mildly, "for the truth is, I had next to nothing for ye's to do—not a hand may-be, would have to *rise*, only jist to look on, an' if any resistance would be made, to show yerselves; yer numbers would soon make them see that resistance would be no use whatever in the present case. At all evints the oath of *secrecy must* be taken, or woe be to him who will refuse *that*, he won't know the day, the hour, nor the minute, when he'll be made a spatch-cock ov." He then turned round, and placing his right hand on the Missal, swore "in the presence of God, and before His holy altar, that whatever might take place that night he would keep secret, from man or mortal, execept it was the holy priest on his dying day, and that neither bribery nor imprisonment, nor death, would wring it from his heart, having done this, he struck the book violently, as if to

confirm the energy with which he swore, and then calmly descending the steps, stood with a serene countenance, like a man conscious of having performed a good action. As this oath did not pledge those who refused to take the other to the perpetration of any specific crime, it was readily taken by all present; preparations were then made to execute what was intended; the half-burned turf was placed in a little pot—another glass of whiskey was distributed, and the door being locked by the Captain, who kept the key as parish master and clerk, the crowd departed silently from the chapel.

The moment that those who lay in the darkness during the night made their appearance at the altar, we knew at once the persons we were to visit; for, as I said before, these were related to the miscreants whom one of these persons had convicted, in consequence of their midnight attack upon himself and his family. The Captain's object in keeping them unseen was, that those present, not being aware of the duty about to be imposed on them, might have less hesitation against swearing to its fulfilment. Our conjectures were correct, for on leaving the chapel, we directed our steps to the house in which this man, the only Protestant in the parish, resided.

The night was still stormy, but without rain; it was rather dark, too, though not so as to prevent us from seeing the clouds careering swiftly through the air. The dense curtain which had overhung and obscured the horizon, was now broken, and large sections of the sky were clear, and thinly studded with stars that looked dim and watery, as did indeed the whole firmament, for in some places large clouds were still visible threatening a continuance of severe tempestuous weather. The road appeared washed and gravelly, every dike was full of yellow water, and each

little rivulet and larger stream dashed its hoarse music in our ears; the blast, too, was cold, fierce, and wintry, sometimes driving us back to a stand still, and again, when a turn in the road would bring it to our backs, whirling us along for a few steps with involuntary rapidity. At length the fatal dwelling became visible, and a short consultation was held in a sheltered place, between the Captain and the two parties, who seemed so eager for its destruction. Their fire arms were now charged, and their bayonets and short pikes, the latter shod and pointed with iron, were also got ready; the live coal which was brought in a small pot, had become extinguished, but to remedy this, two or three persons from the remote parts of the parish, entered a cabin on the wayside, and under pretence of lighting their own and their comrade's pipes, procured a coal of fire, for so they called a lighted turf. From the time we left the chapel until this moment, a most profound silence had been maintained, a circumstance, which, when I considered the number of persons present, and the mysterious and dreaded object of their journey, had a most appalling effect upon my spirits.

At length we arrived within fifty perches of the house, walking in a compact body, and with as little noise as possible; but it seemed as if the very elements had conspired to frustrate our design, for on advancing within the shade of the farm hedge, two or three persons found themselves up to the middle in water, and on stooping to ascertain more accurately the state of the place, we could see nothing but one immense sheet of it spread like a lake over the meadows which surrounded the spot we wished to reach.

Fatal night! the very recollection of it, when associated with the fearful tempests of the elements, grows, if that were possible, yet more wild and revolting. Had we been

engaged in any innocent or benevolent enterprise, there was something in our situation, just now, that had a touch of interest in it to a mind imbued with a relish for the savage beauties of nature. There we stood, about a hundred and thirty in number, our dark forms bent forwards peering into the dusky expanse of water, with its dim gleams of reflected light, broken by the weltering of the mimic waves into ten thousand fragments, whilst the few stars that overhung it in the firmament, appeared to shoot through it in broken lines, and to be multiplied fifty fold in the many-faced mirror on which we gazed.

Over this was a stormy sky, and around us a darkness through which we could only distinguish, in outline, the nearest objects, whilst the wild wind swept strongly and dismally upon us. When it was discovered that the common pathway to the house was inundated, we were about to abandon our object and return home; the Captain, however, stooped down low for a moment, and almost closing his eyes, looked along the surface of the waters, and then raising himself very calmly, said, in his usual quiet tone, "yees needn't go back, boys, I've found a path jist follow me." He immediately took a more circuitous direction, by which we reached a causeway that had been raised for the purpose of giving a free passage to and from the house, during such inundations as the present. Along this we had advanced more than half way, when we discovered a break in it, which, as afterwards appeared, had that night been made by the strength of the flood. This, by means of our sticks and pikes, we found to be about three feet deep, and eight yards broad. Again we were at a loss how to proceed, when the fertile brain of the Captain devised a method of crossing it: "Boys," said he, "of course you've all played at leap-frog — very well,

strip and go in a dozen of you, — lean one upon the shoulders of another from this to the opposite bank, where one must stand facing the outside man, both their shoulders again one another, that the outside man may be supported — then *we* can creep over you, an' a decent bridge you'll be, any way." This was the work of only a few minutes, and in less than ten we were all safely over.

Merciful heaven ! how I sicken at the recollection of what is to follow — on reaching the dry bank, we proceeded instantly, and in profound silence, to the house ; the Captain divided us into companies, and then assigned to each division its proper station. The two parties who had been so vindictive all the night, he kept about himself, for of those who were present they only were in his confidence, and knew his nefarious purpose ; their number was about fifteen. Having made these dispositions, he, at the head of about five of them, approached the house on the windy side, for the fiend possessed a coolness which enabled him to seize upon every possible advantage ; that he had combustibles about him was evident, for in less than fifteen minutes nearly one half of the house was enveloped in flames. On seeing this, the others rushed over to the spot where he and his gang were standing, and remonstrated earnestly, but in vain ; the flames burst forth with renewed violence, and as they flung their strong light upon the faces of the foremost group, I do think hell itself could hardly present any thing more satanic than their countenances, now worked up into a paroxysm of infernal triumph, at their own revenge. The Captain's look had lost all its calmness, every feature started out into distinct malignity, the curve in his brow was deep, and ran up to the root of the hair, dividing his face into two sections, that did not seem to have been designed for each other.

His lips were half open, and the corners of his mouth a little brought back on each side, like those of a man expressing intense hatred and triumph over an enemy, who is in the death-struggle under his grasp. His eyes blazed from beneath his knit eye-brows with a fire that seemed to have been lighted up in the infernal pit itself. It is unnecessary and only painful to describe the rest of his gang; demons might have been proud of such horrible visages as they exhibited; for they worked under all the power of hatred, revenge, and joy; and these passions blended into one terrific scowl enough almost to blast any human eye that would venture to look upon it.

When the others attempted to intercede for the lives of the inmates, there was at least fifteen loaded guns and pistols leveled at them; "another word," said the Captain, an' you're a corpse where you stand, or the first man who will dare to speak for them: no, no, it wasn't to spare them that we came here — 'No Mercy' is the password for the night, an' by the sacred oath I swore beyant in the chapel, and any one among yees that will attempt to show it, will find none at my hand. Surround the house, boys, I tell ye, I hear them stirring — *No Mercy* — no quarter — is the ordher of the night."

Such was his command over these misguided creatures, that in an instant there was a ring round the house to prevent the escape of the unhappy inmates, should the raging element give them time to attempt it; for none present dare withdraw themselves from the scene, not only from an apprehension of the Captain's present vengeance, or that of his gang, but they knew that even had they then escaped, an early and certain death awaited them from a quarter against which they had no means of defence. The hour was about half-past two o'clock. Scarcely had the last

words escaped from the Captain's lips, when one of the windows of the house was broken, and a human head, having the hair in a blaze, was descried, apparently a woman's, if one might judge by the profusion of burning tresses, and the softness of the tones, notwithstanding that it called or rather shrieked aloud, for help and mercy. The only reply to this was the whoop from the Captain and his gang, of "No mercy — no mercy," and that instant the former, and one of the latter rushed to the spot, and ere the action could be perceived, the head was transfixed with a bayonet and a pike, both having entered it together. The word mercy was divided in her mouth; a short silence ensued, the head hung down on the window, but was instantly tossed back into the flames.

This action occasioned a cry of horror from all present, except the *gang* and their leader, which startled and enraged the latter so much that he ran towards one of them, and had his bayonet now reeking with the blood of its innocent victim, raised to plunge it in his body, when dropping the point, he said in a piercing whisper, that hissed in the ears of all, "It's no use *now*, you know, if one's to hang, all will hang, so our safest way, you persave, is to leave none of them to tell the story: ye *may* go now if you wish; but it won't save a hair of your heads. You cowardly set! I knew if I had told yees the sport, that none of ye except my *own* boys would come, so I just played a thrick upon you; but remember what you are sworn to, and stand to the oath ye tuck."

Unhappily, notwithstanding the wetness of the preceeding weather, the materials of the house were extremely combustible; the whole dwelling was now one body of glowing flame, yet the shouts and shrieks within, rose awfully above the crackling and the voice of the storm, for

the wind once more blew in gusts, and with great violence. The doors and windows were all torn open, and such of those within, as had escaped the flames rushed towards them, for the purpose of further escape, and of claiming mercy at the hands of their destroyers — but whenever they appeared, the unearthly cry of “no mercy” rang upon their ears for a moment, and for a moment only, for they were flung back at the points of the weapons which the demons had brought with them to make the work of vengeance more certain.

As yet there were many persons in the house, whose cries for life were strong as despair, and who clung to it with all the awakened powers of reason and instinct; the ear of man could hear nothing so strongly calculated to stifle the demon of cruelty and revenge within him, as the long and wailing shrieks which rose beyond the element in tones that were carried off rapidly upon the blast, until they died away in the darkness that lay behind the surrounding hills. Had not the house been in a solitary situation, and the hour the dead of night, any person sleeping within a moderate distance, must have heard them, for such a cry of sorrow deepened into a yell of despair, was almost sufficient to awaken the dead. It was lost, however, upon the hearts and ears that heard it: to them, though, in justice be it said, to only comparatively a few of them, it was as delightful as the tones of soft and entrancing music.

The claims of the poor sufferers were now modified; they supplicated merely to suffer death *at the hands of their enemies*; they were willing to bear that, provided they should be allowed to escape from the flames; but, no: the horrors of the conflagration were calmly and malignantly gloried in by their merciless assassins, who deliberately flung them back into all their tortures. In the course of

a few minutes, a man appeared on the side-wall of the house, nearly naked; his figure, as he stood against the sky in horrible relief, was so finished a picture of woe-begone agony and supplication, that it is yet as distinct in my memory as if I were again present at the scene. Every muscle, now in motion by the powerful agitation of his sufferings, stood out upon his limbs and neck, giving him an appearance of desperate strength, to which by this time he must have been wrought; the perspiration poured from his frame, and the veins and arteries of his neck were inflated to a surprising thickness. Every moment he looked down into the thick flames which were rising to where he stood; and as he looked, the indescribable horror which flitted over his features might have worked upon the devil himself to relent. His words were few; "My child," said he, "is still safe, she is an infant, a young creature that never harmed you nor any one — she is still safe. Your mothers, your wives have young innocent children like it — Oh, spare her, think for a moment that it's one of your own, spare it, as you hope to meet a just God, or if you don't, in mercy shoot me first, put an end to me, before I see her burned."

The Captain approached him coolly and deliberately. "You will prosecute no one now, you bloody informer," said he, "you will convict no more boys for taking an ould rusty gun an' pistol from you, or for giving you a neighbourly knock or two into the bargain." Just then from a window opposite him, proceeded the shrieks of a woman who appeared at it with the infant in her arms. She herself was almost scorched to death; but with the presence of mind and humanity of her sex, she was about to thrust the little babe out of the window. The captain noticed this, and with characteristic atrocity, thrust, with a sharp bayonet, the little innocent, along with the person

who endeavored to rescue it, into the red flames, where they both perished. This was the work of an instant. Again he approached the man; "your child is a coal now," said he with deliberate mockery. "I pitched it myself on the point of this," showing the weapon, "and now, it is your turn," saying which, he clambered up by the assistance of his gang, who stood with a front of pikes and bayonets bristling to receive the wretched man, should he attempt in his despair to throw himself from the wall. The Captain got up, and placing the point of his bayonet against his shoulder, flung him into the fiery element that raged behind him. He uttered one wild and piercing cry as he he fell back, and no more; after this nothing was heard but the crackling of the fire, and the rushing of the blast; all that had possessed life within were consumed, amounting either to eleven or fifteen persons.

When this was accomplished, those who took an active part in the murder, stood for some time about the conflagration, and as it threw its red light upon their fierce faces and rough persons, soiled as they now were with smoke and black streaks of ashes, the scene seemed to be changed to hell, and the murderers to spirits of the damned, rejoicing over the arrival and the torture of a guilty soul.

The faces of those who kept aloof from the slaughter, were blanched to the whiteness of death; some of them fainted — and others were in such agitation that they were compelled to leave their comrades. They became actually stiff and powerless with horror; yet to such a scene were they brought by the pernicious influence of Ribbonism.

It was only when the last victim went down, that the conflagration shot up into the air with most unbounded fury. The house was large, deeply thatched, and well

furnished ; and the broad, red pyramid rose up with fearful magnificence towards the sky. Abstractedly it had sublimity, but now it was associated with nothing in my mind but blood and terror. It was not, however, without a purpose that the Captain and his gaurd stood to contemplate its effect. " Boys," said he, " we had better be sartin that all's safe, who knows but there might be some of the sar-pents crouchiu' under a hape of rubbish, to come out and gibbet us to morrow, or next day ; we had better wait awhile, any how, if it was only to see the blaze."

Just then the flames rose majestically to a surprising height ; our eyes followed their direction, and we perceived for the first time, that the dark cloud above, together with the intermediate air, appeared to reflect back, or rather to have caught the red hue of the fire ; the hills and and country about us appeared with an alarming distinctness ; but the most picturesque part of it was the effect or reflection of the blaze on the floods that spread over the surrounding plains. These, in fact, appeared to be one broad mass of liquid copper, for the motion of the breaking waters, caught from the blaze of the high waving column, as reflected in them, a glaring light, which eddied, and rose, and fluctuated, as if the flood itself had been a lake of molten fire.

Fire, however, destroys rapidly ; in a short time the flames sank — became weak and flickering — by and by, they only shot out in fits — the crackling of the timbers died away — the surrounding darkness deepened ; and ere long, the faint light was overpowered by thick volumes of smoke, that rose from the ruins of the house, and its murdered inhalitants.

" Now boys," said the Captian, " all is safe, we may go. Remember every man of you, that you've sworn this

night on the book and altar of God — not a heretic Bible.

If you perjure yourselves, you may hang us ; but let me tell you for your comfort, that if you, do, there is them livin' that will take care the lase of your own lives will be but short." After this we dispersed, every man to his own home.

Reader, not many months elapsed ere I saw the bodies of this Captain, whose name was Paddy Devan, and all those who were actively concern in the perpetration of this deed of horror, withered in the wind, where they hung gibbeted, near the scene of their nefarious villany ; and while I inwardly thanked Heaven for my own narrow and almost undeserved escape, I thought in my heart how seldom, even in this world, justice fails to overtake the murderer, and to enforce the righteous judgment of God, "that whoso sheddeth man's blood, by man shall his blood be shed."

BARNY O'REIRDON, THE NAVIGATOR

BY SAMUEL LOVER.

BARNY O'REIRDON was a fisherman of Kinsale, and a heartier fellow never hauled a net or cast a line into deep water; indeed, Barny, independently of being a merry boy among his companions, a lover of good fun and good whiskey, was looked up to, rather, by his brother-fishermen as an intelligent fellow, and few boats brought more fish to market than Barny O'Reirdon's; his opinion on certain points in the craft was considered law; and in short, in his own little community Barny was, what is commonly called a leading man.

Seated one night at a public house, the common resort of Barney and other marine curiosities, our hero got entangled in debate with what he called a strange sail — that is to say, a man he had never met before, and whom he was inclined to treat rather magisterially upon nautical subjects, at the same time that the stranger was equally inclined to assume the high hand over him, till at last the new comer made a regular outbreak by exclaiming, "Ah, lave off your balderdash, and maybe I don't know you and your's as well as the mother that bore you, ay, in troth; and sure I know the very thoughts o' you as well as if I was inside o' you, Barny O'Reirdon."

"Thin you know better thoughts than your own, Mr. Whipper-snapper, if that's the name you go by."

"No, it's not the name I go by; I've as good a name as your own, Mr. O'Reirdon, for want of a better, and that's O'Sullivan."

"Troth there's more than there's good o' them." said Barny.

"Good or bad, I'm a cousin o' your own, twice removed by the mother's side."

"And is it the widda O'Sullivan's boy you'd be that's left this come Candlemas four years?"

"The same."

"Troth thin you might know betther manners to your eldhers, though I'm glad to see you, anyhow, agin; but a little thravellin' puts us beyant ourselves sometimes," said Barny, rather contemptuously.

"Troth I never bragged out o' myself yit, and its what I say, that a man that's only a fishin' aff the land all his life has no business to compare wid a man that has sailed to Fingal."

This silenced any further argument on Barny's part. Where Fingal lay was all Greek to him; but unwilling to admit his ignorance, he covered his retreat with the usual address of his countrymen, and turned the bitterness of debate into the cordial flow of congratulation at seeing his cousin again.

The liquor was freely circulated, and the conversation began to take a different turn, in order to lead from that which had nearly ended in quarrel between O'Reirdon and his relation.

After the introduction of the liquor, it would not be an easy matter to pursue the conversation that followed. Let us, therefore, transfer our story to the succeeding morning, when Barny O'Reirdon strolled forth from his cottage, rather later than usual, with his eyes bearing *eye*-witness to the carouse of the preceding night. He sauntered about in the sun, at which he often looked up, under the shelter of compressed bushy eye-brows and long-lashed eyelids, and a shadowing hand across his forehead, to see "what time

o' day " it was, and from the frequency of this action it was evident the day was hanging heavily with Barny. He retired at last to a sunny nook in a neighboring field; and stretching himself at full length, he basked in the sun, and began "to chew the cud of sweet and bitter thought." He first reflected on his own undoubted weight in his little community, but still he could not get over the annoyance of the preceding night, arising from his being silenced by O'Sullivan, "a chap," as he said himself, "that lift the place four years ago, a brat iv a boy, and to think iv his coming back and outdoin' his eldhers, that saw him runnin' about the place, a gassoon, that any one could tache a few months before;" 'twas too bad. Barny saw his reputation was in a ticklish position, and began to consider how his disgrace could be retrieved. The very name of Fingal was hateful to him; it was a plague-spot on his peace that festered there incurably. He first thought of leaving Kinsale altogether; but flight implied so much of defeat that he did not long indulge in that notion. No; he *would* stay "in spite of all the O'Sullivans, kith and kin, breed, seed, and generation." But, at the same time, he knew he should never hear the end of that hateful place, Fingal; and if Barny had had the power, he would have enacted a penal statute, making it death to name the accursed spot, wherever it was; but not being gifted with such legislative authority, he felt Kinsale was no place for him, if he would not submit to be flouted every hour out of the four-and-twenty, by man, woman, and child that wished to annoy him. What was to be done? He was in the perplexing situation, to use his own words, "of the cat in the thripe shop;" he didn't know which way to choose. At last, after turning himself over in the sun several times, a new idea struck him. Couldn't he go to Fingal himself? and then

he'd be equal to that upstart, O'Sullivan. No sooner was the thought engendered than Barny sprang to his feet a new man; his eye brightened, his step became once more elastic, he walked erect, and felt himself to be all over Barny O'Reirdon once more. "Richard was himself again."

But where was Fingal? — there was the rub. That was a profound mystery to Barny, which, until discovered, must hold him in the vile bondage of inferiority. The plain-dealing reader will say, "could'nt he ask?" No, no; that would never do for Barny — that would be an open admission of ignorance his soul was above, and, consequently, Barny set his brains to work to devise measures of coming at the hidden knowledge by some circuitous route, that would not betray the end he was working for. To this purpose, fifty stratagems were raised and demolished in half as many minutes, in the fertile brain of Barny, as he strided along the shore, and as he was working at the fifty-first it was knocked all to pieces by his jostling against some one who he never perceived was approaching him, so immersed was he in his speculations, and, on looking up, who should it prove to be but his friend, "the long sailor from the Aystern Injees." This was quite a god-send to Barny, and much beyond what he could have hoped for. Of all the men under the sun, the long sailor was the man in a million for Barny's net at that minute, and, accordingly, he made a haul of him, and thought it the greatest catch he ever made in his life.

Barny and the long sailor were in close companionship for the remainder of the day, which was closed, as the preceding one, in a carouse; but on this occasion there was only a duet performance in honor of the jolly god, and the treat was at Barny's expense. What the nature of

their conversation during the period was, we will not dilate on — we will keep it as profound a secret as Barney himself did, and content ourselves with saying, that Barney looked a much happier man the next day. It was in this agreeable spirit that Barney bent his course to the house of Peter Kelly, in order to put in practice a plan he had formed for the fulfilment of his determination of rivalling O'Sullivan.

As the Irish saying is, "to make a long story short," Barney prevailed on Peter Kelly to make an export, but in the nature of the venture they did not agree. Barney had proposed potatoes; Peter said there were enough of them already where he was going, and Barney rejoined that "praties were so good in themselves, there never could be too much o' thim any where." But Peter being a "knowledgeable man, and up to all the saycrets of the airth, and understanding the the-o-ry and the che-mis-try," overruled Barney's proposition, and determined upon a cargo of *scalpeens* (which name they give to pickled mackerel,) as a preferable merchandise, quite forgetting that Dublin Bay herrings were a much better and as cheap a commodity, at the command of the Fingalians. But by many similar mistakes, the ingenious Mr. Kelly has been paralleled by other speculators. But that is neither here nor there, and it was all one to Barney whether his boat was freighted with potatoes or *scalpeens*, so long as he had the honor and glory of becoming a navigator, and being as good as O'Sullivan.

Accordingly, the boat was laden, and all got in readiness for putting to sea, and nothing was now wanting but Barney's orders to haul up the gaff and shake out the jib of his hooker.

The next day passed without the hooker sailing, and

Barny gave a most sufficient reason for the delay, by declaring that he had a warnin' given him in a dhrame, (glory be to God) and that it was given to him to understand (under Heaven) that it would'nt be looky that day.

Well, the next day was Friday; and Barny, of course, would not sail any more than any other sailor who could help it on this unpropitious day. On Saturday, however, he came running in a great hurry down to the shore, and, jumping on board, he gave orders to make all sail, and taking the helm of the hooker, he turned her head to the sea, and soon the boat was cleaving the blue waves with a velocity seldom witnessed in so small a craft, and scarcely conceivable to those who have not seen the speed of a Kinsale hooker.

"Well," said one of Barny's companions, for there were but two with him in the boat, "I was thinkin' myself, as well as Jimmy, that we lost two fine days for nothin,' and we'd be there a'most, may be, now, if we'd saild three days ago. What course are you going to steer?"

"You'll find out soon enough when we get there — and so I bid you agin lay me alone — just keep your toe in your pump. Sure I'm here at the helm, and a waight an my mind, and its fitter for you, Jim, to mind your own business, and lay me to mind mine; away wid you boys, and be handy; haul taught that foresheet there; we must run close on the wind; be handy, boys, make every thing dhraw."

These orders were obeyed, and the hooker soon passed to windward of a ship that left the harbor before her, but could not hold on a wind with the same tenacity as the hooker whose qualities in this peculiarity render them particularly suitable for the purposes to which they are applied, namely, pilot, and fishing-boats.

We have said a ship left the harbor before the hooker had set sail, and it is now fitting to inform the reader, that Barny had contrived, in the course of his last meeting with the "long sailor," to ascertain that this ship, then lying in the harbor, was going to the very place Barny wanted to reach. Barny's plan of action was decided in a moment; he had now nothing to do but to watch the sailing of the ship, and follow in her course. Here was, at once, a new mode of navigation discovered.

For this purpose he went to windward of the ship, and then fell off again, allowing her to pass him, as he did not wish even those on board the ship to suppose he was following in their wake; for Barny, like all people that are quite full of one scheme, and fancy every body is watching them, dreaded lest any one should fathom his motives. All that day, Barny held on the same course as his leader, keeping at a respectful distance, however, "for fear 'twould look like dodging her," as he said to himself; but as night closed in, so closed in Barny with the ship, and kept a sharp look-out that she should not give him the slip in the dark. The next morning dawned, and found the hooker and the ship companions still; and thus matters proceeded for four days, during the entire of which time they had not seen land since their first losing sight of it, although the weather was clear.

"The channel," thought Barny, "must be mighty wide in these parts, and, for the last day, or so, we've been goin' purty free with a flowin' sheet, and I wondher we ar'nt closin' in wid the shore by this time; or maybe it's farther aff than I thought it was." His companions, too, began to question Barny on the subject, but to their queries he presented an impenetrable front of composure, and said, "it was always the best plan to keep a good howld

offin." In two days more, however, the weather began to be sensibly warmer, and Barny and his companions remarked, that it was "goin' to be the finest sayson, God bless it, that ever kem out o' the skies for many a long year, and maybe it's the whate wouldn't be beautiful, and a great plenty of it." It was at the end of a week, that the ship which Barny had hitherto kept a-head of him, showed symptoms of bearing down upon him, as he thought, and, sure enough, she did, and Barny began to conjecture what the deuce the ship could want with him and commenced inventing answers to the questions he thought it possible might be put to him in case the ship spoke him. He was soon put out of suspense by being hailed and ordered to run under her lee, and the captain, looking over the quarter, asked Barny where he was going ?

"Faith, then, I'm goin' an my business," said Barney.

"But where ?" said the captain.

"Why, sure an it's no matther where a poor man like me id be goin'," said Barny.

"Only I'm curious to know what the deuce you've been following my ship for, the last week ?"

"Follyin' your ship ! Why, thin, do you think it's follyin' yiz I am ?"

"It's very like it," said the captain.

"Why, did two people niver thravel the same road before ?"

"I don't say they did'nt ; but there's a great difference between a ship of 700 tons, and a hooker."

"Oh, as for that matther," said Barny, "the same high road sarves a coach and four, and a low-back car ; the thravellin' tinker, and a lord a horseback. Don't you know that sometimes vessels is bound to sail undher saycret ordhers ?" said Barny, endeavoring to foil the question by bandiage.

There was a universal laugh from the deck of the ship, at the idea of a fishing-boat sailing under secret orders ; for, by this time, the whole broadside of the vessel was crowded with grinning mouths and wondering eyes at Barny and his boat.

" Oh, it's a thrifle makes fools laugh," said Barny.

" Take care, my fine fellow, that you don't be laughing at the wrong side of your mouth before long, for I've a notion that you're cursedly in the wrong box, as cunning a fellow as you think yourself. Confound your stupid head, can't you tell what brings you here ? " — and so the ship proceeded in its course.

In four days more, however, the provisions in the hooker began to fail, and they were obliged to have recourse to the *scalpeens* for sustenance ; and Barny then got seriously uneasy at the length of the voyage, and the still likely greater length, for any thing he could see to the contrary, and urged at last by his own alarms and those of his companions, he was enabled, as the wind was light, to gain on the ship ; and when he found himself alongside, he demanded a parley with the captain.

The captain, on hearing that the " hardy hooker," as she got christened, was under his lee, came on deck ; and, as soon as he appeared, Barny cried out —

" Why, thin, captain dear, do you expec' to be there soon ? "

" Where ? " said the captain.

" Oh, you know yourself," said Barny.

" It's well for me I do," said the captain.

" Thru'e for you, indeed, your honor," said Barny, in his most insinuating tone ; " but whin will you be at the ind o' your voyage, captain, jewel ? "

" I dare say in about three months," said the captain.

"Oh, Holy Mother!" ejaculated Barny; "three months! arrah it's jokin' you are, captain dear, and only want to frecken me."

"How should I frighten you?" asked the captain.

"Why, thin, your honor, to tell God's thruth, I heered you wor goin' *there*; an as I wanted to go there too, I thought I couldn't do better nor to folly a knowlegeable gintleman like yourself, and save myself the throuble iv finding it out."

"And where do you think I *am* going?" said the captain.

"Why, thin," said Barny, "isn't it to Fingal?"

"No," said the captain, "'tis to *Bengal*."

"Oh!" said Barny, "what'll I do now, at all, at all?"

The captain ordered Barny on deck, as he wished to have some conversation with him on what he, very naturally considered a most extraordinary adventure. Heaven help the captain! he knew little of Irishmen, or he would not have been so astonished. Barny made his appearance. Puzzling question, and more puzzling answer, followed in quick succession between the commander and Barny, who, in the midst of his dilemma, starnped about, thumped his head, squeezed his caubeen into all manner of shapes, and vented his despair anathematically—

"Oh! my heavy hathred to you, you tarnal thief iv a long sailor — its a purty scrape yiv led me into. I thought it was *Fingal* he said, and now I hear it was *Bingal*. Oh! the devil sweep you for navigation, why did I meddle or make wid you at all, at all! and my curse light on you, Terry O'Sullivan, why did I iver come across you, you unlooky vagabonde, to put sitch thoughts into my head?" An so its *Bingal*, and not *Fingal*, you're goin' to, captain?"

"Yes, indecd, Paddy."

"An might I be so bowld to ax, captain, is Bingal much farther nor Fingal?"

"A trifle or so, Paddy."

"Och, thin, millia murther, weirasthru, how'll I iver get there at all, at all?" roared out poor Barny.

"By turning about, and getting back the road you've come as fast as you can."

"Is it back? Oh! Queen iv Heaven! an how will I iver get back?" said the bewildered Barny.

"Then you don't know your course, it appears?"

"Oh, faix, I knew it iligant as long as your honor was before me."

"But you don't know your course back?"

"Why, indeed, not to say rightly all out, your honor."

"Can't you steer?" said the captain.

"The devil a betther hand at the tiller in all Kinsale," said Barny with his usual brag.

"Well, so far so good," said the captain; "and you know all the points of the compass — you have a compass, I suppose."

"A compass! by my sowl an it's not let alone a compass, but a *pair* a compasses I have, that my brother, the carpinthir, left me for a keepsake whin he wint abroad; but, indeed, as for the points o' thim, I can't say much, for the childher spylt thim intirely, rootin' holes in the flure."

"Confound your thick head!" said the captain, "Why, what an ignoramus you must be, not to know what a compass is, and you at sea all your life? Do you even know the cardinal points?"

"The cardinals! faix an it's a great respect I have for thim, your honor. Sure, ar'nt they belongin' to the Pope?"

"Confound you, you blockhead! roared the captain in a rage — "'twould take the patience of the Pope and the cardinals, and the cardinal virtues into the bargain, to keep one's temper with you. Do you know the four points of the wind?"

"I do, and more."

"Well, never mind more, but let us stick to four. You're sure you know the four points of the wind?"

"By dad, it would be a quare thing if a sayfarin' man did'nt know somethin' about the wind, any how."

"Well, Paddy," said the captain, after trying to persuade him to come along with the ship, "as you are determined to go back, in spite of all I can say, you must attend to me while I give you as simple instructions as I can. You say you know the four points of the wind, North, South, East, and West."

"Yes, sir."

"How do you know them, for I must see that you are not likely to make a mistake — how do you know the points?"

"Why, you see, sir, the sun, God bless it, rises in the aist, and sets in the west, which stands to raison; and whin you stand bechuxt the aist and the west, the north is forninst you."

"And when the north is foreninst you, as you say, is the east on your right, or your left hand?"

"On the right hand, your honor."

"Well, I see you know that much, however. Now," said the captain, "the moment you leave the ship, you must steer a nor-east course, and you will make some land, near home, in about a week, if the wind holds as it is now, and it is likely to do so; but, mind me, if you turn out of your course in the smallest degree, you are a lost man."

"Many thanks to your honor!"

"And how are you off for provisions?"

"Why, thin indeed, in the regard of that same, we are in the hoighth o' disthress, for, excepting the scalpeens, sorra taste passed our lips for these four days."

"Oh! you poor devils!" said the commander, in a tone of sincere commiseration, "I'll order you some provisions on board before you start."

"Long life to your honor! an *I'd like to drink the health* of so noble a jintleman."

"I understand you, Paddy; you shall have grog too."

"Musha, the heavens shower blessins an you, I pray the Virgin Mary and the twelve Apostles, Matthew, Mark, Luke, and John, not forgetting St. Patrick."

"Thank you, Paddy; but keep all your prayers for yourself, for you need them all to help you home again."

"Oh! never fear, when the thing is to be done, I'll do it, by dad, with a heart and a half."

"Now, then, Barny, the sooner you turn your face towards home, the better," said the captain; "since you will go, there is no need in losing more time. Are you sure you remember my directions?"

"Troth an I'll niver forget them to the day o' my death, and is bound to pray, more betoken, for you and yours."

"Don't mind praying for me till you get home, Barny; but answer me, how are you to steer when you shall leave me?"

"The nor-aist coorse, your honor; that's the coorse agin the world."

"Remember that! never alter that course till you see land—let nothing make you turn out of a nor-east course."

"Troth an that id be the dirty turn, seein' that it was

yourself that ordered it. Oh, no, I'll depend my life on the *nor-aist coorse*, and God help any one that comes be-betune me and it—I'd run him down if he was my father."

"Well, good bye, Barny."

"Good bye, and God bless you, your honor, and send you safe."

"That's a wish you want more for yourself, Barny—never fear for me, but mind yourself well."

"Oh sure I'm as good as at home wanst I know the way, barrin the wind is conthrary; sure the *nor-aist coorse* 'll do the business complete." And so saying, Barny descended the ship's side, and once more resumed the helm of the "hardy hooker."

The two vessels now separated on their opposite courses. What a contrast their relative situations afforded! Proudly the ship bore away under her lofty and spreading canvass, cleaving the billows before her, manned by an able crew, and under the guidance of experienced officers—the finger of science to point the course of her progress, the faithful chart to warn her of the hidden rock and the shoal, the log-line and the quadrant to measure her march and prove her position. The poor little hooker cleft not the billows, each wave lifted her on its crest like a sea-bird; but three inexperienced fishermen to manage her; no certain means to guide them over the vast ocean they had to traverse, and the holding of the "fickle wind" the only *chance* of their escape from perishing in the wilderness of waters. By the one, the feeling excited is supremely that of man's power. By the other, of his utter helplessness. To the one, the expanse of ocean could scarcely be considered "trackless." To the other, it was a waste indeed.

Yet the cheer that burst from the ship at parting was answered as gaily from the hooker as though the odds had not been so fearfully against her, and no blither heart beat on board the ship than that of Barny O'Reirdon.

Happy light-heartedness of my poor countrymen ! they have often need of all their buoyant spirits ! How kindly have they been fortified by nature against the assaults of adversity ; and if they blindly rush into danger, they cannot be denied the possession of gallant hearts to fight their way out of it if they can.

But each hurra became less audible. By degrees the cheers dwindled into faintness, and, finally, were lost in the eddies of the breeze.

The sense of utter loneliness and desolation had not come upon Barny until now ; but he put his trust in the goodness of Providence, and in a fervent inward outpouring of prayer, resigned himself to the care of his Creator.

The night fell, and Barny stuck to the helm as long as nature could sustain want of rest, and then left it in charge of one of his companions, with particular directions how to steer, and ordered, if any change in wind occurred, that they should instantly awake him. He could not sleep long, however ; the fever of anxiety was upon him, and the morning had not long dawned when he awoke. He had not well rubbed his eyes, and looked about him, when he thought he saw a ship in the distance approaching them. As the haze cleared away, she showed distinctly bearing down towards the hooker. On board the ship, the hooker, in such a sea, caused surprise as before, and in about an hour, she was so close as to hail, and order the hooker to run under her lee.

"The devil a taste," said Barny, "I'll not quit my *nor-aist coorse* for the king of England, nor Bonyparty into the

bargain. Bad cess to you, do you think I've nothing to do but to plaze you?"

Again he was hailed, and fired at, but he preserved his course, and got clear off.

The third day Barny's fears for the continuity of his *nor-aist coorse* were excited, as a larger brig, hove in sight, and the nearer she approached, the more directly she came athwart Barny's course.

"May the divil sweep you," said Barny, "and will nothin' else sarve you than comin' forcuinist me that-a-way. Brig-a-hoy there!!" shouted Barny, giving the tiller to one of his messmates, and standing at the bow of the boat. "Brig-a-hoy there!—bad luck to you; go 'long out o' my *nor-aist coorse*." The brig, instead of obeying his mandate, hove-to, and lay right ahead of the hooker. "Oh look at this;" shouted Barny, and he stamped on the deck with rage—"look at the blackguards where they're stay-in', just a-purpose to ruin an unfort'nate man like me. My heavy bathred to you; *quit* this minit, or I'll run down an yees; and if we go to the bottom, we'll hant you for ever more—go 'long out o' that, I tell you. The curse o' Crummil an you, you stupid vagabones, that won't go out iv a man's *nor-aist coorse*!!"

From cursing Barny went to praying as he came closer—"For the tendher marey o' heavin, and leave my way. May the Lord reward you, and get out o' my *nor-aist coorse*! May angels make your bed in heavin, and do'nt ruienate me this-a-way." The brig was immoveable, and Barney gave up in despair, having cursed and prayed himself hoarse, and finished with a duet volley of prayers and curses together, apostrophising the hard case of a man being "*done out of his nor-aist coorse*."

"A-hoy there!!" shouted a voice from the brig;

"You're a small craft to be so far at sea. I suppose you have provision on board."

"To be sure we have; throth if we hadn't, this id be a bad place to go a beggin'."

"What have you eatable?"

"The finest o' scalpeens."

"What are scalpeens?"

"Why, you're mighty ignorant intirely," said Barny; "why, scalpeens is pickled mackarel."

"Then you must give us some, for we have been out of every thing eatable these three days; and even pickled fish is better than nothing."

It chanced that the brig was a West India trader, that unfavorable winds had delayed much beyond the expected period of time on her voyage, and though her water had not failed, every thing eatable had been consumed, and the crew reduced almost to helplessness. In such a strait, the arrival of Barny O'Reirdon and his scalpeens was a most providential succour to them, and a lucky chance for Barny, for he got in exchange for his pickled fish a handsome return of rum and sugar, much more than equivalent to their value. Barny lamented much, however, that the brig was not bound for Ireland, that he might practice his own peculiar system of navigation; but as staying with the brig could do no good, he got himself put into his nor-aist coorse once more, and ploughed away towards home.

The disposal of his cargo was great good luck to Barny in more ways than one. In the first place, he found the most profitable market he could have had; and, secondly, it enabled him to cover his retreat from the difficulty which still was before him, of not getting to Fingal after all his dangers, and, consequently, being open to discovery and disgrace. All these beneficial results were not thrown

away upon one of Barny's readinèss to avail himself of every point in his favor ; and, accordingly, when they left the brig, Barny said to his companions, " Why thin boys, 'pon my conscience but I'm as proud as a horse wid a wooden leg this minit, that we met them poor unfor-'nate craythers this blessed day, and was enabled to extind our charity to them. Sure an' it's lost they'd be only for our comin' acrass them, and we, through the blessin' o' God, enabled to do an act of marcy, that is, feedin' the hungry ; and sure every good work we do here is before uz in heaven — and that's a comfort any how. To be sure, now that the scalpeens is sowld, there's no use in goin' to Fingal, and we may as well jist go home. — To the divil now with Terry O'Sullivan, what does he know what's an iligant place ? What knowledge has he of iligance ? I'll go bail he never was half as far a navigatin' as we — he wint the short cut I go bail, and never daar'd for to vinture the round as I did."

Nothing particular occurred for the two succeeding days, during which time Barny most religiously pursued his *nor-aist coorse*, but the third day produced a new and important event. A sail was discovered on the horizon, and in the direction Barny was steering, and a couple of-hours made him tolerably certain that the vessel in sight was an American ; for though it is needless to say he was not very conversant in such matters, yet from the frequency of his seeing Americans trading to Ireland, his eye had become sufficiently accustomed to their lofty and tapering spars, and peculiar smartness of rig, to satisfy him that the ship before him was transatlantic build ; nor was he wrong in his conjecture.

Barny now determined on a manœuvre, classing him amongst the first tacticians at securing a good retreat. He

calculated the American was bound for Ireland, and as she lay almost as directly in the way of his "nor-aist coorse," as the West Indian brig, he bore up to and spoke her.

He was answered by a shrewd Yankee captain.

"Faix an' it's glad I am to see your honor agin," said Barny.

The Yankee had never been to Ireland, and told Barny so, and that a pilot was wanted for Cove.

"You know Cove?" said the American.

"Is it the Cove o' Cork, why?"

"Yes."

"I was bred an' born there, and pilots as many ships into Cove as any other two min out of it."

Barny thus sheltered his falsehood under the idiom of his language.

"But what brought you so far out to sea?" asked the captain.

"We wor lyin' out lookin' for ships that wanted pilots, and there kem an the terriblest gale o' wind aff the land, an' blew us to say out intirely, an' that's the way iv it, your honor."

"I calculate we got a share of the same gale; 'twas from the nor-east."

"Oh, directly!" said Barny, "faith you're right enough, 'twas the *nor-aist coorse* we wor an sure enough; but no matther now that we've met wid you—sure we'll have a job home any how."

"Well, get aboard then," said the American.

"I will in a minit, your honor, whin I jist spake a word to my comrades here."

"Why sure it's not going to turn pilot you are?" said Jemmy, in his simplicity of heart.

"Whisht, you omadhaun!" said Barny, "or I'll cut the

tongue out o' you. Now, mind me, Pether; you don't undherstan' navigashin and the various branches o' knowledge, an' so all you have to do is to follow the ship when I get into her, an' I'll show you the way home."

Barney then get aboard the American vessel, and begged of the captain, that as he had been out at sea so long, and had gone through "a power o' hardship intircly, that he would be permitted to go below and turn in to take a sleep, "for, in troth, its myself and sleep that is sthrayngers for some time," said Barney; "an' if your honor'll be plazed, I'll be thankful if you won't let them disturb me until I'm wanted—for sure, till you see the land, there's no use for me in life, an' troth I want a sleep sorely."

Barney's request was granted, and it will not be wondered at, that after so much fatigue of mind and body, he slept profoundly for four and twenty hours. He then was called, for land was in sight; and when he came on deck, the captain rallied him upon the potency of his somniferous qualitics, and "calculated" he had never met any one who could sleep "four and twenty hours on a stretch before."

"Oh, Sir," said Barney, rubbing his eyes, which were still a little hazy, "whiniver *I go to sleep, I pay attintion.*"

The land was soon ncaered, and Barney put in charge of the ship, when he ascertained the first land mark he was acquainted with; but as soon as the head of Kinsale hove in sight, Barney gave a "whoo," and cut a caper that astonished the Yankees, though, we flatter ourselves, it is not to those who do Barney the favor of reading his adventures.

"Oh! there you are, my darlint ould head! an where's the head like you! throth its little I thought I'd ever set eyes an your good-looking faytures agin."

In such half-muttered exclamations did Barney apostro-

phise each well-known point of his native shore, and, when opposite the harbor of Kinsale, he spoke the hooker, that was somewhat astern, and ordered Jemmy and Peter to put in there, and tell Molly immediately that he was come back, and would be with her as soon as he could, after piloting the ship into Cove.

The hooker put into Kinsale, and Barny sailed the ship into Cove. It was the first ship he ever had acted the pilot for, and his old luck attended him ; no accident befel his charge, and, what was still more extraordinary, he made the American believe he was absolutely the most skilful pilot on the station. So Barny pocketed his pilot's fee, swore the Yankee was a gentleman, for which the republican did not thank him, wished him good bye, and then pushed his way home with what Barny swore was the easiest made money he ever had in his life. So Barny got himself paid for *piloting* the ship that *showed him the way home*.

THE DEAD WATCHER.

"WELL, it's myself wouldn't undertake such a job again, and spend such another night to gain the king's ransom, and to be made Emperor of all Ireland into the bargain.

Oh! gentlemen, it's a frightful thing to be watching the dead in a lonesome churchyard, iv a dark, dismal night, and nobody at all at all to be talkin' to! You know the little berrin-place and the ould ruins of Kilbarrack church — but faiks if you don't I do, and good rason I have to remimber it. There it is d'ye see, on the straight road to Howth, and the mail coach passing by it every day; there's Baldoyle on the left, and the hill of Howth on the right, and Ireland's eye right foreninst peeping out into the wide oshen.

"This time ten years Jem Reily lived at Baldoyle, but since then he's gone to Americkee. At that time he had a very purty daughter, as mild and as modest and as sweet tempered a slip of a girl as you'd meet in a day's walk.

Young Dan Brien was very fond of her, and she was partial to him and we all thought it would be a match; but the ould gossips id, say coogering, and coshering as it may be among theirselves, 'Ah, Mary *ma colleen dhas** it's another husband besides Dan, I'm thinking, that'll fall to your lot — an' sorry, sorry I am to say it. See that little weeny round red spot comin' and goin' upon her lily-white cheek, as if it was playing hidin'-go-seek, and she wasting away like a wax-doll before the fire. Ah! sure as that snuff of candle that's pipny popny there, will suddenly be *distinguished* and lave us all in the dark, if there's not another got at wanst — so surely will her *week* that's burning away so fast, with that wasting thief of a disease upon it, soon go out and

*My Pretty Girl.

lave us all in the darkness of grief. I could cry my heart's blood while I think it's the worm that'll wed you, my darlint and not Dan; and your weddin' gown that's makin' for you will be the winding-sheet, and your home, *a cushla*, down in the could, could grave!"

"Alas! the ould women's *pernostications* too soon came to pass: poor Mary Reily died of a decline, and we carried her, mournful enough, to Kilbarrack graveyard. The surgent that attended her, and did all he could to recover the poor thing, wished very much to have her opened, but he wouldn't on no manner of accounts be listened to at all at all; howsomdever he was heard to say he would have her in spite of 'em. When we found that, we was determined to prevent him, and so her father and poor Dan, and seven or eight stout fellows sat up watching the grave a whole week without ever taking a wink of sleep. Well, they were almost kilt for the want of their nathral rest, and thinking be coorse there was no fear now of the surgent they all went home and left me, (for I voliteered my sarvices like an omedaun) to see if any one would come that night. I remimber it well, it was as dish-mal a night as ever cum down out of the heavens; 'twas in December, gloomy and dark as pitch. They left me about eight o'clock in the evening, and buttoning my coat tight about me, I sat down upon the little wall near the road side, and begun to hum a mournful tune for company. Well sartainly the sound of one's own voice is mighty melancholy when there's nobody else near; and so I soon stopped that, and as I had nothing else to do I began to listen to the moans of the wind, that you'd think 'twas an ould woman keening; and the hoarse tyrannical roar of the oshen beyant, that you'd give your *davy* 'twas a monster roaring for his prey; and the waves as they cum in rowling over the strand, for all the world as if they were going to lay a regular seige to the little

grave-yard where myself was sittin'; and twenty quare thoughts cum'd uppermost into my head. One time I would pictur to myself the waves approaching like an army a-horseback, and shaking their white tops for feathers; and then I would fancy I saw the dead people starting up out of their graves, and rushing down helther skelther to purtect their resting-place, shouldering human bones for fire-arms — they grabbed thigh-bones, and arm bones, and all the bones the could cotch up in their hurry, and when they would, *make ready — present* — back the waves id gallop nimble enough, but it was to wheel about agin with more fury and nearer to the inimy, who in their turn would scamper back agin with long strides, their white sheets flying behind 'em, like the cullegian chaps of a windy Sunday, and grinning frightfully through the holes which wanst were eyes. Another time I would look across to Howth as it *riz* like a black *joint* betune me and the sky; and I would think if the devil that is chained down below there at full length in a cavern near the light-house was to break loose, what a purty pickled I'd be in.

"It was such thoughts as these that were uppermost in my mind, and finding my spirits begin to get low, I thought it best to try if I could keep 'em up by a little dhrop of my *cruiskeen* that I had with me to keep me warm inside; and good luck to e'm for it, it wasn't a small one they supplied me with neither; and so taking a good swig I felt myself getting bould again. Up and down I marches like a sentry, one time whistling, then singing, and then taking a dhrop of the cordial; but that, more's the pity, soon began to run dry, until there wasn't a drain left, and 'twas then I felt deserted intirely. Three long hours passed away, which seemed to me like so many centuries, whin I heerd a noise behind me which made my flesh creep, and presently a hollow voice as if out of one of the graves said in a dismal tone — 'There's

—on-ly—one!’—My head went round and round, and the senses were scattering away from me, when I was seized near the scruff of the pole by a dead fist, and something like a sack was thrun over my head, and maybe ’twas then I did’nt shiver like a dog in a wet sack; my teeth began to chatter like hale-stones against a windee, and before the sinsis left me entirely I stammered out, —‘Oh, murdher! who are ye and what dye’s want wid me?’ ‘Make no noise,’ says one; ‘He’s drunk,’ says another; ‘come, we’ll duck him in the sea,’ roars another; and there was so many voices clitter clatter about me, that I thought every sowl had started up from their graves, and were playing their pickle with me. I was trying if I could get one eye out to have a peep at ’em, when one chap cries out—‘boys, bring him to the top of Howth, and we’ll make a foot-ball of him to warm our toes.’—And, whoo!—no sooner said than done—I was whirled up in the air, and away we all flew like the devil in a gale of wind. Well, I was whapped, and bumped, and rowled about as if I was a foot-ball, shure enough, and more be token I thought every minit their sharp boney toes would go through me——; and then they all stopped for a while, and gother together, and began to dig away the earth with their marrow bones, as if it was spades they had, and then I was cock sure they were going to bury me alive on the top of Howth.

How long I lay in a trance at the fright of this I can’t tell; but when I opened my eyes it was daylight, and Jack Lynch standing over me with his mouth wide open; but in place iv being buried on the top of Howth, where should I find myself but in the middle

of the ould ruins of Kilbarrack, where they brought me back again, taking pity on my poor old ould mother, I suppose, who would be very badly off without me. And so when I got up I saw poor Mary's grave dug — the coffin was there, but when I looked close down, there was nothing in it but the white sheet — the corpse was gone !

NEAL MALONE.

A TALE OF A TAILOR.

BY WM. CARLETON.

THERE never was a greater souled or doughtier tailor than little Neal Malone. Though but four feet four in height, he paced the earth with the courage and confidence of a giant; nay, one would have imagined that he walked as if he feared the world itself was about to give way under him. Setting aside the Patagonians, two-thirds of mortal humanity were comprised in Neal; and, perhaps, we might venture to assert, that two thirds of Neal's humanity were equal to six-thirds of another man's. It is right well known that Alexander the Great was a little man, and we doubt whether, had Alexander the Great been bred to the tailoring business, he would have exhibited so much of the hero as Neal Malone. At all events, Neal would certainly have looked *up* with contempt upon Alexander the copper-smith. Neal was descended from a fighting family, who had signalized themselves in as many battles as ever any single hero of antiquity fought. His father, his grandfather, and his great-grandfather, were all fighting men, and his ancestors in general, up probably to Con of the Hundred Battles himself. No wonder, therefore, that Neal's blood should cry out against the cowardice of his calling; no wonder that he should be an epitome of all that was valorous and heroic in a peaceable man, for we neglected to inform the reader that Neal, though "bearing no base mind," never fought any man in his own person. That,

however, deducted nothing from his courage. If he did not fight, it was simply because he found cowardice universal. No man would engage him; his spirit blazed in vain; his thirst for battle was doomed to remain unquenched, except by whiskey, and this only increased it. In short he could find no foe. He has often been known to challenge the first cudgel-players and pugilists of the parish; to provoke men of fourteen stone weight; and to bid defiance to mortal faction heroes of all grades — but in vain. There was that in him which told them that an encounter with Neal would strip them of their laurels. Neal saw all this with lofty indignation; he deplored the degeneracy of the times, and thought it hard that the descendant of such a fighting family should be doomed to pass through life peaceably, whilst so many excellent rows and riots took place around him. It was a calamity to see every man's head broken but his own; a dismal thing to observe his neighbors go about with their bones in bandages, yet his untouched; and his friends beat black and blue, whilst his own cuticle remained undiscolored.

“Oh!” exclaimed Neal one day, when half-tipsy in the fair, “am I never to get a bit of fightin’! Is there no cowardly spalpeen to stand afore Neal Malone? Be this an’ be that, *I’m blue mowlded for want of a batin’!* I’m disgracin’ my ralations by the life I’m ladin’! Will none o’ yees fight me aither for love, money or whiskey — frind or inimy, an bad luck to yees? I don’t care a *traneen* which, only out o’ pure friendship, let us have a morsel o’ the rael kickup, ’tany rate. Frind or inimy, I say agin, if you regard me; sure *that* makes no differ, only let us have the fight.”

This excellent heroism was all wasted; Neal could not find a single adversary. Except he divided himself like

Hotspur, and went to buffets one hand against the other, there was no chance of a fight; no person to be found sufficiently magnanimous to encounter the tailor. On the contrary, every one of his friends—or, in other words, every man in the parish—was ready to support him. He was clapped on the back until his bones were nearly dislocated in his body; and his hand was shaken, until his arm lost its cunning at the needle for half a week afterwards. This, to be sure, was a bitter business—a state of being past endurance. Every man was his friend—no man was his enemy. A desperate position for any person to find himself in, but doubly calamitous to a martial tailor.

There is no man without his trials; and Neal, the reader perceives was not exempt from his.

What did it avail him that he carried a cudgel ready for all hostile contingencies?—or knit his brows and shook his *kippeen* at the fiercest of his fighting friends? The moment he appeared, they softened into downright cordiality. His presence was the signal of peace; for, notwithstanding his unconquerable propensity to warfare, he went abroad as the genius of unanimity, though carrying in his bosom the redoubtable disposition of a warrior; just as the sun, though the source of light himself, is said to be dark enough at the bottom.

As day after day passed, and no appearance of action presented itself, he could not choose but increase in courage. His soul, like a sword-blade too long in the scabbard, was beginning to get fuliginous by inactivity. He looked upon the point of his own needle, and the bright edge of his scissors with a bitter pang, when he thought of the spirit rusting within him; he meditated fresh insults, studied new plans, and hunted out cunning devices for provoking his acquaintances to battle, until by degrees he

began to confound his own brain, and to commit more grievous oversights in his business than ever. Sometimes he sent home to one person a coat, with the legs of a pair of trousers attached to it for sleeves, and dispatched to another the arms of the aforesaid coat tacked together as a pair of trousers. Sometimes the coat was made to button behind instead of before, and he frequently placed the pockets in the lower part of the skirts, as if he had been in league with cutpurses.

This was a melancholy situation, and his friends pitied him accordingly. "Don't be cast down Neal," said they, "Your friends feel for you, poor fellow!"

"Sure," replied Neal, "there's not one o' yees frindly enough to be my inimy. Oh, what'll I do? — *I'm blue moulded for want of a batin'!*"

One day Neal sat crossed-legged, as tailors usually sit, in the act of pressing a pair of breeches; his hands were placed, back up, upon the handle of his goose, and his chin rested upon the back of his hands. To judge from his sorrowful complexion, one would suppose he sat rather to be sketched as a picture of misery, or of heroism in distress, than for the industrious purpose of pressing the seams of a garment. There was a great deal of New Burlington street pathos in his countenance; his face, like the times, was rather out of joint; "the sun was just setting, and its golden beams fell, with a saddened splendor athwart the tailor's" — the reader may fill up the picture from one of Colburn's last novels.

In this position sat Neal, when Mr. O'Connor, the school-master, whose inexpressibles he was turning for the third time entered the workshop. Mr. O'Connor himself was as finished a picture of misery as the tailor. There was a patient subdued kind of expression in his face, which in-

icated a very fair portion of calamity; his eye seemed charged with affliction of the first water; on each side of his nose might be traced two dry channels, which, no doubt, were full enough while the tropical rains of his countenance lasted. Altogether, to conclude from appearances, it was a dead match of affliction between him and the tailor; both seemed sad, fleshless, and unthriving.

"Misther O'Connor," said the tailor, when the school-master entered, "won't you be pleased to sit down?"

Mr. O'Connor sat; and, after wiping his forehead, laid his hat upon the lap-board, put his half-handkerchief in his pocket, and looked upon the tailor. "Neal," said he, "are my inexpressibles finished?"

"I am now preessin' them," replied Neal; "but Mr. O'Connor, it's not your inexpressibles I'm thinkin' of. I'm not what I was. I'd hardly make paddin' for a collar now."

"Are you able to carry a staff still, Neal?"

"I've a light hazel one that's handy," said the tailor; "but where's the use of carryin' it, when I can get no one to fight wid. Sure I'm disgracin' my relations by the life I'm ladin'. I'll go to my grave widout ever batin' a man; that's the vexation. Not a row was I ever able to kick up in my life; *so that I'm fairly blue moulded for want of a batin'*. But if you have patience—"

"Patience!" said Mr. O'Connor, with a shake of the head, that was perfectly disastrous even to look at; "patience did you say, Neal?"

"Ah," said Neal, "an if you deny that I said patience, I'll break your head!"

"Ah, Neal," returned the other, "I don't deny it—for though I'm teaching philosophy, knowledge, and mathematics, every day in my life, yet I'm learning patience

myself both night and day. No, Neal; I have forgotten to deny any thing. I have not been guilty of a contradiction, out of my own school, for the last fourteen years. I once expressed the shadow of a doubt about twelve years ago, but ever since I have abandoned even doubting. That doubt was the last expiring effort at maintaining my domestic authority — but I suffered for it."

"Well," said Neal, "if you have patience, I'll tell you what afflicts me from beginin' to endin'."

"I *will* have patience," said Mr. O'Connor, and he accordingly heard a dismal and indignant tale from the tailor.

"You have told me that fifty times over," said Mr. O'Connor, after hearing the story. "Your spirit is too martial for a pacific life. If you follow my advice, I will teach you how to ripple the calm current of your existence to some purpose. *Marry a wife*. For twenty-five years I have given instructions in three branches, viz. philosophy, knowledge and mathematics—I am also well versed in matrimony; and I declare that, upon my misery, and by the contents of all my afflictions, it is my solemn and melancholy opinion, that if you marry a wife, you will, before three months pass over your concatenated state, not have a single complaint to make touching a superabundance of peace and tranquility, or a love of fighting."

"Do you mane to say any woman would make me afeard?" said the tailor, deliberately rising up and getting his cudgel. "I'll thank you merely to go over the words again, till I thrash you widin an inch o' your life. That's all."

"Neal," said the schoolmaster, meekly, "I won't fight; I have been too often subdued ever to presume on the hope of a single victory. My spirit is long since evapo-

rated ; I am like one of your own shreds, a mere selvage. Do you not know how much my habiliments have shrunk in, even within the last five years. Hear me, Neal ; and venerate my words as if they proceeded from the lips of a prophet. If you wish to taste the luxury of being subdued — if you are, as you say, *blue moulded for the want of a batin'*, and sick at heart of a peaceful existence — why, MARRY A WIFE. Farewell.

Many a man has happiness within his reach if he but knew it. The tailor has been, hitherto, miserable, because he pursued a wrong object. The school-master, however, suggested a train of thought, upon which Neal now fastened with all the ardor of a chivalrous temperament. Nay, he wondered that the family should have so completely seized upon the fighting side of his heart, as to preclude all thoughts of matrimony ; for he could not but remember that his relations were as ready for marriage as for fighting. To doubt this, would have been to throw a blot upon his own escutcheon.

No sooner had Neal begun to feel an inclination to matrimony, than his friends knew that his principles had veered, by the change now visible in his person and deportment. They saw he had *ratted* from courage, and joined love.

Henceforth his life had been all winter, darkened by storm and hurricane. His existence was now perfect spring — beautifully vernal. All the amiable and softer qualities began to bud about his heart ; a genial warmth was diffused over him ; his soul got green within him ; every day was serene, and if a cloud happened to become visible, there was a roguish rainbow astride of it, that laughed down at him, and seemed to say, “ why the dickens, Neal, don't you marry a wife ? ” Endless honor be to Neal Malone for the originality with which he managed the ten-

der sentiment ! He did not, like your common-place lovers, first discover a pretty girl, and afterwards become enamored of her. No such thing ; he had the passion prepared beforehand — cut out and made up, as it were, ready for any girl whom it might fit. This was falling in love in the abstract, and let no man condemn it without a trial ; for many a long-winded argument could be urged in its defence. It is always wrong to commence business without capital, and Neal had a good stock to begin with. All we beg is, that the reader will not confound it with Platonism, which never marries ; but he is at full liberty to call it Socratism, which takes unto itself a wife, and suffers accordingly.

Let no one suppose that Neal forgot the schoolmaster's kindness, or failed to be duly grateful for it. Mr. O'Connor was the first person whom he consulted touching his passion. With a cheerful soul he waited on that melancholy and gentleman-like man, and in the very luxury of his heart told him that he was in love. "In love, Neal !" said the schoolmaster, "May I inquire with whom."

"Wid nobody in particular, yet," replied Neal ; "but of late I'm got divilish fond o' the girls in general."

"And do you call that being in love, Neal ?" said Mr. O'Connor.

"Why, what else would you call it ?" returned the tailor. "Amn't I fond of them ?"

"Then it must be what is termed the universal passion, Neal," observed Mr. O'Connor, "although it is the first time I have seen such an illustration of it as you present in your own person. In recommending marriage, I was only driving one evil out of you by introducing another. Do you think that if you abandoned all thoughts of a

wife, you would get heroic again? — that is, would you take once more to the love of fighting ? ”

“ There’s no doubt but I would,” said the tailor. “ if I miss the wife, I’ll kick up such a dust as never was seen in the parish, an’ you’re the first man that I’ll lick. But now that I’m in love,” he continued, “ sure I ought to look out for a wife.”

“ Look at me, Neal,” said the schoolmaster solemnly ; “ I am at this moment, and have been any time for the last fifteen years, a living *caveto* against matrimony. I do not think that earth possesses such a luxury as a single, solitary life. Neal, the monks of old were happy men ; they were all fat and had double chins ; and, Neal, I tell you that all fat men are in general happy. Care cannot come at them so readily as at a thin man ; before it gets through the strong outworks of flesh and blood with which they are surrounded, it becomes treacherous to its original purpose, joins the cheerful spirits it meets in the system, and dances about the heart in all the madness of mirth ; just like a sincere ecclesiastic, who comes to lecture a good fellow against drinking, but who forgets his lecture over his cups, and is laid under the table with such success, that he either never comes to finish his lecture, or comes often to be laid under the table. Look at me, Neal, how wasted, fleshless, and miserable I stand before you. You know how my garments have shrunk in, and what a solid man I was before marriage. Neal, pause, I beseech you ; otherwise you stand a strong chance of becoming a nonentity like myself.”

“ I don’t care what I become,” said the tailor ; “ I can’t think that you’d be so unreasonable as to expect that any of the Malone’s should pass out of the world widout either bein’ bate or married. Have reason, Mr. O’Connor,

an' if you can help me to a wife, I promise to take in your coat the next time for nothin'."

"Well, then," said Mr. O'Connor, "what would you think of the butcher's daughter Biddy Neil? You have always had a thirst for blood, and here you may have it gratified in an innocent manner, should you ever become sanguinary again. 'Tis true, Neal, she is twice your size, and possesses three times your strength; but for that very reason, Neal, marry her if you can. Large animals are placid; and heaven preserve those bachelors, whom I wish well, from a small wife; 'tis such who always wield the sceptre of domestic life, and rule their husbands with a rod of iron."

"Say no more, Mr. O'Connor," replied the tailor; "she's the very girl I'm in love wid, an' never fear but I'll overcome her heart if it can be done by man."

Neal, however, was gifted with the heart of an Irishman, and courage still adhered to him even in making love. He consequently conducted the siege of Biddy Neil's heart with a degree of skill and valor which would not have come amiss to Marshal Gerard at the siege of Antwerp. Biddy was the very pink of pugnacity, and could throw in a body blow, or plant a facer, with singular energy and science. Her prowess hitherto had, we confess, been displayed only within the limited range of domestic life; but should she ever find it necessary to exercise it on a larger scale, there was no doubt whatsoever, in the opinion of her mother, brothers, and sisters, every one of whom she had successively subdued, that she must undoubtedly distinguish herself. There was certainly one difficulty which the tailor had not to encounter in the progress of his courtship; the field was his own; he had not a rival to dispute his claim. Neither was there any opposition given by her

friends; they were, on the contrary, all anxious for the match; and when the arrangements were concluded, Neal felt his hand squeezed by them in succession, with an expression more resembling condolence than joy.

There was nothing particular in the wedding. Mr. O'Connor was asked by Neal to be present at it; but he shook his head, and told him that he had not courage to attend it, or inclination to witness any man's sorrows but his own. He met the wedding party by accident, and was heard to exclaim with a sigh, as they flaunted past him in gay exuberance of spirits, "Ah, poor Neal! he is going like one of her father's cattle to the shambles! Woe is me for having suggested matrimony to the tailor! He will not long be under the necessity of saying that he 'is blue mowlded for want of a beating.' The butcheress will fell him like a Kerry ox, and I may have his blood to answer for, and his discomfiture to feel for, in addition to my own miseries!"

On the evening of the wedding-day, about the hour of ten o'clock, Neal—whose spirits were uncommonly exalted, for his heart luxuriated within him—danced with his bride's-maid; after the dance he sat beside her, and got eloquent in praise of her beauty; and it is said, too, that he whispered to her, and chucked her chin with considerable gallantry. The *tete-a-tete* continued for some time without exciting particular attention, with one exception; but *that* exception was worth a whole chapter of general rules. Mrs. Malone rose up, then sat down again, and took off a glass of the native; she got up a second time—all the wife rushed upon her heart—she approached them, and in a fit of the most exquisite sensibility, knocked the bride's-maid down, and gave the tailor a kick of affecting pathos upon the inexpresibles. The whole scene was a

touching one on both sides. The tailor was sent on all fours to the floor; but Mrs. Malone took him quietly up, put him under her arm, as one would a lap-dog, and with stately step marched away to the connubial apartment, in which everything remained very quiet for the rest of the night.

The next morning Mr. O'Connor presented himself to congratulate the tailor on his happiness. Neal, as his friend shook hands with him, gave the schoolmaster's fingers a slight squeeze, such as a man gives who would gently entreat your sympathy. The schoolmaster looked at him, and thought he shook his head. Of this, however, he could not be certain; for as he shook his own during the moment of observation, he concluded that it might be a mere mistake of the eye, or, perhaps, the result of a mind pre-disposed to be credulous on the subject of shaking heads.

We wish it were in our power to draw a veil, or curtain, or blind of some description, over the remnant of the tailor's narrative that is to follow; but as it is the duty of every faithful historian to give the secret causes of appearances which the world in general do not understand, so we think it but honest to go on, impartially and faithfully, without shrinking from the responsibility that is frequently annexed to truth.

For the first three months after matrimony, Neal felt like a man who had been translated to a new and more lively state of existence. He had expected and flattered himself that, the moment this event should take place, he would once more resume his heroism, and experience the pleasure of a drubbing. On the first week after his marriage, there chanced to be a fair in the next market-town. Neal, after breakfast, brought forward a bunch of shillelahs, in order

to select the best; the wife inquired the purpose of the selection, and Neal declared that he was resolved to have a fight that day, if it were to be had, he said, for "love or money." "The thruth is," he exclaimed, strutting with fortitude about the house, "the thruth is, that I've done the whole of yees — *I'm as blue-mowlded as ever for want of a batin'.*"

"Don't go," said the wife. "I *will* go," said Neal, with vehemence; "I'll go if the whole parish was to go to prevint me."

In about another half-hour Neal sat down quietly to his business, instead of going to the fair!

Much ingenious speculation might be indulged in upon this abrupt termination to the tailor's most formidable resolution; but, for our own part, we will prefer going on with the narrative, leaving the reader at liberty to solve the mystery as he pleases. The fourth month after the marriage arrived. Neal, one day, near its close, began to dress himself in his best apparel. Even then, when buttoning his waistcoat, he shook his head after the manner of Mr. O' Connor, and made observations upon the great extent to which it overfolded him.

"Neal," said the wife, on perceiving him dressed, "where are you bound for?" "Faith, *for life*," replied Neal, with a mitigated swagger; "and I'd as soon, if it had been the will of Provid——" He paused. "Where are you going?" asked the wife a second time.

"Why," he answered, "only to the dance at Jemmy Connelly's; I'll be back early." "Don't go," said the wife. "I'll go," said Neal, "if the whole counthry was to prevint me. Tunder an' lightnin', woman, who am I?" he exclaimed, in a loud but rather infirm voice; "amn't I Neal Malone, than never met a man who'd fight him!

Neal Malone, that was never beat by man! Whoo! I'll get enraged some time. Who's afear'd, I say?"

"Don't go," added the wife, a third time, giving Neal a significant look in the face.

In about another half-hour Neal sat down quietly to his business, instead of going to the dance. —

Neal now turned himself, like many a sage in similar circumstances, to philosophy; that is to say, he began to shake his head upon principle, after the manner of the schoolmaster. He would indeed have preferred the bottle upon principle; but there was no getting at the bottle, except through the wife; and it so happened, that by the time it reached him, there was little consolation left in it. Neal bore all in silence; for silence, his friend had often told him, was a proof of wisdom.

Soon after this, Neal one evening met Mr. O'Connor by chance upon a plank which crossed a river. This plank was only a foot in breadth, so that no two individuals could pass each other upon it. We cannot find words in which to express the dismay of both on finding that they absolutely glided past one another without collision. Both paused, and surveyed each other solemnly; but the astonishment was all on the side of Mr. O'Connor.

"Neal," said the schoolmaster, "I conjure you to speak, that I may be assured you live."

The ghost of a blush crossed the churchyard visage of the tailor. "Oh!" he exclaimed, "why did you tempt me to marry a wife?"

"Neal," said his friend, "answer me in the most solemn manner possible — throw into your countenance all the gravity you can assume; speak as if you were under the hands of the hangman, with the rope about your neck, for the question is indeed a trying one which I am about to

put. Are you still 'blue mowlded for want of a bating.' "

The tailor collected himself to make a reply ; he put one leg out, but alas, how dwindled ! He opened his waistcoat, and lapped it around him, until he looked like a weasel on its hind legs. He then raised himself up on his tip-toes, and, in an awful whisper, replied, " No!!! I'm not *blue-mowlded* for want of a batin'."

The schoolmaster shook his head in his own miserable manner ; but, alas ! he soon perceived that the tailor was as great an adept at shaking the head as himself. Nay, he saw that there was a calamitous refinement—a delicacy of shake in the tailor's vibrations which gave to his own nod a very commonplace character.

The next day the tailor took in his clothes, and from time to time continued to adjust them to the dimensions of his shrinking person. He no longer strutted as he was wont to do ; he no longer carried a cudgel as if he wished to wage a universal battle with mankind. He was now a married man. Sneakingly, and with a cowardly crawl, did he creep along as if every step brought him nearer to the gallows. The schoolmaster's march of misery was far slower than Neal's ; the latter distanced him. Before three years had passed, he had shrunk up so much, that he could not walk abroad of a windy day without carrying weights in his pockets to keep him firm on the earth, which he once trod with the step of a giant. In two years more his friends could not distinguish him from his own shadow ; a circumstance which was of great inconvenience to him. Several grasped at the hand of the shadow instead of his ; and one man was near paying it five and sixpence for making a pair of small clothes. Neal it is true, undeceived him with some trouble, but candidly admitted that he was not able to carry home the money.

This, however could not last always. Though still alive, he was to all intents and purposes imperceptible. He could now only be heard ; he was reduced to a mere essence — the very echo of human existence. It is true the schoolmaster asserted that he occasionally caught passing glimpses of him ; but that was because he had been himself nearly spiritualised by affliction, and his visual ray purged in the furnace of domestic tribulation. By and by Neal's voice lessened, got fainter and more indistinct, until at length nothing but a doubtful murmur could be heard, which ultimately could scarcely be distinguished from a ringing in the ears.

Such was the awful and mysterious fate of the tailor, who, as a hero, could not of course die ; he merely dissolved like an icicle, wasted into immateriality, and finally melted away beyond the perception of mortal sense. Mr. O'Connor is still living, and once more in the fulness of perfect health and strength. His wife, however, we may as well hint, has been dead more than two years.

TUBBER DERG.

BY WILLIAM CARLETON.

OWEN MACARTHY was a small Irish farmer, respectably descended, in decent circumstances, and of unblemished reputation. His manners were quiet and reserved, but he possessed a kind and feeling heart; such a heart as prompted him at all times to come forward with ready aid to a deserving neighbor, when that neighbor stood in need of it. Owen's general character, his reputation for integrity, and keen sense of honor manifested in all his dealings, stood so high in the country, that his word, which he was never known to forfeit, was reckoned as good as the bond of another. He wrought his little farm called Tubber Derg, cheerfully and assiduously. His crops were abundant, and always amongst the first gathered in, in the district in which he resided. In short, Owen was comfortable and happy, both at home and a-field. He was blessed with a frugal, industrious, and affectionate wife, and several beautiful children, who were the joy of his heart; and, moreover, Owen prided in, and derived much satisfaction from, the circumstance of his cultivating the land which his fathers had occupied for three, or four generations before him. A sad reverse, however, was soon to visit the once happy and joyous hearth of poor Owen Macarthy. The lease which he held of his farm expired, and an additional pound, a ruinous advance, was elapped upon each of his acres. Though grievously curtailed of his accustomed comforts, by this new and heavy imposition, Owen still struggled manfully on. He could still not only command the necessities of life, but, on an occasion, stretch

out his hand to the assistance of a distressed neighbor ; indeed, it was after this new tax had been laid on the fruits of his labors, that he saved a poor widow and her fatherless children from utter ruin, by a loan of five pounds, to prevent her cows from being sold, for half a year's rent. "Do you think, man," said Owen, on this occasion, addressing the bailiff, who was about to drive off the widow's cattle, and whose claim he had come prepared to discharge, "do you think, man, that the neighbors of an honest industrious woman, 'ud see the cattle taken out of her byre for a thrifle ? Hut, tut ! no, man alive — no sich thing ! There's not a man in the parish, wid manes to do it, would see them taken away to be sold at only about a fourth part of their value. Hut, tut — no ! — Rosha," he afterwards added, addressing the widow, whose cheeks were now bedewed with tears of joy and gratitude, "put your cloak about you, and let us go down to the agint, or clerk, or whatsoever he is — sure that make no maxim any how ; I suppose he has power to give a resate. Jemmy," he said, now turning to the widow's children, "go to bed again ; you're ill, dear ; and, childhre, ye crathurs ye, the cows won't be taken from yees, this bout, Come, in the name of God, let us go, and see everything rightified at once — hut tut — come."

But the time was fast approaching, when poor Owen Macarthy was to stand sorely in need of that assistance which he so willingly and generously lent to others. A continual depression in the price of agricultural produce, added to the heavy additional rent which had been imposed upon him, after several years of hard and unremitting toil, brought him to the brink of ruin, which was soon after consummated by an attack of fever, which stretched him on the bed of sickness. His hearth was now cold, and his

children were famishing around him; those children who were the pride and delight of his affectionate heart. And to render his situation still more deplorable, those of his neighbors who would assist him, and this included them all, could not, for the same or similar causes to those which had ruined him.

Owen Macarthy, however, recovered from his illness, but it was to gaze on prospects the most dreary and harrowing. When he rose, emaciated in body and broken down in spirit, he was driven by hunger, direct and immediate, to sell his best cow; and having purchased some oatmeal at an enormous price, from a well-known devotee in the parish, who hoarded up this commodity for a "dear summer," he laid his plans for the future, and one morning after breakfast, thus addressed his wife: — "Kathleen, mavourneen, I want to consult wid you about what we ought to do; things are low wid us, asthore; and, except our heavenly Father puts it into the heart of them I'm going to mention, I don't know what we'll do, nor what'll become of these poor crathurs that's naked and hungry about us. God pity them, they don't know — and may be that same's some comfort — the hardship's that's before them. Poor crathur's, see how quiet and sorrowful they sit about their little play, passin' the time for themselves as well as they can! Alley, acushla machree, come over to me. Your hair is bright and fair, Alley, and curls so purtily that the finest lady in the land might envy it; but, acushla, your eolor's gone; your little hands are wasted away, too; that sickness was hard and sore upon you, a *colleen machree*; and he that 'd spend his heart's blood for you, darlin', can do nothing to help you!" He looked at the child as he spoke, and a slight motion in the muscles

of his face was barely perceptible ; but it passed away, and, after kissing her, he proceeded :—

“ Ay, yc crathurs — you and I, Kathleen, could earn our bread for ourselves yet, but these can’t do it. This last stroke, darlin’, has laid us at the door of both poverty and sickness ; but blessed be the mother of heaven for it, they’re all left wid us ; and sure that’s a blessin’ we’ve to be thankful for — glory be to God ! ” Owen concluded by divulging to his wife the plan which he had fallen upon to retrieve their fallen fortunes. This plan was, that he should go to Dublin, wait upon the “ head landlord ” himself, as he called the proprietor of the property which he occupied, who had just returned from France, and crave his indulgence for some time in the matter of his rent. The next step he proposed to take, if he obtained this, was to endeavor to borrow as much money as would enable him to resume the cultivation of his farm. When Kathleen heard the plan on which Owen founded his expectations of assistance, her dark melancholy eye flashed with a portion of its former fire ; a transient vivacity lit up her sickly features, and she turned a smile of hope and affection upon her children then upon Owen. “ Arrah, thin, who knows, indeed ! — who knows but he might do something for us ? And may be we might be as well as ever yet ! May the lord put it into his heart this day ! I declare, ay ! — may be it was God put it into your heart, Owen.” Encouraged by this approbation, Owen named an early day for his departure, and in the mean time, occupied himself in making such arrangements as should lessen, to his desolate family, the inconvenience of his absence. At length the day fixed on for his departure arrived. On the morning of that day he was up before day break, and so were his wife and children, for the latter had heard the conversation which had

passed between their father and mother regarding the proposed journey to Dublin, and the object for which it was to be undertaken, and, with their simple-minded parents, enjoyed the gleam of hope which it presented. But this soon changed. When he was preparing to go, an indefinite sense of fear, and a more vivid clinging of affection, marked their feelings. He himself partook of this, and was silent, depressed, and less ardent than when the speculation first presented itself to his mind. His resolution, however, was taken; and should he fail, no blame at a future time could be attached to himself. It was the last effort; and to neglect it, he thought, would have been to neglect his duty. When breakfast was ready, they all sat down in silence; the hour was yet early, and a rush light was placed in a wooden candlestick that stood beside them to afford light. There was something solemn and touching in the group as they sat in dim relief, every face marked by the traces of sickness, want, sorrow, and affection. The father attempted to eat, but he could not. Kathleen sat at the meal, but could taste nothing; the children ate, for hunger at the moment was predominant over every other sensation.

At length breakfast was over, and Owen rose to depart; he stood for a minute on the floor, and seemed to take a survey of his cold, cheerless house, and then of his family, he cleared his throat several times, but did not speak. "Kathleen," said he, at length, "in the name of God I'll go; and may his blessin' be about you, asthore machree, and guard you and these darlins till I come back to yees." Kathleen flung her arms around the neck of her husband, and burst into tears. Now that the hour of separation had come, she saw, in a light that wholly overcame her, the weakly condition of her partner, reduced and emaciated by sick-

ness, sorrow, and want. She saw that he was but ill prepared to encounter the fatigues of the long journey on which he was about to set out, and she now endeavored to prevail upon him to abandon all thoughts of it. "Kathleen," replied Owen, pressing his affectionate wife to his bosom, and embracing her tenderly, "sure, whin I remimber your fair young face, your yellow hair, and the light that was in your eyes, acushla machrce — but that's gone long ago — och, don't ax me to stop. Isn't your lightsome laugh, whin you were young, in my ears? and your step, that 'ud not bend the flower of the field — Kathleen, I I can't, indeed I can't, bear to think of what you wor, nor of what you are now, when, in the coorse of age and natur, but a small change ought to be upon you! Sure I ought to make every struggle to take you and these sorrowful crathurs out of the state you're in." The children now flocked around the disconsolate pair, and joined their entreaties to those of their mother, that their father should not leave them, adding such arguments as their unsophisticated minds suggested as most likely to prevail; but Owen was impressed with the absolute necessity there was of undertaking the journey. It was the only hope he had in his misery, and he remained firm in his purpose. "Let me go, acushla; it *does* cut me to the heart to lave yees the way yees are in, even for a while; but it's far worse to see your poor wasted faces, widout havin' it in my power to do any thing for yees."

He then kissed them again one by one, and, pressing the affectionate partner of his sorrows to his breaking heart, he bade God bless them, and set out in the twilight of a bitter March morning. He had not gone many yards from the door, when little Alley ran after him in tears; he felt her hand upon the skirts of his coat, which she plucked

with a smile of affection that neither tears nor sorrow could repress. "Father, kiss *me* again," said she. He stooped down and kissed her tenderly. The child then ascended a green ditch, and Owen, as he looked back, saw her standing upon it; her fair tresses were tossed by the blast about her face, as with straining eyes, she watched him receding from her view. Kathleen and the other children stood at the door, and also with deep sorrow watched his form, until the angle of the bridle-road rendered him no longer visible; after which they returned slowly to the fire, and wept bitterly.

Owen Macarthy now pursued his way to Dublin, where he arrived after a long and toilsome journey, worn out with exhaustion and fatigue. He saw the proprietor of his property, and stated his case to him; but that gentleman declined interfering, ordered his servant to give him a crown, and referred him to his agent, who, he said, knew whether his claim was just or not, and would attend to it accordingly.

The agent told him that more rent was offered for his land than he was paying, and that, if he did not immediately settle his arrears, he would be ejected. Thus ended poor Owen's hopes from the generosity of his landlord. The ruined and broken-hearted man, crushed to the earth by this last stroke of affliction, now returned to his cold and desolate home. When within a few perches of the door, a sudden misgiving shot across his heart when he saw it shut, and no appearance of smoke from the chimney, nor of stir or life about the house. He advanced. He rapped again and again at the door, and in an agony of horror and fearful anticipation, called out the names of Kathleen and of his darling child Alley; but no one answered him—all was still and silent as the grave. At this

moment of suspense and unutterable misery, a neighbor who was passing, approached him. "Why, thin, Owen," said this person, addressing him, "but yer welcome home agin, my poor fellow; and I'm sorry that I havn't betther news for you, and so are all of us." He whom he addressed had almost lost the power of speech. "Frank," said he, and he wrung his hand, "what—what—was death among them? for the sake of heaven, spake!" Death had been amongst them. His favorite child, his fair-haired Alley, was gone. She had been buried the day before his arrival. "Och! won't you support me this night of sorrow and misery!" exclaimed the distracted father, when the dreadful intelligence was communicated to him. "Och, an' can it be that she's gone? the fair-haired colleen! When I was lavin' home, an' had kissed them all—'twas the first time we ever parted, Kathleen and I, since our marriage—the blessed child came over, an' held up her mouth, sayin', 'Kiss *me* agin, father;' an' this was afther herself an' all of them had kissed me afore." But the measure of poor Owen's sorrows was not even yet full. In the distraction of his thoughts, and the deep misery with which the intelligence of the death of his child had overwhelmed him, he had not yet inquired where were his wife and remaining children. This question, however, he now put to the person on whose arm he leant; and learnt, that, during his absence, they had been ejected from the farm by an order from the agent; that all the little stock that remained, had been carried off for the rent; and that they themselves were at that moment quartered in the barn of the benevolent man to whom he was speaking—a shelter which he had prepared for and offered to the houseless family when they had no longer a home of their own. "God bless you, Frank, for that goodness to them

and me," said the heart-broken man; "if you're not rewarded for it here, you will be in a better place."

For another miserable year, Owen struggled hard to support his starving family, by working as a laborer when work was to be had; but even this, casual as it had always been, at length entirely failed him. The country became one wide waste of poverty, and sickness, and no means but one was left to Owen to save his children from perishing of famine before his eyes. One Saturday night he and the family found themselves without food; they had not tasted a morsel for twenty-four hours. There were murmurings and tears, and, finally, a low conversation among them, as if they held a conference upon some subject which filled them with both grief and satisfaction.

In this alternation of feeling did they pass the time, until the sharp gnawings of hunger was relieved by sleep. A keen December wind blew with a bitter blast on the following morning; the rain was borne along upon it with violence, and the cold was chill and piercing. Owen, his wife, and their six children, issued at day-break out of the barn, in which, ever since their removal from Tubber Derg, they had lived until then; their miserable fragments of bed-clothes were tied in a bundle to keep them dry; their pace was slow — need we say sorrowful? — all were in tears. Owen and Kathleen went first, with a child upon the back and another in the hand of each. Their route lay by their former dwelling, the door of which was open, for it had not been inhabited. On passing it, they stood a moment; then, with a simultaneous impulse, both approached, entered, and took one last look of a spot to which their hearts clung with enduring attachment. They then returned; and as they passed, Owen put forth his hand, picked a few small pebbles out of the wall, and put them in his pocket.

"Farewell," said he, "and may the blessin' of God rest upon you. We now lave you forever. We're goin' at last to beg our bread through the world wide, where none will know of the happy days we passed widin' your walls. Don't cry, Kathleen — don't cry, childher; there is still a good God above, who can and may do somethin' for us *yet*, providin' we but thry and do somethin' honest for ourselves." The miserable cavalcade now proceeded on their way, and it was to beg their bread "through the world wide," as Owen had said. They were now medicants. They travelled on, famishing with hunger and drenched with a cold December rain, until they had got considerably beyond the bounds of their parish; for Owen could not think of beginning the humiliating trade, which he was now about to pursue, where he was likely to be known. Having at length, however, reached what he considered a safe distance, and perceiving a decent looking farm house, at a little distance from the road side, he resolved that they should there make their first attempt at soliciting charity. As they approached the door, the husband hesitated a moment, his face got paler than usual, and his lip quivered, as he said, "Kathleen——"

"I know what you're goin' to say, Owen. No, dear, *you* won't; *I'll* ax it myself."

"Do," said Owen, with difficulty; "I cant do it; but I'll overcome my pride afore long, I hope. It's thryin' to me, Kathleen, an' you know it is — for you know how little I ever expected to be brought to this."

They entered, and were kindly received by the hospitable woman to whom they now preferred their first petition for eleemosynary aid. She placed the shivering and famishing children round the fire, and gave all a liberal supply of food. Here they were made welcome to remain until

the following day, when, after partaking of an abundant breakfast, they again took to the road, praying for blessings on the head of their kind entertainer.

"Kathleen," said Owen to his wife one day, about a year or more after they had began to beg, "Kathleen, I have been turnin' it in my mind, that some of these childher might thrive to earn a bit an' sup, an' their little coverin' of clo'es, poor things. We might put them to herd cows in the summer, or to do somethin' else in the farmer's houses. What do you think of it?" The idea was eagerly adopted by Kathleen, and in a short time afterwards it was carried into effect. Situations of the description alluded to by Owen were found, and the children were put in a way of doing for themselves. This however, was but a part of a new series of plans for the improvement of the condition of himself and family, which had suggested themselves to Owen. These he now gradually developed, and they consisted of the following ideas:—That Kathleen should continue to beg for the support of herself and him, until the first half-year's wages of their children should become due; and he in the mean time should endeavor to find employment; that the earnings of the whole should then be united, and applied to the furnishing out a little cabin, which he proposed to take. These were Owen's plans, and he prosecuted them so steadily and successssfully, that at the end of a few years of unremitting industry and rigid economy, as well on the part of every member of his family as his own, he found himself once more in comparatively comfortable circumstances. He had a cabin, pigs, potato ground, and a cow. Industry and economy still went on from year to year, and from year to year Owen's stores sill continued to increase. This prosperity suggested, at the end of a few yearsmore,

two new and important plans. The first of these was to visit his former neighbors, that they might at length know that Owen Macarthy's station in the world was such as become his character. The second, was, if possible, to take a farm in his native parish, that he might close his days among the companions of his youth; and above all, that when these days were closed, he might be laid beside his "golden haired" Alley.

Owen, as in all other similar cases, communicated these projects to Kathleen, who not only approved of them, but expressed the utmost delight with the prospects which they held out, and the following Monday was fixed by both parties for Owen's departure. When the morning of that day arrived, he found himself ready to set out for Tubber Derg. The tailor had not disappointed him; and Kathleen, to do her justice, took care that the proofs of her good housewifery should be apparent in the whiteness of his linen. After breakfast, he dressed himself in all his finery; and it would be difficult to say whether the harmless vanity that peeped out occasionally from his simplicity of character, or the open and undisguised, triumph of his faithful wife, whose eye rested on him with pride and affection, was most calculated to produce a smile.

"Now, Kathleen," said he, when preparing for his immediate departure, "I'm thinkin' of what they'll say, when they see me so smooth an' warm lookin'."

"Well, but, Owen, you know how to manage them."

"Throth, I do that. But there is *one* thing they'll never get out o' me, any way."

"You won't tell *that* to any o' them, Owen?"

"Kathleen, if I thought they only suspected it, I'd never show my face in Tubber Derg agin. I know, Kathleen, *achra*, its neither a sin nor a shame to ax one's bit from our

fellow-creatures, whin fairly brought to it, widout any fault of our own; but still I feel something in me that can't bear to think of it widout shame an' heaviness of heart."

"Well, it's one comfort, that nobody knows it but ourselves. The poor childer, for their own sakes, won't ever breathe it; so that it's likely the sacret 'll be berrid wid us." Owen having now embraced his wife affectionately, grasped his staff, and started on his journey; but he had not gone far when Kathleen called on him to stop. He did so, and she immediately joined him. "I needn't be axin' you," she said, "for I know you wouldn't forget it; but for fraid you might, Owen. Whin you're at Tubber Derg, go to little Alley's grave, an' look at it, an' bring me back word how it appears. You might get it cleared up if there's weeds or anything growing upon it; an', Owen, Owen, would you bring me a bit o' the clay, tied up in your pocket."

Owen, affected by his wife's maternal tenderness promised compliance, and resumed his journey. This he soon completed in safety, and found himself once more in the midst of a numerous host of the kind hearted friends of his former days, who all rejoiced to see him, and doubly rejoiced to find him in such comfortable circumstances. Each strove who should show him most kindness and attention, and whatever house he favored, with a visit was immediately crowded with neighbors and acquaintances, who flocked in to bid him welcome again to Tubber Derg. But in the midst of all this hospitality and rejoicing, Owen did not forget the parting injunctions of his wife to visit the grave of his child. He stole out alone and unobserved to the churchyard. On entering it, he reverently uncovered his head, blessed himself, and, with feelings deeply agitated, sought the grave of his beloved child. He approached it, but a sudden transition from sorrow to indignation took

place in his mind, even before he reached the spot in which she lay. A headstone, with an inscription on it, which had not been there before, now marked the place of sepulchre, and Owen conceived that the grave of his child had been intruded upon, and that a stranger lay in the ground appropriated to the Macarthies. On reading the inscription, however, his feelings returned with redoubled force to their original channel, and now mingled with a deep and overpowering sense of gratitude. The inscription commemorated his daughter. The stone was placed there in honor of his name, and to mark the burial place of his "golden-haired" Alley. All this had been done by the widow and her son whom he had saved from ruin. On reading the affectionate tribute to his own amiable character, and to his beloved daughter's memory, which was recorded on the head-stone, Owen dropped on his knees on the grave of his child, and poured out the commingled feelings of piety and gratitude with which his soul was filled. The enthusiastic manner in which Owen afterwards apostrophised his dead child, need not be described. Having poured forth a strain of impassioned eloquence, he then arose, wiped the tears of sorrow and affection from his eyes, took up a little clay from the grave, wrapped it carefully up, and put it into his pocket.

Owen now proceeded to the accomplishment of the last object of his ambition; this was the taking of a farm — not Tubber Derg (for there, he said to his friends, he had suffered too much to have any wish to re-occupy it, although it was at that moment to let), but some one near it. Such a farm as he wanted, he soon found; for although sixteen years had elapsed since he left Tubber Derg, his high character was still vivid in the recollection of all with whom he now came in contact, and greatly facilitated all his in-

quiries and wishes. At the end of a week after his arrival, Owen secured a favorable lease of a promising piece of ground, and the promise of half a dozen of his kind old friends that they would come with a train of carts and cars to remove his family and gear to his new possessions. This done, he hastened home to communicate the joyous tidings to Kathleen. As he approached the house, he could not avoid contrasting the circumstances of his return *now* with those under which, almost broken-hearted after his journey to Dublin, he presented himself to his sorrowing and bereaved wife, about sixteen years before. He raised his hat and thanked God for the success which had since that period attended him, and, immediately after his silent thanksgiving, entered the house. "God be praised, Owen," said his wife, after he had informed her of all he had done, "we will have the ould place afore our eyes, an' what is betther, we will be near where Alley is lyin'."

Owen paused, and his features were slightly overshadowed, but only by the solemnity of the feeling.

"Kathleen," said he, "I have sthrange news for you about Alley."

"What, Owen — what is it? Tell me quick!" Her husband told her of the head-stone and inscription.

"Och, dear Owen!" exclaimed the delighted mother, whose heart was not proof against the widow's gratitude, expressed, as it had been, in a manner so affecting. She rocked herself to and fro in silence, whilst the tears fell in showers down her cheeks.

In about a week after Owen's return, the carts and cars of his old neighbors appeared at the door, to assist in his removal; and ere another twelvemonth elapsed, he had his new house perfectly white, and as nearly resembling that of Tubber Derg in its better days as possible.

“Well, childher,” said Owen one day, as Kathleen and two servant maids were milking, and the whole family were assembled about the door, “didn’t I tell yees the bittther mornin’ we left Tubber Derg, not to ery or be disheartened — that ‘there was a good God above, who might do somethin’ for us *yet*, providin’ we would only thry and do somethin’ for ourselves?’ I never *did* give up my trust in Him, an’ I never *will*. You see afther all our little troubles, he has wanst more brought us together, an’ made us happy.”

CUP TOSSING.

Enaries androgeni ex tilia fronde vaticinantur.
Alex. ab. Alex. lib. v. cap. 13.

“Now, Judy, I appeal to you — look into that day-cup — did you ever look upon the likes of it.”

Such was the manner in which Judy Mulcahy was addressed, one cold stormy autumn evening, by Peggy Donovan, whose father inhabited a lonesome cottage fixed at one side of that celebrated pass between the counties of Wicklow and Dublin, and which is known to every lover of the picturesque by the name of “the Scalp.”

On the flattened and hardened mud floor of the humble but still comfortable cabin, there burned two or three sods of turf, upon which simmered a little iron pot filled with water. Near to the hop, or fire-place, was a threc-legged deal table which was graced with a lacquered earthen tea-pot, a blue delf-cup, and a virgin white China one. Beside the China cup was a cracked dinner-plate, over which was strewed sugar, that from its colour appeared to have been scraped from the mud floor.

The right side of the cabin was graced with a drainer, on which dishes of all sizes, wooden platters of all dimensions, and plates of all colours were indiscriminately mixed together while its upper part was decorated with china cups, bowls, and saucers, which, like many prudent persons in the world, presented to the eyes of the spectator only their sound and fair-looking portions, though the silent

wall, like the consciences of the worldly wise, had the opportunity of viewing how hollow, broken and cracked they really were. The left side of the cabin was occupied with the settle-bed, well scoured each Saturday evening, with shelly sand, and which every night was duly turned down to receive within its wooden ramparts, when "the father had gone to sleep," the ponderous form of Peggy Donovan. From the ceiling depended five hams, and and twice as many sides of bacon, every one of which appeared as black as if they had been steeped in a bog, and hung to dry in a coal mine.

At the three-legged table sat two females busily engaged in vaticination from the inspection of tea-leaves. There is no superstition so common amongst the Irish peasantry, particularly in the eastern and southern parts of the country, as that of "telling their fortunes" by what is called "cup tossing." The manner in which this kind of divination is practised is first by leaving a small quantity of liquid in the bottom of the tea-cup, next twisting the cup rapidly in the right hand, and then suddenly putting it, mouth downwards, where it is allowed to rest for about a minute. The interpreter of the eup raises it, and according to the various positions in which the tea-leaves are scattered at the bottom, and around the sides, the fate of the tosser is confidently predicted. Peggy Donovan, who was, on this occasion, the tosser, was a stout swivel-eyed girl, who, as she gazed with one pupil into the cup, seemed to be taking into the speculation of the other, the calimanco bow-knot which bobbed over her forehead, from a calico cap tightened fast on her head. Opposite to her sat the bearded old woman to whom she had appealed as Judy. This Judy had, from her hirsutine chin, and her extreme old age (now approaching her ninetieth year) obtained in the



county of Wicklow, or at least as far as Enniskerry, the name of "the knowledgeable woman." While we are detaining the reader by this description of the place in which the cup tossing happened, and the person who took part in it, Judy had attentively looked into the delf-cup, examined it in every way, and without saying a word replaced it on the table, and shook her head in a most solemn and prophet-like manner.

"Well, now," repeated Peggy Donovan, "well, now, Judy Mulcahy, look into that tay-cup, and tell me—did you ever see the likes of it?"

"Never," answered Judy.

"Why, then, now Judy, that's the third time I tossed a cup upon my going to Dublin, and would you believe it, it has always turned up the same way, leaf for leaf, and bit by bit."

"It's mighty curious, entirely, entirely," replied Judy.

"Well, now, look at it again," said Peggy; "begin at the right hand side of the handle and you will see, as plain as you can see the Sugar-loaf hill from my father's door as if there were mile-stones on it, the road from this to Dublin;—then there is a big lump on it—that, I think, is a purse of gold; well, and then there are two stalks together—that I think is an open hospitable house, where the people are ready to leap out of their skins so glad are they to receive me. I can't make out the meaning of that, for I have no relation in Dublin that would welcome me, but my aunt Maggy Magennis, and she's buried in Kevin's Church-yard these twelvemonths; then there's a tall handsome man—that I'll engage, is the man I am to be married to, and there is over all a great big blob of a tay-leaf—I can't make out that, nor what it means, whether it is

to be a good service I am going to get, or a parcel of money that is coming to me, or a whole bundle of children that I am to have by my marriage, I can't tell."

"Then, to say the thruth," Judy replied, "that big blob of a tay-leaf is the very thing that is puzzling me. I have been trying my fortune with the cups all my life, and never yet found them to deceive me. That cup looks mighty well, but for the cloud over it—that's the big blob, and if you take my advice, you won't go to Dublin for many a months to come."

"Judy, you're doating — that's the fact. Do you want me to die an old maid at the Scalp? Nobody sees me here, and I know very well, if I don't go to Dublin, I have little or no chance of getting a husband—the cloud, I'll engage, is the number of children I am to have, as I told you before."

"May be so," replied Judy, "but I have been looking into tay-cups since I was fit to be married, and I never yet knew of a parcel of children coming over a body's head. I am an old woman, and I can tell you, that is not the way they come at all, at all."

"Well, Judy, there's no use in talkin', I'll go to Dublin—I'm determined upon it."

"Very well, I wish you luck; but mind Peggy Donovan, and don't forget it, I don't like that big tay-leaf that is hanging over your head just now—you'll meet some mischance, I'm afraid."

Forty-eight hours had not passed over Peggy Donovan's head, till she was walking down Anngier-street, wondering as she went, at the immense number of shops that were to be seen in Dublin, and "where in the world the people in them could find customers." She was thinking, too, what a mighty pleasant thing it would be if she could at

once get into a fine service, or a good marraige, when she perceived a number of persons running at the end of the street. "By dad," thought Peggy, "may be they are running to look for a *place*, and why should not I run and look as well as the best of them?" Peggy accordingly set off as rapidly as her heavy blue cloak, her large bundle of clothes, her thick brogues, and a double flannel petticoat would allow her to move. As she turned the corner of the street, she saw the crowd was increasing by groups from every side, and when she had advanced about fifty paces, she found herself in the circle of a motley multitude of the poorer classes, whose eyes were fixed upon the drawing-room windows of a heavy-looking brick house.

"Ah! then, what place in the world is this?" said Peggy.

"Why, then, you must be mighty ignorant not to know," answered a dirty ragged ruffian, standing beside her, and whose low cant and vulgarism at once betrayed the Dublin jackeen. He thus continued, "Gallows battle to your two cockle eyes, that look as if they didn't like to be seeing your yallow nose, it's so bloody ugly — don't you see you are in Stephen-street."

Peggy did not think it proper, after this rebuff, to renew her interrogatories in the same quarter, but she heard from others that there was a meeting of "friends of Ireland," convened by Mr. O'Connell, in the house she was gazing at. In a few minutes afterwards she saw a window open, and upon the balcony in front there stepped forth a stout, tall, merry-looking gentleman, whose grey eye lighted with joy as the enthusiastic cheers of thousands greeted his ears.

"Good jewel," said Peggy, "is that the great O'Connell?"

"The dickons a one else," replied an old man, "there

he is, the very pattern of an Iveragh prince, and it is always good news he has for the poor and the heart-broken Irish—long life and a happy death to him."

Peggy listened with the most intense interest to the speaker as he proceeded to dilate on the political questions then under discussion. In the course of his observations he touched on that topic on which Peggy's thoughts were constantly employed—matrimony, and held out to the poor such flattering prospects of domestic happiness from the accomplishment of some measures, which she, however, did not clearly comprehend, she began to clasp her hands with joy, and invoked blessings upon the head of the orator who promised such benefits; when suddenly a rude hand snapped at the bundle she bore under her arm. Peggy pressed it still closer, and the next moment her fine large heavy blue cloak, the very pride of Wicklow on a Sunday, was seen fluttering through the crowd. The loss of the very finest of her finery, put all notions of patriotism out of her head, and she ran through the multitude calling upon every honest man to stop the robber. The attention of the people was too much engrossed, and Peggy's loss was unnoticed. She saw the robber, who appeared to be the Dublin jackeen she had first spoken to, turn up a narrow lane. Peggy followed him, but when she was half-way through the lane, she could find no traces of the thief.

Sad and disconsolate she stood, the very semblance of despair, in the middle of the narrow passage which is well-known to every Dublin police-officer, by the name of "Goat-Alley."

"Judy, Judy," thought Peggy, "after this you are a witch—the big tay-leaf that was hanging over me, is my new blue cloak flying off from me. "It's gone, and I

might as well think of coaxing a trout out of the river, as finding my cloak in this dirty lane."

"I am sorry to see any thing fretting a handsome young girl like you," said a tall young man, who was standing at an open door in the lane. Peggy looked at this kind friend, and her gratitude was immediately excited; for the sympathy was expressed by a man apparently about twenty-five years of age—not less than six feet in height, and athletic in his form—the only defect in his face was a heavy red complexion, which might be the effects either of extreme health, or of debauchery before the constitution begins to sink beneath it. There was, too, a slight mark below his right eye, which looked like the last glowing tinge of a *brilliant black-eye*, and to the observation of the experienced, was as certain an indication of a bye-gone fray, as is the crimson color that tints the evening sky, and tells the lovers of nature that *there* has burned a few hours since the fervid heats of the scorching sun. Peggy's head was filled with no poetic ideas but those which appertain to matrimony, and she nearly forgot the recent loss she had sustained, in the interest she saw she had excited in a tall well-looking man, who might be, for aught she knew, her fated lord and master."

Few persuasive arguments were required to induce her to enter the open and the hospitable home to which John Foy (for such he stated was his name,) invited her. The moment she entered the house, however, she was surprised to find the door quickly closed behind her, and two bars drawn across it. Upon looking round her she found herself in a narrow little cell of a room, at one end of which were two or three beds huddled together, and having thrown over them a dirty party-colored quilt, from beneath which the ends of foul looking sheets, and rusty blankets protruded.

ded themselves. Along the naked walls were arranged broken stools, and dilapidated chairs, while a rickety table in the centre of the room was covered with greasy cords steeped in the dregs of punch and porter, and interspersed amongst cracked quart bottles, delf-cups, and one or two glasses. Underneath the table were broken tobacco pipes, and scattered papers, that, from their twisted forms, seemed to have once enveloped either snuff or tobacco. The atmosphere she breathed was laden with the deleterious gas of a recent debauch. Peggy, at once, began to suspect she was not in a "proper house," and her suspicions were confirmed when she discovered that the companion of the handsome young man, and who had bolted the door behind her, seemed to be the very person who had robbed her of her cloak.

"Sit down, my darling," said John Foy, "whatever annoyed you when you came in here, you may all as one as take your oath that you will have *little left* to trouble you going out."

"Thank you, thank you, sir," answered Peggy, "but I had much rather go."

"Go!" replied Foy, "Oh! the devil a step will you go out of this, till we are after seeing what's in the bundle."

"Sure you're not going to rob me?" cried Peggy holding her bundle tight between her hands.

"Rob you! Oh! no; never fear my darling, we won't rob you, you needn't give it if you don't like, only you see, if you don't let us look at it, Jem there has a case-knife, and who knows but if you put him to the trouble of taking it from you, he might, by way of a joke, just cut the wind-pipe out of you, to prevent your singing out, my jewel."

"Oh! murder! murder" screeches Peggy.

"Not another word," roared jackeen Jem, catching the

unfortunate girl by the throat, and flourishing a butcher's knife before her eyes, "not another word, or I'll stick you like a pig, and give you your guts for garters."

"Oh! murder! murder! murder!" again screamed Peggy. The ruffian grasped her still more tightly by the throat. Foy tore the bundle from her hands, and was running to the door, when with one blow it was smashed into pieces, and three policemen bounded into the room. Foy was in a second felled to the ground, and the cut of a broad police sabre left Jem prostrate beside him.

"So," observed the police officer, "you miscreants, you were going to add murder to the robbery of this young girl. I was watching in the crowd in Stephen-street, and saw you, Jem Mangan, steal the cloak, and hide here; I also observed, that this ignorant country girl was seduced into the house by Foy, and I had merely gone for assistance to secure you both, one for committing the robbery, and the other as being his accessory."

It was not more than two months after the occurrence of this last scene that there was a grand wedding feast at "the Scalp," at which Peggy Donovan (after transporting her Goat-Alley acquaintances) figured as the bride of peace-constable Brady. As she twisted her oblique eyes as nearly as she could in the direction of the enamoured bridegroom, she related his gallant achievements, and the augury of old Judy Mulchay, which was precedent to them. She concluded her story by the following sagacious remark to her female friends:—

"Girls, whenever you try your fortune with the toss of a tay-cup, expect to meet many a misfortune, no matter how well it looks, if there is a big, unwholesome, unlucky, yellow leaf hanging over your head, it's a sure sign that you'll loose a blue cloak, as that a blue thunder cloud in summer will frighten you with a flash of lightning."

THE W I S H .

"I wish I was as rich as a lord," said Pat M'Gowan, a lazy young vagabond fellow, as he stretched over his grandmother's turf fire a pair of brawny fists that were as red as the blaze that warmed them.

"*You* wish to be a lord!" answered Granny McGowan; "Oh, then, a mighty quare lord you would make: but, long as you live, Pat, never wish again; for who knows but you might wish in the unlucky minute, and that it would be granted to you."

"Gawneys, granny, I wish it was, for it's I that would wish to have my wish."

"You're a fool, Pat, and have no more sense in your head than a cracked egg has a chance of a chicken inside of it. May be you'd never cease repenting of your wish if you once got it."

"May be so, granny, but for all that I'd like to be a lord. Tell me, granny, when does the unlucky minute come that a body may get their wish?"

"Then, Pat, I'll tell you, though I see if you could you'd be after making the bad use of it. You see, Pat, there is one particular little bit of a minute of time in every twenty-four hours, that if a mortal creature has the unlucky chance to wish on that instant, his wish, whether it be for good or for bad, for evil or mischance, for life or for death, for fortune or misfortune, for sickness or health, for himself or for others, the wish is certainly granted to him, but seldom does it turn out for good to the wisher, because it shows he is not satisfied with his lot, and it is contrary to what God in his goodness, has laid down for us all to do and suffer for His sake: but, Pat, you blackguard, I see you are

laughing at your old granny because you think I am going to preach a sermon to you, as long as ever his reverence preached at the altar ; but you're mistaken : I'm going to do no such thing. I will tell you what happened to an uncle of my own, Jem M'Gowan, who got his wish the instant he asked for it."

"Got his wish — oh ! the lucky old scoundrel," observed Pat ; "do, granny, tell me all about him. Got his wish ! oh, Lord, how I wish I was a lord !"

"Listen to me, Pat, and don't be getting on with any of your foolish nonsense. My uncle, Jem M'Gowan, was then something like yourself, Pat, a strapping able chap ; but one that like you, too, would sooner be scorching his his shins over the fire than cutting the turf to make it, and would much rather be watching the potatoes boiling, than digging them out of the ridge. Instead of working for a new coat, he would be wishing some one gave it to him. When he got up in the morning he wished for his breakfast, and when he swallowed that he would be immediately afterwards wishing for his dinner, and when he had knocked down his dinner he began to wish for his supper, and when he ate his supper he wished to be in bed, and when he was in bed he wished to be asleep ; in fact he did nothing from morning to night but wish, and even in his dreams I am quite sure he wished to be awake. Unlucky for Jem, his cabin was convenient to the great big demesne and splendid house of Squire Kavanagh, a horse-racing, hunting-loving, duel-fighting, hard-drinking young gentleman, and when Jem went out in the morning, shivering with cold, and wishing for a glass of whiskey, to put *spirits* in him, and that he saw the bed-room windows of Squire Kavanagh closed, and knew that the Squire was laying warm and snug inside of them, he also wished to be Squire Kavanagh.

When he saw the Squire driving the horse and the hounds before him, and he all the while working hard in the field, he wished to be the Squire to be sure ; when he saw him coaxing the village girls, and dancing with the beautiful young ladies, and elegant young gentlemen, in the moonlight of a summer's evening, in front of his fine hall-door, and under the shade of the old oak trees, he wished particularly to be Squire Kavanagh. The Squire was always coming before him, and so happy a man did he seem to be, that Jem was always saying to himself, ' I wish I was Squire Kavanagh.'

" From cock-crow to sun-set the word was never out of Jem's mouth for many a month, ' I wish I was Squire Kavanagh,' until he at last hit upon the unfortunate minute, in the twenty-four hours, when his wish was to be granted him. He was just after eating his dinner of fine mealy apple potatoes, some fresh churned buttermilk, and had plenty of salt and salt-butter to relish them, when he stretched out his two legs, threw up his arms, and yawned out, from the fatigue of eating, ' I wish I was Squire Kavanagh.'

" The words were scarce uttered by him when he found himself, and he still yawning, in the grand parlor of Kavanagh-House, and there he was sitting opposite to a table laid out with china, and a table cloth, silver forks, and no end to the silver spoons, and better than all, a roaring hot beefsteak before him. Jem thought he was dreamin', he rubbed his eyes, and then his hands with joy, and thought to himself ' By dad, my wish is granted, and I'll lay in plenty of beefsteak first of all.' He began cutting away, but he had eaten so much at his dinner, he was not able to swallow the second bit of the Squire's breakfast ; he tried to drink but he had swallowed so much buttermilk he was not

able to let down two sups. He looked in the looking-glass, and instead of seeing a stout handsome young fellow, he saw a little creature with a crooked nose, red hair, snag-gled teeth, and a chin that was nearly as long as the rest of his face together. 'Faith,' said he to himself, 'that's not as handsome a fellow as Jem M'Gowan; but he's a great deal better off, and that's my comfort.' While Jem was thus thinking to himself, Sir Harry M'Manus, Squire Bruen, and two or three other grand gentlemen came in, and said to him, 'Kavanagh, you know this is the day you're to decide your bet for five hundred pounds, that you will leap your horse over the widest part of your pond.' 'Is it me?' answered Jem; 'why I never leaped a horse in all my born life.' 'Oh, bother,' answered Sir Harry M'Manus, 'you are joking with us, since you told us yourself that you did it twenty times, and there's the English Colonel that made the bet with you, will be saying, if you don't attempt it, that the Irish are all braggers, so my dear Kavanagh you must leap the pond or fight me; for, relying upon your word I told the Colonel I saw you do it myself.' 'I must fight you or leap the pond,' answered Jem, trembling from head to foot. 'Certainly, my dearest Kavanagh,' replied Sir Harry, 'I must shoot you or see you make the leap;' 'Oh! then bring out the horse,' whimpered Jem, and wishing he was no longer Squire Kavanagh.

'In a minute afterwards Jem found himself out in the lawn, and opposite a pond that appeared to him to be sixty feet wide at the least. 'Why,' said he, 'you might as well ask me to jump over the ocean, or give a hop-step-and-a-leap from Howth to Holyhead, as get any horse to cross that lake of a pond.' 'Come Kavanagh,' said Sir Henry, 'no nonsense with us, we know you can do it if you like,

and now that you're in for it you must finish the business at once.' Oh you'll finish my business I'm afraid,' said Jem, seeing they were in earnest with him; 'but what will you do if I'm drowned? 'Do,' answered Sir Henry, 'Oh! make yourself easy on that account. I'll tell you what we'll do: in the first place you shall have the grandest wake that ever was seen in the country, next we'll bury you decently, and lastly we'll all say that the boudest horseman now in Ireland is the late Squire Kavanagh. If that doesn't satisfy you there's no pleasing you, so bring out the horse at once and let us see you mount.' Oh! murder! murder!' said Jem to himself, isn't this a pretty thing that I must be drowned to make a great character for such a dirty little spalpeen as Squire Kavanagh. Oh! then, it's I would wish to be Jem M'Gowan back again — poor Jem! is this the way you're going to be drowned like a rat, or smothered like a blind kitten, and all for a vagabond you don't care a straw about. Poor Jem! that never was on a horse's back before, now to think of leaping over an ocean. Oh! bad cess to you Squire Kavanagh; my death lie on you at all events.'

"A fine dashing, spanking, snorting, prancing, curvetting, leaping, jumping, kicking, rearing, great big grey horse was here led up by two grooms to Jem's side. 'Oh! the darling,' said Sir Harry, 'there he goes, there's the boy that will win your bet and mine for us. There's an elegant run from this very spot to the pond. Clap him at once upon the horse's back,' cried Sir Harry to the grooms. The sight left Jem's eyes the very instant he saw the terrible grey horse, so well known as one of the most vicious devils in the entire country. If Jem could, he would have run away, but the fright kept him standing stock-still, and before he knew where he was, he was hoisted into the sad-

dle. 'Now, boys,' roared Sir Harry, 'give the horse plenty of the whip, and my life for it he is over the pond.'

"Jem heard two desperate slashes made on the flanks of the horse. In an instant the horse rose on his four legs at once off the ground, and came down with a soss that sent Jem up straight from the saddle, like a ball that you would hop on a flat stone, and he came down again with a crack in the saddle that was so hard and violent, that he was sure he was knocked into a hundred thousand pieces, not one of them a bit larger than the buttons of his waistcoat. 'Murder!' shrieked he, 'I wish I was Jem M'Gowan back again.' There was no use in saying this, for he had already got his wish. The horse galloped away like lightning. Jem's breath was taken away from him—he could recollect nothing, but that he felt rising one instant up as high as the clouds, and in the next that he came with a plop into the water, like a stone that you would make take a dead-man's-dive. He remembered no more till he saw his two kind friends, Sir Harry M'Manus and Squire Bruen holding him by the two legs in the air, and the water pouring from his mouth, nose, and every stitch of his clothes, as heavy and as constant as if it was flowing through a sieve, or pouring out of the nose of a watering pot. 'I'm a dead man,' hiccupped he, looking up in the face of his grand friends, as well as he could, and kicking at the same time to get loose from them, 'I'm a dead man, and what's worse, I am a murdered man by the two of you.' 'By dad, you're any thing but that,' said Sir Harry, 'you're now the greatest man in the country; for though you fell into the pond, yet you made the horse leap the pond, and so I have won my bet, for which I am extremely obliged to you.'

"After shaking the water out of him, they laid him down

on the grass, and having got a bottle of whiskey, they gave him as much as he chose to drink of it. Jem's spirits began to rise a little, and he laughed heartily when they told him he had won £500 from the English Colonel; Jem got on his legs, and was beginning to walk about, when who should he see coming into the demesne but two gentlemen. One of them was dressed like an officer, and had under his arm a square mahogany box, the other carried a great big horse-whip. Jem rubbed his hands with delight, for he was sure that the gentleman who carried the box was going to make Squire Kavanagh, that is, himself, some mighty fine present.

“‘Kavanagh,’ said Sir Harry, ‘you will want some one to stand by you as a friend in this business, would you wish me to be your friend?’ ‘In troth, I would,’ answered Jem, ‘I would like you to act as a friend to me upon all occasions.’ ‘Oh! that’s elegant,’ observed Sir Harry, ‘we will now have rare sport.’ ‘I’m mighty glad to hear it,’ Jem replied, ‘for I want a little sport after all the troubles I had.’ Oh! you’re a brave fellow,’ said Sir Harry. ‘To be sure I am,’ answered Jem, ‘didn’t I leap the grey horse over the big pond?’

“The gentlemen with the box and whip here came up to Jem and his friends, and the whip-gentleman took off his hat, and said, ‘Might I be after asking you, is there any one of the present company Squire Kavanagh?’ Jem did not like the looks of the gentlemen, and Sir Harry M’Manus stepped before him, and said, ‘Yes; he is here to the fore. What is your business with him? I am acting as *his friend*, and I have a right to ask the question.’ ‘Then I’ll tell ye what it is,’ said the gentleman, ‘he insulted my sister, at the Naas races, yesterday.’ ‘Oh!’ said Jem, ‘that’s an infernal lie.’ The word was hardly

out of his mouth when he got a crack of a horse-whip across the face, that cut, he thought, his head in two. He caught hold of the gentleman, and tried to take the whip out of his hand, but instead of the strength of Jem M'Gowan, he had only the weakness of Squire Kavanagh, and he was in an instant collared, and in spite of all his kicking and roaring he was leathcred with the big whip, from the top of his head to the sole of his foot. The gentleman got at last a little tired of beating him, and flinging Jem away from him, he exclaimed, 'you and I are now quits about the lie, but you must give me satisfaction for insulting my sister.'

"'Satisfaction!' roared out Jem, as he twisted and turned about with the pain of the beating he had got, 'by my sookins, I'll never be satisfied till every bone in your ugly body is broken.'

"'Very well,' said the gentleman, 'my friend Captain M'Gennis is come prepared for this.' Upon that Jem saw the square box opened, that he thought was filled with a beautiful present for him. He then, to his astonishment, beheld four wicked-looking pistols nicely arranged, and lying contentedly beside each other, while there lay in one corner about two dozen of shining bran-new lead bullets. Jem's knees knocked together with affright, but he knew not what should become of him, when he saw Captain M'Gennis and his dear friend, Sir Harry, priming and loading the pistols. 'Oh! murder, murder, this is worse than the grey horse,' he said, 'now, I am quite sure of being killed entirely.' He caught hold of Sir Harry by the coat, and stuttered out, 'Oh! then, what in the world are ye going to do with me?' 'Oh!' replied his friend, 'you're going to stand a shot.' 'The devil a shot I'll stand,' answered Jem, 'I'll run away this minute.' 'Then, by my

honor and veracity, if you do,' replied Sir Harry, 'I'll stop you with a bullet; my honor is concerned in this business — you asked me to be your friend, and I'll see you go through it respectably; you must either stand and be shot like a gentleman, or I'll shoot you like a dog. I'll take right good care you sha'nt disgrace the two of us; come, take your ground, and never fear I'll bring you through creditably.'

"Jem wished he was no longer Squire Kavanagh, and as they dragged him up face to face with the gentleman, and placed them about eight yards asunder, Jem thought of the quiet easy life he had led before he became a grand gentleman; he never, while a laboring boy, was ducked in a pond, or shot like a wild duck, but now — he heard something said about 'making ready,' he saw the gentleman rise his pistol on a level with his head, he endeavored to lift up his arm, but it stuck as fast by his side as if it were glued there. He saw the wide mouth of the wicked gentleman's pistol opened at his very eye, and it looked as if it were pasted up to his face. He could even see the leaden bullet that he knew would be soon skelpin' through his poor brains. He saw the gentleman's finger crooken back on the trigger — his head began to swim — his stomach rose as if it would fly out of his mouth, and in his agony he cried out, 'Oh! I wish I was Jem M'Gowan back again.'——

"'Jem, you'll loose half your day's work,' said Ned Maguire, who labored in the same field with him. 'There you have been sleeping ever since you eat your dinner, while Square Kavanagh, that you were always talking about, was shot a few minutes ago in a duel, that he fought with some strange gentleman, in his own demesne.'

"'Oh!' said Jem, 'I wouldn't for the wealth of the

world be a gentleman ; better to labor all day than spend half an hour in the grandest of company.' ”

“Thank’ee, granny,” yawned out Pat M’Gowan, as he shuffled off to bed, “after that long story, I don’t think I’ll ever wish to be a lord again.”

•

IT'S MY LUCK.*

BY MRS. D. C. HALL.

"Some call it providence, and others fate."

"WELL, ma'am dear, I never thought that ye're going into foreign parts would make a heathen of ye entirely. To be sure it turns the mind a little to leave one's own people; but to shift that way against what the whole world knows to be as true as gospel! It's myself that couldn't even it to you, at all, at all—so I couldn't—if I hadn't heard it with my own ears!"

"I assure you, Moyna, you are very much mistaken in imagining that the whole world adopt your notions of predestination, for—"

"I ax ye're pardon for interrupting you, my lady; but I said nothing about pra—pra—I can't twist my tongue round the word," continued Moyna; adding, with that exuberant vanity which prevents the Irish from ever pleading guilty to the sin of ignorance—"Not but I've often heard it before."

"Predestination, Moyna, means what you call luck—a thing you believe you cannot avoid—a sort of spirit that deals out to you good or evil, in defiance of your own wishes."

Moyna looked puzzled—exceedingly puzzled; she knocked the ashes out of her pipe against the post originally intended to support a gate, which, according to Moyna's reading, "her luck" had prevented from being either

* From "The Irish Penny Magazine."

made or hung; and stuffing her middle finger into the bowl of the little puffing medium, so as to ascertain that no hidden fire remained in its recess, she returned it to her pocket—clasped her hands so as to grasp the post within her palms, and, leaning against it, one foot crossed over the instep of the other, she turned her head a little round, and called to her husband by the familiar but affectionate appellation of “Tim a vourneen!”

“Tim”—or, to speak correctly, Timothy Brady—made his conge from beneath the roof of a picturesque but most comfortless sheeling—a cottage that would have looked delightful in a painted landscape—a matter essentially different from a delightful cottage in reality. Nothing could be more beautiful than the surrounding scenery; wood and water, hill and dale—a bold mountain in the distance—a blue sky over head—the turrets of a lofty castle shining among the woods—and the lawns and shrubberies of another, extending to the little patch of common, on which seven or eight huts, similar in appearance to my poor friend’s dwelling, were congregated. The lord of the one mansion imported his own mutton into England; and the master of the other assured his London friends, that his agent assured him, that the peasantry in the neighborhood of his park were “the finest and the happiest peasantry on the face of the earth.” But neither the one nor the other had any thing to do with my poor cotter and his wife, for it was many years since they had visited their estates. Had it been otherwise, Timothy and Moyna must have thought more wisely, and acted more discreetly.

Timothy Brady differed in nothing from the generality of his countrymen, except that he was “better larned” for he could read and write, and, when a lad was in great

esteem as a "mass server," and noted as being "remarkable handsome at the altar." I had not seen him for some time, and was struck with the painful change which a few years had made in his fine athletic form. Moyna had ever been a careless, affectionate "slob of a girl," who would "go from Bantry to Boyne to sarve me on her bare knees," but had little idea of serving herself. Such a character is not improved by age; but there was a time when I had hoped a better fate for Timothy. His sunken eye became bright and animated when he saw one who had rendered him some service, and he pulled up his stockings over his bare legs, with that striking regard to propriety which an Irish peasant rarely forgets in the presence of a female.* After the usual civilities had passed, Moyna commenced—

"The lady's at me agin about the luck; and now, may be, she'll have the goodness to say what she said awhile ago."

"I told your wife that predestination is what she calls luck, and that she would agree very well with the Turks."

"The Turks!" repeated Moyna, throwing up her hands and eyes in horror. "Oh, ma'am, honey—I never thought you'd even the Turks to one of your own country! Oh, Tim, Tim! was I like a Turk when I sat by your bed, night

* I may mention, by the way, a striking instance of this characteristic. Some friends of mine were on a boating excursion, a few years ago, in Bantry Bay—and a lady was filling to each of the boatmen a glass of whiskey. Observing that one of them was looking in an opposite direction, she slyly dipped the glass into the water, and handed it to him, in lieu of the more agreeable beverage. The man took it, bowed, and—while the eyes of the whole party were upon him, expecting a "splutter," or perhaps an oath—drank it off, returned the glass, with a "thank ye kindly ma'am," and without the slightest change of countenance. "Why, Pat," exclaimed the lady in astonishment, "do you like salt-water?" "No, ma'am, I do not like salt-water, but if you had given me a glass of poison I would have drank it."

and day, while ye had the typhus fever? Was I like a Turk when I took Mary Clooney's child from off the dead breast of its mother, and she kilt at the same time by that very fever, that kilt her husband? Was I like a Turk, when I took the bed, that was no bed, only a lock o' straw, from under me, that blind Barry might die dacent and easy, in consideration of the high family that owned him? Was I like a Turk when —"

"Moyna, will ye whisht, woman dear? — you have no understanding; the lady only meant that you and the Turks had different names for the same thing. Wasn't that it?"

I bowed and smiled.

"Was that it? Och, bother! — to be sure we have different names. I ax ye'r pardon, but I think ye said I'd agree with the Turks!"

"Yes, good Moyna, in one thing; you believe in 'luck,' and so do they."

Moyna was appeased, and Timothy took up the matter.

"There's no denying luck, nor no going against it, lady dear, that's the short and long of it. It's my luck never to make as much by any thing as another. Why the bonneen we reared from the size o' my hand that Dorney Cobb offered me any money for at Candlemas, caught cold and died at Easter — sorra a man on the common had the luck to lose a pig but myself!"

"How did it catch cold?"

"Out of nothing in the world but my luck; it was used, poor thing, to sleep in the cabin with ourselves, as the sty had no roof; but a neighbor's child was sick, and my woman axed some of the family in, and the pig was forced, out of manners to give up his bed, and sleep in the sty, which as it had no roof, let in the rain. And it was mourn-

ful to hear the wheezing he had in the morning ; and to see him turn his back on the pick of the mealy potatoes just before he died."

"Well, Timothy, I should call that mismanagement ; I do not see either good or bad luck in the case ; for it is clear, that, if the sty had been roofed, the pig would not have been accustomed to cottage warmth, and, consequently, could not have caught cold."

"Well, lady ; listen—it was my luck entirely that hindered my roofing the sty. I'll tell you all about it. Did ye know Tom Dooley ?—sorra a hand's turn he'd do from Monday morning till Saturday night—barring the hoight of mischief. Ye didn't now Tom ?—well, ma'am, I'm sure you mind his brother Micky—'One-eyed Mick,' he was called, because he as good as lost the other in a bit of a spree at the fair of Rathmullin, and could get no justice for it."

"No justice for the *spree*, do you mean, Timothy ?" •

"No, ma'am, I mean no justice for his eye ; clearly proving there's no law for the poor—God help them ! The boy he fought with was as good as thirty years older than himself, a tough ould fellow, with a crack-stiek skull that nothing could harm. So Mick know'd that, and he never offered at the head, but the shins—which he broke as complate as any thing you ever saw. And so the magistrate set the ould boy's shins against Mickey's eye, and bid them make it up."

"But Timothy, let us get back to where we set out—the pigsty."

"Throth, yes," returned Tim, "though I'm sorry to take a lady to a dirty subject. Tom Dooley says to me, says he, 'Tim ye'r in want of a lock of straw to keep the heavens out of the piggyery.' 'I am,' says I. 'Well,'

says he, 'come over to me, I've a lot of as fine barley straw as ever danced under a flail, and ye shall have it, just for thank ye.' 'God bless ye, and good luck to you and your's for ever and ever, amen!' 'And when'll you look over for it?' says he. 'To-morrow, for certain,' says I. 'Very good—to-morrow, by all means,' says he, 'and make my respects to the woman that owns ye.' Now, ma'am dear, mind the luck; something or other hindered Moyna from taking my brogues to be mended, to the brogue-makers that night. So I couldn't go the next day, and that very evening a great splinter ran into my foot out of the spade handle.

"Stop, my good friend, if the spade handle was splintered, why did you not mend it?"

"Ma'am dear, that was a way you had, ever and always tripping a body up in their story. Sure I did mend—that is, I cased it with a bit of cord. But it was my luck hindered me, and the bad foot, from going the day after that; and one thing or another came across me, until it was just a week before I could go for the straw. Well, the black boy himself put it into my head to borrow Matthey Maccan's white mare. 'Take her and welcome,' says Matty; 'but mind, if you put yourself or any thing else on her, she'll kick till she smashes every bone in your body, though she'll draw a creel or a cart till the day of judgment, as easy as May butter.'—'Thank ye kindly, Matthew,' says I, 'I'll mind fast enough,' and away I went. And at his own gate I saw Tom, as grand as Cromwell, with his hands in his pockets, and a silk Barcelona round his neck, like any gentleman. To be sure the luck of some people! 'Good evening, Tim,' says he. 'Good evening, kindly,' says I. 'Where are you going with Matthew Maccan's beast?' says he. 'No further than

this,' says I, 'until I go home again,' 'I'm always glad to see an ould friend,' says he; 'but why didn't ye come,' says he again, 'for the barley straw?' 'Sure I'm come for it now,' says I. 'You are,' says he, opening his grey eyes at me, like a wild cat; 'sorra as much for ye, then as would build a sparrow's nest,' says the traitor; 'if ye'd been glad of it, you would have come when you was bid to come, and not let a whole week rowl over your head; I gave the straw to Jemmy Hatchet, and by this time it's no straw, but a roof, and a good one too, to his sty, and his neat clean barn.' 'It's ill done of ye,' says I, as cool as a cabbage-leaf, though my blood was bolin' at the ill luck that follows me; 'ye might have waited; but never heed,' and I turned the horse round to come home. 'Sure,' says he, 'ye're not going to stir ill-blood out of the offer I made ye from kindness; if ye did not take advantage of it, it was your own fault, not mine.' Well, I didn't value the straw transeen ma'am dear; I've a spirit above it; but I didn't like his bestowing his dirty straw upon Jimmy Hatchet; so I makes answer, 'Do you say I'm in fault?' 'To be sure I do,' he says, with a grin of a laugh. 'Then by this, and by that,' I says, swearing a great whale of an oath, that I'd be sorry to repeat before a lady, 'I'll make ye eat both yer words and the straw.' 'Ye can't,' says he, 'and what't more, ye darn't' —. Well, that would rouse the blood of a wood-quest; — and as my luck would have it, I hit him an unlucky blow; and a dale of sorrow it got me into, —. For sartin I didn't mean to have struck so hard, and didn't think his bones were so soft. But that wasn't all of it — going home, the trouble of what I had done uppermost, I forgot what Mat had said about the horse, and got on the baste's back, who made no more ado, but kicked and plunged, and pitched

me into the thick of a pond full of young ducks and geese; and two ganders set upon me, and as good as tore the eyes out of my head, before I could get out of the water; and I had to pay two and three half-pence for the young that was killed in the scrummage. And well I know it's long afore such luck would have followed any other boy in the parish but myself. Now, ma'am dear, isn't that luck?"

"Is your story finished, Tim?"

"It just is, ma'am darlint, — that is, I mean the sty story is finished; but I could tell ye twenty as good, and better too, to show you what ill luck I have."

"There is no luck, ill or well, that I can see, from beginning to end. Your misfortunes entirely arose out of your want of punctuality; had your shoes been mended, as they ought to have been, you could have gone for the straw with comfort on the evening you were desired. Still their not being mended was no excuse for your want of punctuality. You put me in mind of an anecdote I heard once of two Irishmen, who were too lazy to pluck the figs that hung over their heads in a beautiful garden in Italy. There they lay on their backs, beneath a tree covered with fruit, their mouths open for the figs to fall into. At last a fig, by what you would call 'luck,' fell into the mouth of one of these Irishmen. 'What a lucky dog you are, Paddy!' said the the other, opening his great mouth still more widely. 'I don't know that, Loony,' replied Paddy, after swallowing the fig, 'for I have had the trouble of chewing it!'"

"Agh, ma'am honey! I wonder how you have the heart to tell such stories against your own country; letting the foreigners laugh at us that way."

"Listen, Timothy; how would your own case read?"

Timothy Brady was indicted for an assault upon Mister Thomas Dooley, who swore that he told the aforesaid Timothy Brady, that, if he came to him on the evening of the first of May he would make him a present of a load of straw to thatch his pigsty; that Brady promised to come, but never came until the seventh of May; and in the meantime he, Thomas Dooley, thinking that Brady did not wish to thatch his pigsty, had given the load of straw to an industrious man who did thatch his pigsty; that when Brady found the straw had been given, he, without any provocation —

“Oh, easy, ma'am dear! — you forget the laugh.”

“And who could help laughing? — ‘without any provocation did assault the said Thomas Dooley.’ Now is it not so, worthy Timotheus?”

Reasoning with the Irish on this subject is pretty much like attempting to swim against the stream of a powerful river. You catch some little turn or current, and you think you have them there. No such thing. Away they go the next minute.

I wished them both a kind good morrow, and had nearly arrived at the village where we lodged, when, panting and breathless, the wife overtook me.

“What's the matter, Moyna?”

“Oh, the man has the tooth-ache so bad that I'm forced to run for a pipe, the smoking does it good.”

“What, has he not a pipe?”

“He had ma'am, but he lent it to Briney Moore.”

“But I saw you put a pipe into your pocket not twenty minutes ago.”

“So you might, ma'am dear, that's my luck; it would have stayed quiet and easy in any body else's pocket, but

there was a hole in mine, so it walked out, without so much as by ye'r leave."

"Why did you not mend the hole?"

"Faith, ma'am, honey, if I did, it would break out again," said Moyna, with much impatience of tone and gesture. "Where's the good of mending any thing, when we've no luck?"

Poor Moyna! she would have been very angry had she known that I again compared her to the Turks, and was more than ever satisfied that, till belief in fatalism is rooted out, poor Ireland will have no luck."

THE IRISH MAGISTRATE.

A FEW years before the battle of Knocktudah, an extraordinary instance of civic justice occurred in this town, which in the eyes of its citizens elevated their chief magistrate to a rank with the inflexible Roman. James Lynch Fitz-Stephen, an opulent merchant, was mayor of Galway in 1493. He had made several voyages to Spain, as a considerable intercourse was then kept up between that country and the western coast of Ireland. When returning from his last visit he brought with him the son of a respectable merchant named Gomez, whose hospitality he had largely experienced, and who was now received by his family with all that warmth of affection which from the earliest period has characterised the natives of Ireland. Young Gomez soon became the intimate associate of Walter Lynch, the only son of the mayor, a youth in his twenty-first year, and who possessed qualities of mind and body which rendered him an object of general admiration ; but to these was unhappily united a disposition of libertinism, which was the source of the greatest affliction to his father. The worthy magistrate, however, was now led to entertain hopes of a favorable change in his son's character, as he was engaged in paying honorable addresses to a beautiful young lady of good family and fortune. Preparatory to the nuptials, the mayor gave a splendid entertainment, at which young Lynch fancied his intended bride viewed his Spanish friend with too much regard. The fire of jealousy was instantly lighted up in his distempered brain, and at their next interview he accused his beloved Agnes of unfaithfulness to him. Irritated at its injustice, the offended

fair one disdained to deny the charge, and the lovers parted in anger.

On the following night, while Walter Lynch slowly passed the residence of his Agnes, he observed young Gomeze to leave the house, as he had been invited by her father to spend that evening with him. All his suspicions now received the most dreadful confirmation, and in maddened fury he rushed on his unsuspecting friend, who, alarmed by a voice which the frantic rage of his pursuer prevented him from recognizing, fled towards a solitary quarter of the shore. Lynch maintained the fell pursuit till his victim had nearly reached the water's edge, when he overtook him, darted a poniard into his heart, and plunged his body, bleeding, into the sea, which, during the night, threw it back again upon the shore, where it was found and recognized on the following morning.

The wretched murderer, after contemplating for a moment the deed of horror which he had perpetrated, sought to hide himself in the recesses of an adjoining wood, where he passed the night a prey to all those conflicting feelings which the loss of that happiness he had so ardently expected, and a sense of guilt of the deepest dye, could inflict. He at length found some degree of consolation in the firm resolution of surrendering himself to the law, as the only means now left to him of expiating the dreadful crime which he had committed against society. With this determination he bent his steps towards the town at the earliest dawn of the following morning ; but he had scarcely reached its precincts, when he met a crowd approaching, amongst whom, with shame and terror, he observed his father on horseback, attended by several officers of justice. At present the venerable magistrate had no suspicion that his only son was the assassin of his friend and guest ; but

when young Lynch proclaimed himself the murderer, a conflict of feeling seized the wretched father beyond the power of language to describe. To him, as chief magistrate of the town, was entrusted the power of life and death. For a moment the strong affection of a parent pleaded in his breast, in behalf of his wretched son; but this quickly gave place to a sense of duty in his magisterial capacity as an impartial dispenser of the laws. The latter feeling at length predominated, and though he now perceived that the cup of earthly bliss was about to be forever dashed from his lips, he resolved to sacrifice all personal considerations to his love of justice, and ordered the guard to secure their prisoner.

The sad procession moved slowly towards the prison amidst a concourse of spectators, some of whom expressed the strongest admiration at the upright conduct of the magistrate, while others were equally loud in their lamentations for the unhappy fate of a highly accomplished youth, who had long been a universal favorite. But the firmness of the mayor had to withstand a still greater shock when the mother, sisters, and intended bride of the wretched Walter, beheld him who had been their hope and pride, approach pale, bound, and surrounded with spears. Their frantic outcries affected every heart except that of the inflexible magistrate, who had now resolved to sacrifice life with all that makes life valuable, rather than swerve from the path of duty.

In a few days the trial of Walter Lynch took place, and in a provincial town of Ireland, containing at that period not more than three thousand inhabitants, a father was beheld sitting in judgment, like another Brutus, on his only son; and, like him, too, condemning that son to die, as a sacrifice to public justice. Yet the trial of the firm-

ness of the upright and inflexible magistrate did not end here. His was a virtue too refined for vulgar minds ; the populace loudly demanded the prisoner's release, and were only prevented by the guards from demolishing the prison, and the mayor's house, which adjoined it ; and their fury was increased on learning that the unhappy prisoner had now become anxious for life. To these ebullitions of popular rage were added the intercessions of persons of the first rank and influence in Galway, and the entreaties of his dearest relatives and friends ; but while Lyneh evinced all the feeling of a father and a man placed in his singularly distressing circumstances, he undauntedly declared that the law should take its course.

On the night preceeding the fatal day appointed for the execution of Walter Lynch, this extraordinary man entered the dungeon of his son, holding in his hand a lamp, and accompanied by a priest. He locked the grate after him, kept the keys fast in his hand, and then seated himself in the recess of the wall. The wretched culprit drew near, and, with a faltering tongue, asked if he had anything to hope. The mayor answered, " No, my son — your life is forfeited to the laws, and at sun-rise you must die ! I have prayed for your prosperity ; but that is at end—with this world you are done forever — were any other but your wretched father your judge, I might have dropped a tear over my child's misfortune, and solieited for his life, even though stained with murder ; but you must die ; these are the last drops that shall queneh the sparks of nature ; and, if you dare hope, implore that heaven may not shut the gates of merey on the destroyer of his fellow-creature. I am now come to join with this good man in petitioning God to give you such a composure as will enable you to meet your punishment with becoming resignation." After this affecting

address, he called on the clergyman to offer up their united prayers for God's forgiveness to his unhappy son, and that he might be fully fortified to meet the approaching catastrophe. In the ensuing supplications at the Throne of Mercy, the youthful culprit joined with fervor, and spoke of life and its concerns no more.

Day had scarcely broken when the signal of preparation was heard among the guards without. The father rose, and assisted the executioner to remove the fetters which bound his unfortunate son. Then unlocking the door, he placed him between the priest and himself, leaning upon an arm of each.

In this manner they ascended a flight of steps lined with soldiers, and were passing on to gain the street, when a new trial assailed the magistrate, for which he appeared not to have been unprepared. His wretched wife, whose name was Blake, failing in her personal exertions to save the life of her son, had gone in distraction to the heads of her own family, and prevailed on them, for the honor of their house, to rescue him from ignominy. They flew to arms, and a prodigious concourse soon assembled to support them, whose outcries for mercy to the culprit must have shaken any nerves less firm than those of the mayor of Galway. He exhorted them to yield submission to the laws of their country; but finding all his efforts fruitless to accomplish the ends of justice at the accustomed place and by the usual hands, he, by a desperate victory over parental feeling, resolved himself to perform the sacrifice which he had vowed to pay on its altar. Still retaining a hold of his unfortunate son, he mounted with him by a winding stair within the building that led to an arched window overlooking the street, which he saw filled by the populace. Here he secured the end of the rope which had been pre-

viously fixed round the neck of his son, to an iron staple which projected from the wall, and, after taking from him a last embrace, he launched him into eternity.

The intrepid magistrate expected instant death from the fury of the populace; but the people seemed so much overawed or confounded by the magnanimous act, that they retired slowly and peaceably to their several dwellings. The innocent cause of this sad tragedy is said to have died, soon after, of grief, and the unhappy father of Walter Lynch to have secluded himself during the remainder of his life from all society, except that of his mourning family. His house still exists in Lombard Street, Galway, which is yet known by the name of "Dead Man's Lane," and under the front window are to be seen a skull and cross bones executed in black marble.

THE POOR SCHOLAR.

BY WILLIAM CARLETON.

"THERE is no country on the earth (says the author) in which either education, or the desire to procure it, is so much revered as in Ireland. Next to the claims of the priest and schoolmaster come those of the poor scholar for the respect of the people. It matters not how poor or how miserable he may be; so long as they see him struggling with poverty in the prosecution of a purpose so laudable, they will treat him with attention and kindness. Here there is no danger of his being sent to the workhouse, committed as a vagrant — or passed from parish to parish, until he reaches his own settlement. Here, the humble lad is not met by the sneer of purse-proud insolence, or his simple tale answered only by the frown of heartless contempt. No — no — no. The best bit and sup are placed before him; and whilst his poor but warm-hearted entertainer can afford only potatoes and salt to his own half-starved family, he will make a struggle to procure something better for the poor scholar; '*Bekase he's far from his own, the crathur!*' An' sure the intintion in him is good, any how; the Lord prosper him, an' every one that has the heart set upon the larning!"

Jemmy M'Evoy was the son of a poor farmer in the parish of Ballysogarth, who was much reduced in his circumstances by the oppression of a factor, or middleman. Having a strong and virtuous desire to possess an education suitable for the office of a clergyman, in order, if possible, to be the means of rescuing his unfortunate parents from the poverty of their condition, a collection in money was

humanely made at the different places of worship in the parish, to enable him to set out on his laudable expedition to a distant school in Munster. At length Jemmy was equipped, and sad and heavy became the hearts of his parents and immediate relations, as the morning appointed for his departure drew nigh.

On the evening before, several of his more distant relatives came to take their farewell of him, and, in compliance with the usages of Irish hospitality, they were detained for the night. They did not, however, come empty-handed ; some brought money ; some brought linen, stockings or small presents — “ jist, Jimmy asthore, to keep *me* in yer mcmory, sure, — and nothin’ else it is for, mavourncen.”

Except Jemmy himself, and one of his brothers, who was to accompany him part of the way, none of the family slept. The mother exhibited deep sorrow, and Dominick, although he made show of firinness, felt, now that the crisis was at hand, nearly incapable of parting with the boy. The conversation of their friends and the cheering effects of the poteen, enabled them to sustain his loss better than they otherwise would have done, and the hope of seeing him one day “ an ordained priest,” contributed more than either to support them.

When the night was nearly half spent, the mother took a candle and privately withdrew to the room in which the boy slept. The youth was fair and interesting to look upon — the clustering locks of his white forehead were divided ; yet there was on his otherwise open brow, a shade of sorrow produced by the coming separation, which even sleep could not efface. The mother held the candle gently towards his face, shading it with one hand, lest the light might suddenly awake him ; she then surveyed his features

long and affectionately, whilst the tears fell in showers from her cheeks.

"There you lie," she softly sobbed out, in Irish, "the sweet pulse of your mother's heart; the flower of our flock, the pride of our eyes, and the music of our hearth! Jimmy, avourneen machree, an' how can I part wid you, my darlin' son! Sure, when I look at your mild face, and think that you're takin' the world on your head to *rise* us out of our poverty, isn't my heart breakin'! A lonely house we'll have afther you, acushla! Goin' out and comin' in, at home or abroad, your voice won't be in my ears, nor your eye smilin' upon me; an' thin to think of what you may suffer in a strange land! If your head aches, on what tendher breast will it lie? or who will bind the ribbon of comfort round it? or wipe your fair mild brow in sickness? Oh, blessed Mother!—hunger, sickness and sorrow may come upon you when you'll be far from your own, an' from them that loves you."

This melancholy picture was too much for the tenderness of the mother; she sat down beside the bed, rested her face on her open hand, and wept in subdued but bitter grief. At this moment his father, who probably suspected the cause of her absence, came in and perceived her distress.

"Vara," said he, in Irish, also, "is my darlin' son asleep?"

She looked up, with streaming eyes, as he spoke, and replied to him in a manner so exquisitely affecting, when the circumstances of the boy, and tender allusion made by the sorrowing mother, are considered—that in point of fact no heart, certainly no Irish heart, could withstand it. There is an old Irish melody unsurpassed in pathos, simplicity and beauty—named in Irish "*Tha ma machulla's*

na foscail me,"—or in English, "I am asleep, and don't waken me." The position of the boy caused the recollection of the melody to flash into the mother's heart,—she simply pointed to him as the words streamed in a low melodious murmur, but one full of heart-rending sorrow, from her lips. The old sacred association—for it was one which she had sung for him a thousand times,—until warned to desist by his tears—deepened the tenderness of her heart, and she said with difficulty, whilst she involuntarily held over the candle to gratify the father's heart by a sight of him.

"I was keepin' him before my eye," she said; "God knows but it may be the last night we'll ever see him under our own roof! Dominick, achora, I doubt I can't part wid him from my heart."

"Then how can I, Vara?" he replied. "Wasn't he my right hand in every thing? When was he from me, ever since he took a man's work upon him? And when he'd finish his own task for the day, how kindly he'd begin an' help me wid mine! No, Vara, it goes to my heart to let him go away upon sich a plan, and I wish he hadn't taken the notion into his head at all."

"It's not too late, maybe," replied his mother; "I think it wouldn't be hard to put him off of it; the crathur's own heart is failin' him to lave us. He has sorrow upon his face where he lies."

The father looked at the expression of affectionate melancholy which shaded his features as he slept; and the perception of the boy's internal struggle against his own domestic attachments in accomplishing his first determination, powerfully touched his heart.

"Vara," said he, "I know the boy—he won't give it up; and 'twould be a pity—maybe a sin—to put him

from it. Let the child get fair play, and thry his coorse. If he fails, he can come back to us, an' our arms an' hearts will be open to welcome him! But, if God prospers him, wouldn't it be a blessin' that we never expected, to see him in the white robes, celebratin' one mass for his parents. If these ould eyes could see that, I would be continted to close them in pace an' happiness for ever."

"An' well you'd become them, avourneen machree! Well would your mind and handsome countenance look wid the long heavenly stole of innocence upon you! and although it's atin' into my heart, I'll bear it for the sake of seein' the same blessed sight. Look at that face, Dominick; mightn't many a lord of the land be proud to have such a son? May the heavens shower down its blessin' upon him!"

The father burst into tears. "It is — it is!" said he. "It is the face that 'ud make many a noble heart proud to look at it! Is it any wondher it 'ud cut *our* hearts, thin, to have it taken from afore our eyes? Come away, Vara, come away, or I'll not be able to part wid it. It *is* the lovely face — an' kind is the heart of my darlin' child!" As he spoke, he stooped down and kissed the youth's cheeks, on which the warm tears of affection fell, soft as the dew from heaven. The mother followed his example, and they both left the room.

"We must bear it," said Dominick, as they passed into another apartment; "the money's gathered, an' it wouldn't look well to be goin' back wid it to them that befrinded us. *We'd* have the blush upon our face for it, an' the child no advantage."

"Thrue for you, Dominick; and we must make up our mind to live widout him for a while."

The morning came; it was dark and cloudy, but calm,

and without rain. When the family were all assembled, every member of it evinced traces of deep feeling, and every eye was fixed upon the serene but melancholy countenance of the boy with tenderness and sorrow. He himself maintained a quiet equanimity, which, though apparently liable to be broken by the struggles of domestic affection, and in character with his meek and unassuming disposition, yet was supported by more firmness than might be expected from a mind in which kindness and sensibility were so strongly predominant. At this time, however, his character was not developed, or at least not understood by those that surrounded him. To strong feelings and enduring affections he added great keenness of perception and bitterness of invective. At breakfast little or nothing was eaten; the boy himself could not taste a morsel, nor any other person in the family. When the form of the meal was over, the father knelt down — ‘It’s right,’ said he, ‘that we should all go to our knees and join in a prayer in behalf of the child that’s goin’ on a good intintion. He won’t thrive the worse bekase the last words that he’ll hear from his father and mother’s lips is a prayer for bringin’ the blessin’ of God down upon his endeavor.’

This was accordingly performed, though not without tears and sobs, and frequent demonstrations of grief; for religion among the peasantry is often associated with bursts of deep and powerful feeling.

When the prayer was over, the boy rose, and calmly strapped to his back a satchel covered with deer-skin, containing a few books, linen, and a change of very plain apparel. While engaged in this, the uproar of grief in the house was perfectly heart-rending. When just ready to set out, he reverently took off his hat, knelt down, and with tears streaming from his eyes, craved humbly and meekly

the blessing and forgiveness of his father and mother. The mother caught him in her arms, kissed his lips, and kneeling also, sobbed out a fervent benediction upon his head; the father now, in the grief of a strong man, pressed him to his heart, until the big burning tears fell upon the boy's face; his brothers and sisters embraced him wildly; next his more distant relations; and lastly, the neighbors who were crowded about the door. After this he took a light staff in his hand, and, first blessing himself after the form of his church, proceeded to a strange land in quest of education.

He had not gone more than a few perches from the door, when his mother followed him with a small bottle of holy water. "Jimmy, a *lanna voght*,"* said she, "here's this, an' carry it about you—it will keep evil from you; an' be sure to take good care of the written correckther you got from the priest an' Squire Benson: an' darlin', don't be lookin' too often at the cuff o' your coat, for feared the people might get a notion that you have the bank-notes sewed in it. An' Jimmy agra, don't be too lavish upon their Munster crame, they say it's apt to give people the ague. Kiss me agin, agra; an' the heavens above keep you safe and well till we see you once more!"

She then tenderly, and still with melancholy pride, settled his shirt collar, which she thought did not sit well about his neck: and kissing him again, with renewed sorrow left him to pursue his journey.

As Jemmy proceeded, he found that his satchel of books and apparel gave as clear an intimation of his purpose, as if he had carried a label to that effect upon his back.

"God save you, a bouchal!" said a warm, honest-looking countryman, whom he met driving home his cows in

* My poor child.

the evening, within a few miles of the town in which he purposed to sleep.

"God save you kindly !"

"Why, thin, 'tis a long journey you have before you, alanna, for I know well it's for Munster you're bound."

"Thru for you, 'tis there wid the help of God I'm goin'. A great scarcity of larnin' was in my own place, or I wouldn't have to go at all," said the boy, whilst his eyes filled with tears.

"'Tis no discredit in life," replied the countryman, with untaught natural delicacy, for he perceived that a sense of pride lingered about the boy, which made the character of poor scholar sit painfully upon him; "'tis no discredit, dear, nor don't be cast down. I'll warrant you that God will prosper you; an' that he may, avick, I pray this day!" and as he spoke, he raised his hat in reverence to the Being whom he invoked. "An' tell me, dear—where do you intend to sleep to-night?"

"In the town forrid here," replied Jemmy. "I'm in hopes I'll be able to reach it before dark."

"Pooh! asy you will. Have you any friends or acquaintances there that 'ud welcome you, a *bouchal dhas* (my handsome boy)?"

"No, indeed," said Jemmy; "they're all strangers to me; but I can stop in 'dhry lodgin', for it's chaper."

"Well, alanna, I believe you; but *I'm no stranger to you*—so come home wid me to-night; where you'll get a good bed, an' betther thratement nor in any of their dhry lodgings. Give me your books, an' I'll carry them for you. Ethen, but you have a great batch o' them entirely. Can you make any hand o' the Latin at all yet?"

"No, indeed," replied Jemmy, somewhat sorrowfully "I didn't ever open a Latin book, at all, at all."

"Well, acushla, every thing has a beginnin' ; you won't be so. An' I know by your face that you'll be bright at it, an' a credit to them that owes * you. There's my house in the fields beyant, where you'll be well kept for one night, any way, or for twinty, or for ten times twinty, if you wanted them."

The honest farmer then commenced the song of *Colleen dhas Crotha na Mho†* which he sang in a clear mellow voice, until they reached the house.

"Alley," said the man to his wife, on entering, "here's a stranger I've brought you."

"Well," replied Alley, "he's welcome sure, any way ; *Kead millia failta ghud*, alanna ! sit over to the fire. Brian, get up, dear," said she to one of the children "an' let the stranger to the hob."

"He's goin' on a good errand, the Lord bless him ! " said the husband, "up the country for the larnin'. Put thim books over on the settle ; an' when the *girshas* are done milkin', give him a brave dhrink of the sweet milk ; it's the stuff to thravel on."

"Throth, an' I will, with a heart an' a half, wishin' it was betther I had to give him. Here, Nelly, put down a pot o' wather, an' lave soap an' a *praskeen*, afore you go to milk, till I bathe the dacent boy's feet. Sore an' tired they are afther his journey, poor young crathur."

When Jemmy placed himself upon the hob, he saw that some peculiarly good fortune had conducted him to so comfortable a resting-place. He considered this a good omen, and felt, in fact, much relieved, for the sense of loneliness among strangers was removed.

The house evidently belonged to a wealthy farmer, well to do in the world ; the chimney was studded with sides

* Owns.

†The pretty girl milking her cow.

upon sides of yellow smoke-dried bacon, hams, and hung beef in abundance. The kitchen tables were large, and white as milk; and the dresser rich in its shining array of delf and pewter. Everything, in fact, was upon a large scale. Huge meal chests were ranged on one side, and two or three settle beds on the other, conspicuous, as I have said, for their uncommon cleanliness; whilst hung from the ceiling were the *glaiks*, a machine for churning; and beside the dresser stood an immense churn, certainly too unwieldy to be managed except by machinery. The farmer was a ruddy-faced Milesian, who wore a drab frieze coat, with a velvet collar, buff waistcoat, corduroy small clothes, and top-boots well greased from the tops down.‡ He was not only an agriculturist, but a grazier — remarkable for shrewdness and good sense, generally attended fairs and markets, and brought three or four large droves of fat cattle to England every year. From his fob hung the brass chain and almost rusty key of a watch, which he kept certainly more for use than ornament.

“A little sup o’ this,” said he, “won’t take your life,” approaching Jemmy with a bottle of as good poteen as ever escaped the eye of an exciseman; “it’ll refresh you — for you’re tired, or I wouldn’t offer it, by rason that one bint on what you’re bint on, oughn’t to be makin’ freedoms wid the same dhrink. But there’s a time for every thing, an’ there’s a time for this. Thank you, agra,” he added, in reply to Jemmy, who had drunk his health. Now don’t be frettin’ — but make yourself as aisy as if you were at your own father’s hearth. You’ll have every thing to your heart’s contint for this night; the carts are goin’ in to the market to-morrow airly — you can sit upon them an’ maybe you’ll get somethin’ more nor you expect; sure the Lord

‡This, almost in every instance, is the dress of a wealthy Irish farmer.

has given it to me, an' why wouldn't I share it wid them that wants it more nor I do?"

The lad's heart yearned towards the generous farmer, for he felt his kindness had the stamp of truth and sincerity upon it. He could only raise his eyes in a silent prayer, that none belonging to him might ever be compelled, as strangers and wayfarers, to commit themselves, as he did, to the casualties of life, in pursuit of those attainments which poverty cannot otherwise command. Fervent, indeed, was his prayer; and certain we are, that because it was sincere, it must have been heard.

In the mean time, the good woman, or *vanithee*, had got the pot of water warmed, in which Jemmy was made to put his feet. She then stripped up her arms to the elbows, and, with soap and seedy meal, affectionately bathed his legs and feet; then, taking the *praskeen*, or coarse towel, she wiped them with a kindness which thrilled to his heart.

"And now," said she, "I must give you a cure for blisters, an' it's this: — In the mornin', if we're all spared, as we will, plase the Almighty, I'll give you a needle an' some white woolen thread, well soaped. When your blisters gets up, dhraw the soapy thread through them, clip it on each side, an', my life for yours, they won't trouble you. Sure I thried it the year I went on my Station to Lough Derg, an' I know it to be the rael cure."

"Here, Nelly," said the farmer, — who sat with a placid, benevolent face, smoking his pipe on the opposite hob — to one of the maids who came in from milking, — "bring up a noggin of that milk, we want it here; let it be none of your washy *foremilk*, but the *strippins*, Nelly, that has the strinth in it. Up wid it here, a colleen."

"The never a one o' the man but's doatin' downright, so he is," observed the wife, "to go to fill the tired child's

stomach wid plash. Can't you wait till he ates a thrifle o' somethin' stout, to keep life in him, afther his hard journey? Does your feet feel themselves cool an' aisy now, a hagar!"

"Indeed," said Jemmy, "I'm almost as fresh as when I set out. 'Twas little thought I had when I came away this mornin', that I'd meet wid so much friendship on my journey. I hope it's a sign that God's on my side in my undertakin'."

"I hope so, avourneen—I hope so, an' it is, too," replied the farmer, taking the pipe out of his mouth, and mildly whiffing away the smoke, "an' God'll be always on your side, as long as your intentions are good. Now ate somethin', you must want it by this; an' thin, when your rest yourself bravely, take a toss into a good feather-bed, where you can sleep rings round you.* Who knows but you'll be able to say mass for me or some o' my family yit. God grant that any way, avick!"

Poor James's heart was too full to cat much; he took, therefore, only a very slender portion of the refreshments set before him; but his hospitable entertainer had no notion of permitting him to use the free exercise of his discretion on this important point. When James put away the knife and fork, as an indication of his having concluded the meal, the farmer and his wife turned about, both at the same moment, with a kind of astonishment—

"Eh? is it givin' over that way you are? Why, a lana, it's nothin' at all you've tuck; sure little Brien there would make a fool of you, so he would at the atin.' Come, come, a bouchal—don't be ashamed, or make any way strhange at all, but ate hearty."

* As much as you please.

"I declare I *have* ate heartily, thank you," replied James, "occans itself, so I did. I couldn't swally a bit more if the house was full."

"Arrah, Brian," said the wife, "cut him up more o' that hung beef, it's ashamed the crathur is! Take it avick; don't we know the journey you had! Faix, if one o' the boys was out on a day's thravellin', you'd see how he'd handle himself."

"Indeed," said James, "I can't — if I could I would. Sure I would be no way backward at all, so I wouldn't."

"Throth, an' you can an' must," said the farmer, "the never a rise you'll rise, till you finish that," — putting over a complement out of all reasonable proportion with his age and size.

"There now's a small taste, an' you must finish it. To go to ate nothin' at all! Hut tut! by the tops o' my boots, you must put that clear an' clane out o' sight, or I'll go mad an' burn them."

The lad re-commenced, and continued to eat as long as he could possibly hold out; at length he ceased:

"I can't go on," said he, "don't ax me: I can't indeed."

"Bad manners to the word I'll hear till you finish it: you know it's but a thrifle to spake of. Thry agin, avick, but take your time; you'll be able for it."

The poor lad's heart was engaged on other thoughts and other scenes; his home, and its beloved inmates — sorrow, and the gush of young affections, were ready to burst forth.

"I cannot ate," said he, and he looked imploringly on the farmer and his wife, whilst the tears started to his eyes "don't ax me, for my heart's wid them I left behind me,

that I may never see agin ;” and he wept in a burst of grief which he could not restrain.

Neither the strength nor the tenderness of the lad’s affection was unappreciated by this excellent couple. In a moment the farmer’s wife was also in tears ; nor did her husband break the silence for some minutes.

“The Almighty pity an’ strengthen him !” said the farmer’s wife, “but he has the good an’ the kind heart, an’ would be a credit to any family. Whist, ‘acushla machree — whist, we won’t ax you to ate — no indeed. It was out o’ kindness we did it ; don’t be cast down aither ; sure it isn’t the sea ocean you’re crossin’ ; but goin’ from one county like to another. God ’ll guard an’ take care o’ you, so he will. Your intintion’s good, an’ he ’ll prosper it.

“He will, avick,” said the farmer himself — “He will. Cheer up, my good boy ! I know him that’s larned an’ creditable clargy this day, that went as you’re goin’ — ay, an’ that ris’ an’ helped their parents, an’ put them above poverty an’ distress, an’ never fear, wid a blessin’ but you’ll do the same.”

“That’s what brings me at all,” replied the boy, drying his tears ; “if I was once able to take them out o’ their distresses, I’d be happy ; only I’m a feared the cares o’ the world will break my father’s heart before I have it in my power to assist him.”

“No such thing, darlin’,” said the good woman. “Sure his hopes out o’ you an’ his love for you, will keep him up an’ you dunna but God may give him a blessin’, too, avick.”

“Mix another sup o’ that for him,” said the the farmer ; “he’s low spirited, an’ it’s too strong to give him any more of it as it is. Childhre, where’s the masther from us — eh ? Why, thin, God help them, the crathurs — wasn’t it

thoughtful * o' them to lave the place while he was at his dinner, for fraid he'd be dashed — manin' them young crathurs, Alley. But can you tell us where the 'masther' is? Isn't this his night wid us? I know he tuck his dinner here."

"Ay did he; but it's up to Larry Murphy's he's gone, to thry his son in his book-keepin'. Mayrone, but he had time enough to put him well through it afore this, any way."

As she spoke, a short, thick-set, man, with black twinkling eyes and ruddy cheeks entered. This personage was no other than the school-master of the district, who circulated, like a newspaper from one farmer's house to another, in order to expound for his kind entertainers the news of the day, his own learning, and the very evident extent of their ignorance.

The moment he came in, the farmer and his wife rose with an air of much deference, and placed a chair for him exactly opposite the fire, leaving a respectful distance on each side, within which no illiterate mortal durst presume to sit.

"Misther Corcoran," said the farmer, presenting Jemmy's satchel, through which the shapes of the books were quite plain, "*thig in thu shinn?*"† and as he spoke he looked significantly at its owner.

"Ah!" replied the man of letters, "*thigum, thigum.*‡ God be wid the day when I carried the likes of it. 'Tis a badge of polite genius, that no boy need be ashamed of. So my young suckling of litherature, you're bound for Munster? — for that country where the swallows fly in

* Considerate.

† Do you understand this?

‡ I understand — I understand.

conic sections — where the magpies and turkeys confab in Latin, and the cows and bullocks will roar you Doric Greek — bo a-o — clamo. What's your pathronymic? — *quo nomine gowdes, Domine doctissime?*”

The lad was silent; but the farmer's wife turned up the whites of her eyes with an expression of wonder and surprise at the crudition of the “mashur.”

“I persave you are as yet uninitiated into the elementary *principia* of the languages; well — the honor is still before you. What's your name?”

“James M'Evoy, sir.”

Just now the farmer's family began to assemble round the spacious hearth; the young lads, whose instruction the worthy teacher claimed as his own peculiar task, came timidly forward, together with two or three pretty bashful girls with sweet flashing eyes and countenances full of feeling and intelligence. Behind on the settles, half-a-dozen servants of both sexes sat in pairs — each boy placing himself beside his favorite girl. These *appeared* to be as strongly interested in the learned conversation which the master held, as if they were masters and mistresses of Munster Latin and Doric Greek themselves; but an occasional thump cautiously bestowed by no slender female hand upon the sturdy shoulder of her companion, or a dry cough from one of the young men, fabricated to drown the coming blow, gave slight indications that they contrived to have a little amusement among themselves, altogether independent of Mr. Corcoran's erudition.

When the latter came in, Jemmy was taking the tumbler of punch which the farmer's wife had mixed for him; on this he fixed an expressive glance, which instantly reverted to the *vanithee*, and from her to the large bottle which

stood in a window to the right of the fire. It is a quick eye however, that can anticipate Irish hospitality.

"Alley," said the farmer, ere the wife had time to comply with the hint conveyed by the black twinkling eyes of the schoolmaster; "why Alley"—

"Sure I am," she replied, "and will have it for you in less than no time."

She accordingly addressed herself to the bottle, and in a few minutes handed a reeking jug of punch to the *Fari-thee*, or good man.

"Come, masther, by the hand o' my body, I don't like dhry talk so long as I can get any thing to moisten the dis-coorse. Here's your health, masther," continued the farmer, winking at the rest, "and a speedy conclusion to what you know! In throth, she's the pick of a good girl—not to mintion what she has for her portion. I'm a friend to the same family, an' will put a spoke in your wheel, masther, that'll sarve you."

"Oh, Mr. Lanigan, very well, sir—very well—you're becoming quite facetious upon me," said the little man, rather confused; "but upon my credit and reputation, except the amorous inclination in regard to me is on *her* side," and he looked sheepishly at his hands, "I can't say that the arrows of Cupid have as yet pinethrated the sintimintal side of *my* heart. It is not with me as it was wid Dido—hem—

Non 'hæret lateri lethalis arundo,'

as Virgil says. Yet, I can't say, but if a friend were to become spokesman for me, and insinuate in my behalf a small taste of amorous sintimintality, why—hem, hem, hem! The company's health. Lad, James M'Evoy, *your* health, and success to you, my good boy!—hem, hem!"

"Here's wishin' him the same!" said the farmer.

“James,” said the schoolmaster, “you are goin’ to Munsther, an’ I can say that I have travelled it from end to end, not to a bad purpose, I hope — hem! Well, a bouchal, there are hard days and nights before you, so keep a firm heart. If you have money, as ’tis likely you have, don’t let a single rap of it into hands of the schoolmaster, although the first thing he’ll do will be to bring you home to his own house, an’ palaver you night and day, till he succeeds in persuading you to leave it in his hands for security. You might, if not duly pre-admonished, surrender it to his solicitations for —

‘Nemo mortalium omnibus horis sapit.’

Michael, what case is *mortalium*?” added he, suddenly addressing one of the farmer’s sons; “come, now, Michael, where’s your brightness? What case is *mortalium*?”

The boy was taken by surprise, and for a few minutes could not reply.

“Come, man,” said the father, “be sharp, spake out bravely, an’ don’t be afeard; nor don’t be in a hurry aither, we’ll wait for you.”

“Let him alone — let him alone,” said Corcoran; “I’ll face the same boy agin the country for *cuteness*. If he doesn’t expound that, I’ll never consthre a line of Latin, or Greek, or Masoretic, while I’m livin’.”

His cunning master knew right well that the boy, who was only confused at the suddenness of the question, would feel no difficulty in answering it to his satisfaction. Indeed, it was impossible for him to miss it, as he was then reading the seventh book of Virgil, and the fourth of Homer. It is, however, a trick with such masters to put simple questions of that nature to their pupils, when at the houses of their parents, as knotty and difficult, and when

they are answered, to assume an air of astonishment at the profound reach of thought displayed by the pupil.

When Michael recovered himself, he instantly replied, "*Mortalium* is ginitive case of *nemo*, by '*Nomina Partitiva*.'"

Corcoran laid down the tumbler, which he was in the act of raising to his lips, and looked at the lad with an air of surprise and delight, then at the farmer and his wife alternately, and shook his head with much mystery. "Michael," said he to the lad, "will you go out, and tell us what the night's doin'?"

The boy accordingly went out—"Why," said Corcoran, in his absence, "if ever there was a phanix, and that boy will be the bird—an Irish phanix he will be, a

Rara avis in terris, nigroque simillima cygno!

'There's no batin' him at any thing he undbertakes. Why, there's thim that are makin' good bread by their larnin', that couldn't resolve that; and you all saw how he did it widout the book! Why, if he goes on at this rate, I'm afraid he'll soon be too many for myself—hem!"

"Too many for yourself! Fill the masther's tumbler, Alley. Too many for yourself! No, no! I doubt he'll never see that day, bright as he is, an' cute. That's it—put a hape upon it. Give me your hand, masther. I thank you for your attention to him, an' the boy *is* a credit to us. Come over, Michael, avourneen. Here, take what's in this tumbler an' finish it. Be a good boy, an' mind your lessons, an' do every thing the masther here—the Lord bless him!—bids you; an' you'll never want a frind, masther, nor a dinner, nor a bed, nor a guinea, while the Lord spares me aither the one or the other."

"I know it, Mr. Lanigan, I know it; and I will make

that boy the pride of Ireland, if I'm spared. I'll show him *cramboes* that would puzzle the great Scaliger himself; and many other difficulties I'll let him into, that I have never let out yet, except to Tim Kearney, that bate them all at Thrinity College in Dublin up, last June."

"Arrah, how was that, masther?"

"Tim, you see, went in to his entrance examinayshuns, and one of the fellows came to examine him, but divil a long it was till Tim sacked him.

"Go back agin," says Tim, 'and sind some one that's able to teach me, for you're *not*.'

"So another greater scholar agin came to thry Tim, and *did* thry him, and Tim made a hare of *him*, beforc all that was in the place—five or six thousand ladies and gintlemen at laste!

"The great learned fellows thin began to look odd enough; so they picked out the best scholar among them but one, and slipped him at Tim: but well becomes Tim, the never a long it was till he had *him*, too, as dumb as a post. The fellow went back—

"Gintlemen," says he to the rest, 'we'll be disgraced all out,' says he, 'for except the prowost sacks that Munsther spalpeen, he'll bate us all, an' we'll never be able to hould up our heads after.'

"Accordingly, the prowost attacks Tim; and such a meetin' as they had, never was seen in Thrinity College since its establishment. At last when they had been nine hours and a half at it, the prowost put one word to him that Tim couldn't expound, so he lost it by *one* word only. For the last two hours the prowost carried on the examinashun in Hebrew, thinking, you see, he *had* Tim there; but he was mistaken, for Tim answered him in good Munsther Irish, and it so happened that they understood

each other, for the two languages are first cousins, or, at all events, close blood relations. Tim was then pronounced to be the best scholar in Ireland except the provost; though among ourselves, they might have thought of the man that *taught* him. That, however, wasn't all. A young lady fell in love wid Tim, and is to make him a present of herself and her great fortune (three estates) the moment he becomes a counsellor; and in the meantime she allows him thirty pounds a year to bear his expenses and live like a gentleman.

"Now to return to the youth in the corner: *Nemo mortalium omnibus horis sapit*. Jemmy, keep your money or give it to the priest to keep, and it will be safest; but by no means let the Hyblean honey of the schoolmaster's blarney deprive you of it, otherwise it will be a *vale, vale, longum vale* between you. *Credo experto!*"

"Masther," said the farmer, "many a strange accident you met wid on yer thravels through Munsther?"

"No doubt of that Mr. Lanigan. I and another boy thravelled it in society together. One day we were walking towards a gentleman's house on the road side, and it happened that we met the owner of it in the vicinity, although we didn't know him to be such.

"*Salvete, Domini!*" said he, in good fresh Latin.

"*Tu sis salvus, quoque!*" said I to him, for my comrade wasn't cute, an' I was always orathor.

"*Unde Venitis?*" said he, comin' over us wid another deep piece of larnin', the construction of which was, 'where do yez come from?'

"I replied, '*Per varios casus et tot discrimina rerum venimus a Mayo.*'

"Good!" said he; 'you're bright; follow me.'

"So he brought us over to his own house, and ordered

us bread and cheese and a posset ; for it was Friday, an' we couldn't touch mate. He, in the mane time, sat an' chatted along wid us. The thievin' cook, however, in makin' the posset, kept the curds to herself, except a slight taste, here and there, that floated on the top : but she was liberal enough of the whey, any how.

"Now I had been well trained to fishing in my more youthful days ; and no gorsoon could grope a trout wid me. I accordingly sent the spoon through the pond before me wid the skill of a connoisseur ; but to no purpose — it came up wid nothin' but the whey.

"So, said I off hand to the gintleman, houlding up the bowl, and looking at it with a disappointed face,

Apparent *rari* mantes in gurgite vasto.

'This,' says I, 'plase your hospitality, may be Pactolus, but the divil a taste o' the proper sand is in the bottom of it.'

"The wit of this, you see, pleased him, and we got an excellent treat in his *studium*, or study ; for he was determined to give myself another trial.

"What's the wickedest line in Virgil ?" said he.

"Now I had Virgil at my fingers' ends, so I answered him :

'Flectere si nequeo superos, Acheronta movebo.'

"'Very good,' said he, 'you have the genius, and will come to somethin' yet ; now tell me the most moral line in Virgil.'

"I answered,

'Discere justitiam moniti, et non temnere divos.*'

"'Depend upon it,' said he, 'you will be a luminary.

* He is evidently drawing the long-bow here ; this anecdote has been told before.

'The morning star will be but a farthing candle to you; and if you take in the learning as you do the cheese, in a short time there won't be a man in Munsther fit to teach you,' and he laughed, for you see he had a tendency to jocosity.

"He did not give me up here, however, being determined to go deeper wid me.

"Can you translate a newspaper into Latin prose?" said he.

"Now the divil a one o' me was just then sure about the prose, so I was goin' to tell him; but before I had time to spake, he thrust the paper into my hand, and desired me to thranslate half-a-dozen barbarous advertisements.

"The first that met me was about a reward offered for a Newfoundland dog and a terrier that had been stolen from a fishing-tackle manufacturer, and then came a list of his shabby merchandise, ending with a long-winded encomium upon his gunpowder, shot, and double-barrelled guns. Now, may I be shot wid a blank cartridge, if I ever felt so much at an amplush in my life, and I said so.

"Your honor has hooked me wid the fishing-hooks," said I; 'but I grant the cheese was good bait, any how.

"So he laughed heartily, and bid me go on.

"Well I thought the first was difficult; but the second was Masoretic to it — something about drawbacks, excisemen, and a long custom-house list, that would puzzle Publius Virgilius Maro, if he was set to translate it. However, I went through wid it as well as I could; where I couldn't find Latin, I laid in the Greek, and where the Greck failed me, I gave the Irish, which, to tell the truth, in consequence of its vernacularity, I found to be the most convenient. Och, och, many a larned scrimmage I have signalized myself in, during my time. Sure my name's as

common as a mail-coach in Thrinity College ; and 'tis well known there isn't a fellow in it but I could sack, except, may be, the prowost. That's their own opinion. 'Corcoran,' says the prowost, 'is the most larned man in Ireland ; an' I'm not ashamed,' says he, 'to acknowledge that I'd rather decline meeting him upon deep points.' Ginteels, all your healths — hem ! But among ourselves I could bog him in a very short time ; though I'd scorn to deprive the gentleman of his reputaytion or his place, even if he sent me a challenge of larnin' to-morrow, although he's too cute to venture on doing *that* — hem, hem ! ”

To hear an obscure creature, whose name was but faintly known in the remote parts even of the parish in which he lived, draw the long-bow at such a rate was highly amusing. The credulous character of his auditory, however, was no slight temptation to him ; for he knew that next to the legends of their saints, or the gospel itself, his fictions ranked in authenticity ; and he was determined that it should not be his fault if their opinion of his learning and talents were not raised to the highest point.

The feeling experienced by the poor scholar, when he awoke the next morning, was one both of satisfaction and sorrow. He thought once more of his home and kindred, and reflected that it might be possible he had seen the last of his beloved relations. His grief, however, was checked when he remembered the warm and paternal affection with which he was received on the preceding night by his hospitable countryman. He offered up his prayers to God ; humbly besought his grace and protection ; nor did he forget to implore a blessing upon those who had thus soothed his early sorrows, and afforded him, though a stranger and friendless, shelter, comfort, and sympathy.

“ I hope,” thought he, “ that I will meet many such, till

I overcome my difficulties, an' find myself able to assist my poor father an' mother!"

And he did meet many such among the humble and despised, and neglected of his countrymen; for — and we say it with pride — the character of this excellent farmer is thoroughly that of our peasantry within the range of domestic life.

When he had eaten a comfortable breakfast, and seen his satchel stuffed with provision for his journey, the farmer brought him up to his own room, in which were also his wife and children.

"God," said he, "has been good to me; blessed be his holy name! — bether, it appears, in one sinse, than he has been to you, dear, though maybe I don't deserve it as well. But no matther, acushla; *I* have it an' *you* want it; so here's a thrifle to help you forrid in your larnin'; an' all I ax from you is to offer up a bit of a prayer for me, of an odd time, an' if ever you live to be a priest, to say, if it wouldn't be throublesome, one mass for me and those that you see about me. It's not much, James, agra — only two guineas. They may stand your friend, whin friends will be scarce wid you; though, I hope, that won't be the case aither."

The tears were already streaming down Jemmy's cheeks. "Oh," said the artless boy, "God forever reward you! but sure I have a great dale of money in the — in the — cuff o' my coat. Indeed, I have, an' I won't want it!"

The farmer, affected by the utter simplicity of the lad, looked at his wife and smiled, although a tear stood in his eye at the time. She wiped her eyes with her apron, and backed the kind offer of her husband.

"Take it ashore," she added, "in your cuff! Musha, God help you! sure it's not much you or the likes of you

can have in your cuff, avourneen ! Don't be ashamed, but take it ; we can well afford it, glory be to God for it ! It's no agra, bekase you're goin' the way you are — though that same's an honour to you — but bekase our hearts warmed to you, that we offered it, an' bekase we would wish you to be thinkin' of us now and thin, when you're in a strange part of the country. Let me open your pocket, an' put them into it. That's a good boy, thank you, an' God bless an' prosper you ! I'm sure you wor always biddable."

"Now, childher," said the farmer, addressing his sons and daughters, "never see the sthranger widout a frind, nor wantin' a bed or a dinner, when you grow up to be men an' women. There's many a turn in this world ; we may be strangers ourselves ; an' think of what I would feel if any of you was far from me, widout money or friends, when I'd hear that you met a fater in a strange counthry that lightened your hearts by his kindness. Now, dear, the carts 'll be ready in no time — eh ? Why there they are at the gate waitin' for you. Get into one of them, an' they'll lave you in the next town. Come, man, bud-an' age' be stout-hearted, an' don't cry ; sure we did nothin' for you to spake of."

He shook the poor scholar by the hand, and drawing his hat over his eyes, passed hurriedly out of the room. Alley stooped down, kissed his lips, and wept ; and the children each embraced him with that mingled feeling of compassion and respect which is uniformly entertained for the poor scholar in Ireland.

The boy felt as if he had been again separated from his parents ; with a sobbing bosom and wet cheeks he bid them farewell, and mounting one of the carts, was soon

beyond sight and hearing of the kind-hearted farmer and his family.

The poor scholar, in the course of his journey, had the satisfaction of finding himself an object of kind and hospitable attention to his countrymen. His satchel of books was literally a passport to their hearts. For instance, as he wended his solitary way, depressed and travel-worn, he was frequently accosted by laborers from behind a ditch on the road side, and, after giving a brief history of the object he had in view, brought, if it was dinner-hour, to some farm-house or cabin, where he was made to partake of their meal. Many, in fact, were the little marks of kindness and attention which the poor lad received on his way. Sometimes a ragged peasant, if he happened to be his fellow traveller, would carry his satchel so long as they travelled together; or a carman would give him a lift on his empty car; or some humorous postillion, or tipsy 'shay boy,' with a comical leer in his eye, would shove him into his vehicle.

Arriving at Munster, Jemmy, by the kindness of the curate, was introduced to the master of a school in the most favorable manner, and the next morning with his Latin Grammar under his arm, he went to School to taste the first bitter fruits of the tree of knowledge. On entering it, which he did with a beating heart, he found the despot of a hundred subjects sitting behind a desk, with his hat on, a brow superciliously severe, and his nose crimped into a most cutting and vinegar curl. The truth was, the master knew the character of the curate, and felt, that, because he had taken Jemmy under his protection, no opportunity remained for him of fleecing the boy, under the pretence of securing his money, and that, consequently, the arrival of the poor scholar would be no windfall, as he had

expected. When Jemmy entered, he looked first at the master ; but the master, who verified the proverb that there are none so blind as those who will not see, took no notice whatsoever of him. The boy then looked timidly about the school in quest of a friendly face, and, indeed, few faces except friendly ones were turned upon him.

The master now made inquiry how he was to be paid for the education he was to confer, and Jemmy explained that he had money to pay for two years. ' Now, I persave you have decency,' said the bare-faced knave. ' Here is your task. Get that half page by heart. You have a cute look, and I've no doubt but the stuff's in you. Come to me afther dismiss,'til we have a little talk together.' Jemmy was, however, put on his guard by a boy named Thady ; and so he was prepared against the designs of the master. During school-hours that day, many a warm-hearted urchin entered into conversation with the poor scholar ; some moved by curiosity to hear his brief and simple history ; others anxious to offer him a temporary asylum in their father's houses ; and several of them to know if he had the requisite books, assuring him that if he had not, they would lend them to him. These proofs of artless generosity touched the homeless youth's heart more acutely, in as much as he could perceive but too clearly that the eye of the master rested upon him from time to time with no auspicious glance. When the scholars were dismissed, a scene occurred which was calculated to produce a smile, although it certainly placed the poor scholar in a predicament by no means agreeable. It resulted from a contest among the boys as to who should first bring him home. A battle ensued, and in a few minutes there was scarcely a little pair of fists present that were not at work, either on behalf of the two first combatants, or with a view to determine their

own private rights in being the first to exercise hospitality towards the amazed poor scholar. The fact was, that while the two largest boys were arguing the point, about thirty or forty minor disputes all ran parallel to theirs, and their mode of decision was immediately adopted by the pugnacious urchins of the school. In this manner they were engaged, poor Jemmy attempting to tranquilize and separate them, when the master, armed in all his terrors, presented himself.

With the fact of a sly old disciplinarian, he first secured the door, and instantly commenced the agreeable task of promiscuous castigation. Heavy and vindictive did his arm descend upon those whom he suspected to have cautioned the boy against his rapacity ; nor amongst the warin-hearted lads whom he thwacked so cunningly, was Thady passed over with a tender hand. Springs, bouncings, doublings, blowing of fingers, scratching of heads, and rubbing of elbows — shouts of pain, and doleful exclamations, accompanied by action that displayed surpassing agility — marked the effect with which he plied the instrument of punishment. In the meantime, the spirit of reaction, to use a modern phrase, began to set in. The master, while thus engaged in dispensing justice, first received a rather vigorous thwack on the ear from behind, by an anonymous contributor, who gifted him with what is called a musical ear, for it sang during five minutes afterwards. The monarch, when turning round to ascertain the traitor, received another insult on the most indefensible side, and that with a cordiality of manner that induced him to send his right hand a reconnoitering the invaded part. He wheeled round a second time with more alacrity than before ; but nothing less than the head of Janus could have secured him on the occasion. The anonymous contributor sent him a fresh

article. This supported by another kick behind; the turf began to fly; one after another came in contact with his head and shoulders so rapidly, that he found himself, instead of being the assailant, actually placed upon his defence. The insurrection spread, the turf flew more thickly; his subjects closed in upon him in a more compact body; every little fist itched to be at him; the larger boys boldly laid in the facers, punched him in the stomach, treated him most opprobriously behind, every kick and cuff accompanied by a memento of his cruelty; in short they compelled him, like Charles the Tenth, ignominiously to fly from his dominions.

On finding the throne vacant, some of them suggested that it ought to be overturned altogether. Thady, however, who was the ringleader of the rebellion, persuaded them to be satisfied with what they had accomplished, and consequently succeeded in preventing them from destroying the fixtures.

Again they surrounded the poor scholar, who, feeling himself the cause of the insurrection, appeared an object of much pity. Such was his grief that he could scarcely reply to them. Their consolation on witnessing his distress was overwhelming; they desired him to think nothing of it; if the master, they told him, should wreak his resentment on *him*, "be the holy farmer, they would *pay* the *mashter*." Thady's claim was now undisputed; with only the injury of a black eye, and a lip swelled to the size of a sausage, he walked home in triumph, the poor scholar accompanying him.

The master, who feared that this open contempt of his authority, running up as it did into a very unpleasant species of retaliation, was something like a signal for him to leave the parish, felt rather more of the penitent the next

morning than did any of his pupils. He was by no means displeased, therefore, to see them drop in about the usual hour. They came, however, not one by one, but in compact groups each officered by two or three of the larger boys ; for they feared that had they entered singly, he might have punished them singly, until his vengeance should be satisfied. It was by bitter and obstinate struggles that they succeeded in repressing their mirth, when he appeared at his desk with one of his eyes literally closed, and his nose considerably improved in size and richness of color. When they were all assembled, he hemmed several times, and in a woe-begone tone, split — by a feeble attempt at maintaining authority, and suppressing his terrors — into two parts, that jarred most ludicrously, he briefly addressed them as follows :

“Gintlemen classics—I have been now twenty-six years engaged in the propagation of Latin and Greek litherature, in conjunction wid mathematics, but never until yesterday has my influence been spurned ; never until yesterday have sacreligious hands been laid upon my person ; never until yesterday have I been kicked—insidiously, ungallantly, and treacherously kicked—by my own subjects. No, gintlemen—and whether I ought to bestow that respectable epithet upon you after yesterday’s proceedings, is a matter which admits of dispute ;—never before has the lid of my eye been laid drooping, and that in such a manner that I must be blind to the conduct of half my pupils, whether I will or not. No king can consider himself properly such until after he has received the oil of consecration ; but you, it appears, think differently. You have unkinged me first, and anointed me afterwards ; but I say, no potentate would relish such unction. It smells confoundedly of republicanism. Maybe this is what *you* understand by the Republic

of Letters ; but if it be, I would advise you to change your principles. You treated my ribs as if they were the ribs of a common man ; my shins you took liberties with even to excoriation ; my head you made a target of for your hardest turf ; and my nose you dishonored to my face. Was this ginerous ? was it discreet ? was it subordinate ? and above all, was it *clasical* ? However, I will show you what greatness of mind is ; I will convince you it is more noble and God-like to forgive an injury or rather five dozen injuries, than to avenge one ; when—hem—yes, I say, when I—I—*might* so easily avenge it. I now present with an amnesty ; return to your allegiance ; but never, while in this siminary, under my tuition, attempt to take the execution of the laws into your own hands. Homerians, come up ! ”

This address, into which he purposely threw a dash of banter and mock gravity, delivered with the accompaniments of his swelled nose and drooping eye, pacified his audience more readily than a serious one would have done. It was received without any reply or symptom of disrespect, unless the occasional squeak of a suppressed laugh, or the visible shaking of many sides with inward convulsions, might be termed such.

In the course of the day, it is true, their powers of maintaining gravity were put to a severe test, particularly when, while hearing a class, he began to adjust his drooping eyelid, or coax back his nose into his natural position. On these occasions a sudden pause might be noticed in the business of the class ; the boy's voice who happened to read at the time would fail him ; and on resuming his sentence by command of the master, its tone was tremulous, and scarcely adequate to the task of repeating the words without his bursting into laughter. The master observed

all this clearly enough, but his mind was already made up to take no further notice of what had happened.

All this, however, conduced to render the situation of the poor scholar much more easy, or rather less penal than it would otherwise have been. Still the innocent lad was on all possible occasions a butt for this miscreant. To miss a word was a pretext for giving him a cruel blow. To arrive two or three minutes later than the appointed hour was certain, on his part, to be attended with immediate punishment. Jemmy bore it all with silent heroism. He shed no tear he uttered no remonstrance; but, under the anguish of pain so barbarously inflicted, he occasionally looked round upon his schoolfellows with an expression of silent entreaty that was seldom lost upon them. Cruel to him the master often was, but to inhuman barbarity the large scholars never permitted him to descend. Whenever any of the wealthier farmers' sons had neglected their lessons, or deserved chastisement, the mercenary creature substituted a joke for the birch; but as soon as the son of a poor man, or, which was better still, the poor scholar, came before him, he transferred that punishment which the wickedness or idleness of respectable boys deserved, to his or their shoulders. For this outrageous injustice the hard-hearted old villian had some plausible excuse ready, so that it was in many cases difficult for Jemmy's generous companions to interfere in his behalf, or parry the sophistry of such a petty tyrant.

In this miserable way did he pass over the tedious period of a year, going about every night in rotation with the scholars, and severely beaten on all possible occasions by the master. His conduct and manners won him the love and esteem of all except his tyrant instructor. His assiduity was remarkable, and his progress in the elements of

English and classical literature surprisingly rapid. This added considerably to his character, and procured him additional respect. It was not long until he made himself useful and obliging to all the boys beneath his standing in the school. These services he rendered with an air of such kindness, and a grace so naturally winning, that the attachment of his schoolfellows increased towards him from day to day. Thady was his patron on all occasions; neither did the curate neglect him. The latter was his banker, for the boy had very properly committed his purse to his keeping. At the expiration of every quarter, the schoolmaster received the amount of his bill, which he never failed to send in when due.

Jemmy had not, during his first year's residence in the south, forgotten to request the kind curate's interference with the landlord, on behalf of his father. To be the instrument of restoring his family to their former comfortable holding under Colonel B——, would have afforded him, without excepting the certainty of his own eventual success, the highest gratification. Of this, however, there was no hope, and nothing remained for him but assiduity in his studies, and patience under the merciless scourge of his teacher. In addition to an engaging person and agreeable manners, nature had gifted him with a high order of intellect, and great powers of acquiring knowledge. The latter he applied to the business before him with indefatigable industry. The school at which he settled was considered the first in Munster; and the master, notwithstanding his known severity, stood high, and justly so, in the opinion of the people, as an excellent classical and mathematical scholar. Jemmy applied himself to the study of both, and at the expiration of his second year had made such progress, that he stood without a rival in the school.

It is usual, as we have said, for the poor scholar to go night after night in rotation with his schoolfellows; he is particularly welcome in the houses of those farmers whose children are not so far advanced as himself. It is expected that he should instruct them in the evenings, and enable them to prepare their lessons for the following day — a task which he always performs with pleasure, because in teaching them he is confirming his own mind in the knowledge which he has previously acquired. Towards the end of the second year, however, he ceased to circulate in this manner. Two or three of the most independent parishioners, whose sons were only commencing their studies, agreed to keep him week about; an arrangement highly convenient to him, as by that means he was not so frequently dragged, as he had been, to the remotest parts of the parish. Being an expert penman, he acted also as secretary of grievances to the poor, who frequently employed him to draw up petitions to obdurate landlords, or to their more obdurate agents, and letters to soldiers in all parts of the world, from their anxious and affectionate relations. All these little services he performed kindly and promptly; many a blessing was fervently invoked upon his head; the ‘good word’ and ‘the prayer’ were all they could afford, as they said, ‘to the *bouchal^d dhas oge** that tuck the world an’ him for sake o’ the larnin’, an’ that hasn’t the kindliness o’ the mother’s breath an’ the mother’s hand near him, the crathur.’

About the middle of the third year he was once more thrown upon the general hospitality of the people. The three farmers with whom he had lived for the preceding six months, emigrated to America, as did many others of that class which, in this country, most nearly approximates to

* The pretty young boy. Boy in Ireland does not always imply youth.

the substantial yeomanry of England. The little purse, too, which he had placed in the hands of the kind priest, was exhausted; a season of famine, sickness and general distress had set in, and the master, on understanding that he was without money, became diabolically savage. In short, the boy's difficulties increased to a perplexing degree. Even Thady and his grown companions, who usually interposed in his behalf when the master became excessive in correcting him, had left the school, and now the prospect before him was dark and cheerless indeed. For a few months longer, however, he struggled on, meeting every difficulty with meek endurance. Since his very boyhood he had revered the sanctions of religion, and was actuated by a strong devotional spirit. He trusted in God, and worshipped him night and morning with a sincere heart.

At this crisis he was certainly an object of pity; his clothes, which for some time before were reduced to tatters he had replaced by a cast-off coat and small-clothes, a present from his friend the curate, who never abandoned him. This worthy young man could not afford him money, for as he had but fifty pounds a year, with which to clothe, subsist himself, keep a horse, and pay rent, it was hardly to be expected that his benevolence could be extensive. In addition to this, famine and contagious disease raged with formidable violence in the parish; so that the claims upon his bounty of hundreds who lay huddled together in cold cabins, in out-houses, and even behind ditches, were incessant as well as heart-rending. The number of interments that took place daily in the parish was awful; nothing could be seen but funerals attended by groups of ragged and emaciated creatures, from whose hollow eyes gleamed forth the wolfish fire of famine. The wretched mendicants were countless, and the number of coffins that lay on the public

roads—where, attended by the nearest relatives of the deceased, they had been placed for the purpose of procuring charity—were greater than ever had been remembered by the oldest inhabitant.

Such was the state of the parish when our poor scholar complained one day in school of severe illness. The early symptoms of the prevailing epidemic were well known, and, on examining more closely into his situation, it was clear, that, according to the phraseology of the people, he had “got the fever on his back”—had caught “a heavy load of the fever.” The Irish are particularly apprehensive of contagious maladies. The moment it had been discovered that Jemmy was infected, his schoolfellows avoided him with a feeling of terror scarcely credible, and the inhuman master was delighted at any circumstance, however calamitous, that might afford him a pretext for driving the friendless youth out of the school. “Take,” said he, “every thing belongin’ to you out of my establishment; you were always a plague to me, but now more than ever. Be quick, sarra, and midificate for yourself somewhere else. Do you want to thranslate my siminary into an hospital, and myself into Lazarus as president? Go off, you wild goose, and conjugate *ægroto* wherever you find a convenient spot to do it in.”

The poor boy silently, and with difficulty, arose, collected his books, and slinging on his satchel, looked to his schoolfellows, as if he had said, “which of you will aford me a place where to lay my aching head?” Alf, however, kept aloof from him;—he had caught the contagion, and the contagion they knew, had swept the people away in vast numbers. At length he spoke: “Is there any boy among you,” he inquired, “who will bring me home? You know I am a stranger, an’ far from my own, God help me!”

This was followed by a profound silence. Not one of those who had so often befriended him, or who would, on any other occasion, share their bed and their last morsel with him, would even touch his person, much less allow him, when thus plague-stricken, to take shelter under their roof. Such are the effects of selfishness, when it is opposed only by the force of those natural qualities that are not elevated into a sense of duty by clear and profound views of Christian truth. It is one thing to perform a kind action from constitutional impulse, and another to perform it as a fixed duty, perhaps contrary to that impulse.

Jemmy on finding himself avoided like a Hebrew leper of old, silently left the school, and walked on without knowing whither he should ultimately direct his steps. He thought of his friend, the priest, but the distance between him and his place of abode was greater, he felt, than his illness would permit him to travel. He walked on therefore, in such a state of misery and direlection as can scarcely be conceived, much less described. His head ached excessively, an intense pain shot like death-pangs through his lower back and loins, his face was flushed, and his head giddy. In this state he proceeded, without money or friends, without a house to shelter him, a bed on which to lie, far from his own relations, and with the prospect of death, under circumstances peculiarly dreadful, before him! He tottered on, however, the earth, as he imagined, reeling under him; the heavens, he thought, streaming with fire, and the earth indistinct and discolored. Home — the paradise of the absent — home, the heaven of the affections — with all its tenderness and blessed sympathies, rushed upon his heart. His father's deep but quiet kindness, his mother's sedulous love, his brothers — all that they had been to him — these, with their thousand heart-stirring associations,

started into life before him again and again. But he was now ill, and the mother — ah! the enduring sense of that mother's love placed her brightest and strongest, and tenderest, in the far and distant group which his imagination bodied forth.

"Mother!" he exclaimed, "oh, mother, — why, why did I ever lave you? Mother! the son you loved is dyin' without a kind word — lonely and neglected in a strange land! Oh, my *own* mother! why did I ever lave you?"

The conflict between his illness and his affections overcame him; he staggered — he grasped as if for assistance at the vacant air — he fell, and lay for some time in a state of insensibility.

The season was then that of midsummer, and early meadows were falling before the scythe. As the boy sank to the earth, a few labourers were eating their scanty dinner of bread and milk so near him, that only a dry low ditch ran between him and them. They had heard his words indistinctly, and one of them was putting the milk-bottle to his lips, when, attracted by the voice, he looked in the direction of the speaker, and saw him fall. They immediately recognised "the poor scholar," and in a moment were attempting to recover him.

"Why, thin, my poor fellow, what's a *shougran* wid you?"

Jemmy stared for a moment about him, and asked, "Where am I?"

"Faitha, thin you're in Rory Conner's field, widin a few perches of the high road. But what ails you, poor boy? — is it sick you are?"

"It is," he replied; "I have got the faver. I had to lave school; none o' them would take me home, an' I doubt I must die in a Christian country, undher the open

canopy of heaven. Oh, for God's sake, don't lave me ! Bring me to some hospital, or into the next town, where people may know that I'm sick, an' maybe some kind Christian will relieve me ! ”

The moment he mentioned “ Fever,” the men involuntarily drew back, after having laid him reclining against the green ditch.

“ Thin, thundher an' turf, what's to be done ? ” exclaimed one of them, thrusting his spread fingers into his hair. “ Is the poor boy to die without help among Christyeens like uz ? ”

The story of the poor scholar's sufferings need be pursued no farther. He excited the compassion of some kind-hearted individuals, who took care of him till he recovered. He returned to his studies, and by means of his early friend, the curate, the story of his father's wrongs, and his own virtuous endeavors to procure education so as to enable him to rescue his parents from poverty, were made known to Colonel B——, the proprietor of the estate on which he was born. Old Dominick M'Evoy, his father, was restored to his farm. Jemmy also was made happy in being sent at the colonel's expense, first to a boarding-school, and next to college, where he completed his education.

No sooner was his ordination completed, than the long suppressed yearnings after his home and kindred came upon his spirit with a power that could not be restrained. He took leave of his friends with a beating heart, and set out on a delightful summer morning to revisit all that had been, notwithstanding his long absence and severe trials, so strongly wrought into his memory and affections. Our readers may, therefore, suppose him on his journey home, and permit themselves to be led, in imagination, to the

house of his former friend, Lanigan, where we must lay scene for the present.

Lanigan's residence has the same comfortable and warm appearance which always distinguishes the habitation of the independent and virtuous man. What, however, can the stir and bustle, and agitation which prevail in it mean? The daughters run out to a little mound, or natural terrace, beside the house, and look anxiously towards the road; then return, and almost immediately appear again, with the same intense anxiety to catch a glimpse of some one whom they expect. They look keenly; but why is it that their disappointment appears to be attended with such dismay? They go into their father's house once more, wringing their hands, and betraying all the symptoms of affliction. Here is the mother, too, coming to peer into the distance she is rocking with that motion peculiar to Irish woman when suffering distress. She places her open hand upon her brows that she may collect her sight to a particular spot; she is blinded by her tears; breaks out into a low wail, and returns with something like the darkness of despair on her countenance. She goes into the house, passes through the kitchen, and enters into a bed-room; seats herself on a chair, beside the bed, and renews her low but bitter wail of sorrow. Her husband is lying in that state which the peasantry know usually precedes the agonies of death.

"For the sake of the livin' God," said he, on seeing her, "is there any sign o' them?"

"Not yet, a *suillish*;* but they will soon—they must soon, asthore, be here, an' thin' your mind will be asy."

"Oh, Alley, Alley, if you could know what I suffer for 'fraid I'd die widout the priest, you'd pity me!"

* My light.

"I do pity you, ashore; but don't be cast down, for I have my trust in God that he won't desert you in your last hour. You did what you could, my heart's pride; you bent before him night an' mornin', and sure the poor neighbor never wint from your door widout lavin' his blessin' behind him."

The dying man raised his hands feebly from the bed-clothes; "Ah!" he exclaimed, "I thought I did a great dale, Alley; but now—but now—it appears nothin' to what I ought to a' done when I could. Still, avourneen, my life's not unpleasant when I look back at it; for I can't remimber that I ever purposely offended a livin' mortal. All I wan't to satisfy me is the priest."

"No, avourneen, you did not; for it wasn't in you to offind a child."

"Alley, you'll pardon me an' forgive me acushla, if ever—if ever I did what was displasin' to you! An' call in the childhre, till I see them about me—I want to have their forgiveness, too. I know I'll have it—for they wor good childhre, an' ever loved me."

The daughters now entered the room, exclaiming, "*Ahir dheelish*, (beloved father,) Pether is comin' by himself, but no priest! Blessed Queen of Heaven, what will we do! Oh! father darlin', are you to die without the Holy Ointment?"

The sick man clasped his hands, looked towards heaven, and groaned aloud.

"Oh, it's hard, this," said he, "It's hard upon me! Yet I won't be cast down. I'll trust in my good God; I'll trust in his blessed name!"

His wife on hearing that her son had returned without the priest, sat, with her face shrouded by her apron, weeping in grief that none but they who know the dependence

which those belonging to her church place in its last rites can comprehend. The children appeared almost distracted; their grief had more of that stunning character which attends unexpected calamity, than of sorrow for one who is gradually drawn from life.

At length the messenger entered the room, and almost choked with tears, stated that both priests were absent that day at Conference, and would not return till late.

The hitherto moderate grief of the wife arose to a pitch much wilder than the death of her husband could, under ordinary circumstances, occasion. To die without absolution — to pass away into eternity “unanointed, unanealed,” without being purified from the inherent stains of humanity — was to her a much deeper affliction than her final separation from him. She cried in tones of the most piercing despair, and clapped her hands, as they do who weep over the dead. Had he died in the calm confidence of having received the *Vialicum*, or Sacrament before death, his decease would have had nothing remarkably calamitous in it, beyond usual occurrences of a similar nature. Now the grief was intensely bitter in consequence of his expected departure without the priest. His sons and daughters felt it as forcibly as his wife; their lamentations were full of the strongest and sharpest agony.

For nearly three hours did they remain in this situation; poor Lanigan sinking by degrees into that collapsed state from which there is no possibility of rallying. He was merely able to speak, and recognize his family; but every moment advanced him, with awful certainty, nearer and nearer to his end.

A great number of the neighbors were now assembled, all participating in the awful feeling which predominated,

and anxious to compensate by their prayers for the absence of that confidence derived by Roman Catholics during the approach of death, from the spiritual aid of the priest. They were all at prayer; the sick room and kitchen were crowded with his friends and acquaintances, many of whom knelt out before the door, and joined with loud voices in the rosary which was offered up in his behalf.

In this crisis were they, when a horseman, dressed in black, approached the house. Every head was instantly turned round, with a hope that it might be the parish priest or his curate; but, alas! they were doomed to experience a fresh disappointment. The stranger, though clerical enough in his appearance, presented a countenance with which none of them was acquainted. On glancing at the group who knelt around the door, he appeared to understand the melancholy cause which brought them together.

"How is this?" he exclaimed, "Is there any one here sick, or dying?"

"Poor Misther Lanigan, sir, is jist departin', glory be to God! An' what is terrible all out upon himself and family, he's dyin' widout the priest. They're both at Conwhirence, sir, and can't come — Mr. Dogherty an' his curate."

"Make way!" said the stranger, throwing himself off from his horse, and passing quickly through the people. "Show me to the sick man's room — be quick, my friends, I am a Catholic clergyman."

In a moment a passage was cleared, and the stranger found himself beside the bed of death. Grief in the room was loud and bitter; but his presence stilled it despite of what they felt.

"My dear friends," said he, "you know there should be silence in the apartment of a dying man. For shame! for shame! Cease this clamor; it will but distract him for

whom you weep, and prevent him from composing his mind for the great trial that is before him."

"Sir," said Lanigan's wife, seizing his hand in both hers, and looking distractedly in his face, "are you a priest? For Heaven's sake, tell us!"

"I am," he replied; "leave the room every one of you. I hope your husband is not speechless?"

"Sweet Queen of Heaven, not yet, may her name be praised! but near it, your reverence—widin little or no time of it."

Whilst they spoke, he was engaged in putting the stole about his neck, after which he cleared the room and commenced hearing Lanigan's confession.

The appearance of a priest, and the consolation it produced, rallied the powers of life in the benevolent farmer. He became more collected; made a clear and satisfactory confession; received the sacrament of extreme unction; and felt himself able to speak with tolerable distinctness and precision. The effects of all this were astonishing. A placid serenity, full of hope and confidence, beamed from the pale and worn features of him who was but a few minutes before in a state of terror altogether indescribable. When his wife and family, after having been called in, observed this change, they immediately participated in his tranquility. Death had been deprived of its sting, and grief of its bitterness; their sorrow was still deep, but it was not darkened by the dread of future misery. They felt for him as a beloved father, a kind husband, and a dear friend, who had lived a virtuous life, feared God, and was now about to pass into happiness.

When the rites of the church were administered, and the family again assembled round the bed, the priest sat

down in a position which enabled him to see the features of this good man more distinctly.

"I would be glad," said Lanigan, "to know who it is that God in his goodness has sent to smooth my bed in death, if it 'ud be plasin', sir, to you to tell me?"

"Do you remember," replied the priest, "a young lad whom you met some years ago on his way to Munster, as a poor scholar? You and your family were particularly kind to him; so kind that he has never since forgotten your affectionate hospitality."

"We do, your reverence, we do. A mild, gentle cra-thur he was, poor boy. I hope God prospered him."

"You see him now before you," said the priest. "I am that boy, and I thank God that I can testify, however slightly, my deep sense of the virtues which you exercised towards me; although I regret that the occasion is one of such affliction."

The farmer raised his eyes and feeble hands towards heaven. "Praise an' glory to your name, good God!" he exclaimed. "Praise an' glory to your holy name! Now I know that I'm not forgotten, when you brought back the little kindness I did that boy for *yoar sake*, wid so many blessins to me in the hour of my affliction an' sufferin'! Childhre remimber this, now that I'm goin' to lave yez forever! Remimber always to help the stranger, an' thim that's poor an' in sorrow. If you do, God won't forget it to you; but will bring it back to yez when you stand in need of it, as he done to me this day. You see, childhre dear, how small thrifles o' that kind depend on one another. If I hadn't thought of helpin' his reverence, here, when he was young and away from his own, he wouldn't think of callin' upon us this day as he was passin'. You see the hand of God is in it, childhre: which it is, indeed,

in every thing that passes about us, if we could only see it as we ought to do. Thin, but I'd like to look upon your face, sir, if it's plasin' to ouu? A little more to the light, sir. There, I now see you. Aye, indeed, it's changed for the bettther it is—the same mild, clear countenance, but not sorrowful, as when I seen it last. Suffer me to put my hand on your head, sir; I'd like to bless you before I die, for I can't forget what you undhertook to do for your parents."

The priest sat near him; but finding that he was scarcely able to raise his hand to his head, he knelt down, and the farmer, before he communicated the blessing, inquired —

"Musha, sir, may I ax, wor you able to do anything to help your family as you expected?"

"God," said the priest, "made me the instrument of raising them from their poverty; they are now comfortable and happy."

"Ay! Well I knew at the time, an' I said it, that a blessin' would attind your endayvours. An' now resave *my* blessin'. May you never depart from the right way! May the blessin' of God rest upon you forever — Amin! Childhre, I'm gettin' wake; come near me, till, till I bless you, too, for the last time! They wor good childhre, sir — they were ever an' and always good to me, an' to their poor mother, your reverence; an' — God forgive me if it's a sin! — but I feel a great dale o' my heart an' my love fixed upon them. But sure, I'm their father, an' God, I hope, will look over it! Now, darlins, afore I bless yez, I ax your forgiveness if ever I was harsher to yez than I ought?"

The children with a simultaneous movement encircled his bed, and could not reply for some minutes.

"Never, father, darlin'! Oh, never did you offind us!

Don't speak in that way, or you'll break our hearts; but forgive us, father ashore! Oh, forgive an' bless us, an' don't remimber against us, our folly and disobedience, for it's only now that we see we wan't towards you as we ought to be. Forgive us and pardon us!"

He then made them all kneel around his bed, and with solemn words, and an impressive manner, placed his hand upon their heads, and blessed them with a virtuous father's last blessing.

He then called for his wife, and the scene became not only more touching, but more elevated. There was an exultation in her manner, and an expression of vivid hope in her eye, arising from the fact of her husband having received, and been soothed by, the rites of her church, that gave evident proof of the unparalleled attachment borne by persons of her class to the Catholic religion. The arrival of our hero had been so unexpected, and the terrors of the tender wife for her husband's soul so great, that the administration of the sacrament almost superseded from her heart every other sensation than that of devotional triumph. Even now, in the midst of her tears, that triumph kindled in her eye, with a light that shone in melancholy beauty upon the bed of death. In proportion, however, as the parting scene — which was to be their *last* — began to work with greater power upon her sorrow, so did this expression gradually fade away. Grief for his loss resumed its dominion over her heart so strongly, that their last parting was afflicting even to look upon.

When it was over Lanigan once more addressed the priest: —

"Now sir," he observed, but with great difficulty, "let me have *your* blessin' an' your prayers; an' along wid that,

your reverence, if you remember a request I once made to you" —

"I remember it well," replied the priest; "you allude to the masses which you wished me to say for you should I ever receive orders. Make your mind easy on that point. I not only *shall* offer up mass for the repose of your soul, but I can assure you that I *have* mentioned you *by name* in every mass which I celebrated since my ordination."

He then proceeded to direct the mind of his dying benefactor to such subjects as were best calculated to comfort and strengthen him.

About day-break the next morning, this man of many virtues, after struggling rather severely for two hours preceding his death, passed into eternity, there to enjoy the recompense of a well-spent life.

When he was dead, the priest, who never left him during the night, approached the bed and after surveying his benevolent features, now composed in the stillness of death, exclaimed —

"Blessed are the dead who die in the Lord, for they rest from their labors, and their works do follow them!"

Having uttered the words aloud, he sat down beside the bed, buried his face in his handkerchief, and wept.

He was now only a short day's journey from home, and as his presence, he knew, would be rather a restraint upon a family so much in affliction, he bade them farewell, and proceeded on his way. He travelled slowly, and, as every well-known hill or lake appeared to him, his heart beat quickly, his memory gave up its early stores, and his affections prepared themselves for the trial that was before them.

"It is better for me not to arrive," thought he, "until the family shall have returned from their daily labor, and are collected about the hearth."

In the meantime many an impression of profound and fervid piety came over him, when he reflected upon the incontrovertible proofs of providential protection and interference which had been, during his absence from home, under his struggles, and, in his good fortune, so clearly laid before him. "Deep," he exclaimed, "is the gratitude I owe to God for this; may I never forget to acknowledge it!"

It was now about seven o'clock; the evening was calm, and the sun shone with that clear amber light which gives warmth, and the power of exciting tenderness to natural scenery. He had already gained the ascent which commanded a view of the rich sweep of country that reposed below. There it lay — his native home — his native parish — bathed in the light and glory of the hour. Its fields were green — its rivers shining like loosened silver, its meadows already studded with hay-cocks, its green pastures covered with sheep, and its unruffled lakes reflecting the hills under which they lay. Here and there a gentleman's residence rose among the distant trees, and well did he recognize the church spire which cut into the western sky on his right. It is true, nothing of the grandeur and magnificence of nature was there, every thing was simple in its beauty. The quiet charm, the serene light, the air of happiness and peace that reposed upon all he saw, stirred up a thousand tender feelings in a heart whose gentle character resembled that of the prospect which it felt so exquisitely. The smoke of a few farm-houses and cottages rose in blue graceful columns to the air, giving just that appearance of life which was necessary; and a figure or two, with lengthened shadows, moved across the fields and meadows a little below where he stood.

But our readers need not to be told, that there was *one* spot which beyond all others, riveted his attention. On that

spot his eager eye rested long and intensely. The spell of its remembrance had clung to his early heart: he had never seen it in his dreams without weeping; and often had the agitation of his imaginary sorrow awoke him with his eye-lashes steeped in tears. He looked down on it steadily. At length he was moved with a strong sensation like grief: he sobbed twice or thrice, and the tears rolled in showers from his eyes. His gathering affections were relieved by this: he felt lighter, and in the same slow manner rode onward to his father's house.

To this there were two modes of access: one by a paved bridle-way, or *boreen*, that ran up directly before the door — the other by a green lane, that diverged from the *boreen* about a furlong below the house. He took the latter, certain that the family could not notice his approach, nor hear the noise of his horse's footsteps, until he could arrive at the very threshold. On dismounting, he felt that he could scarcely walk. He approached the door, however, as steadily as he could. He entered — and the family, who had just finished their supper, rose up, as a mark of their respect to the stranger.

"Is this," he inquired, "the house in which Dominick M'Evoy lives?"

"That's my name, sir," replied Dominick.

"The family, I trust, are — all — well? I have been desired — but no — no — I cannot — I cannot — FATHER! — MOTHER!"

"It's *him*!" shrieked the mother — It's himself! — Jemmy!"

"Jemmy! — Jemmy!" shouted the father, with a cry of joy which might be heard far beyond the house.

"Jemmy! — our poor Jemmy! — Jemmy!!" exclaimed his brothers and sisters.

"Asy, childhre," said the father — "asy; let the mother to him — let *her* to him. Who has the right that *she* has? Vara, ashore — Vara, think of yourself. God of heaven! what is comin' over her? — Her brain's turned!"

"Father, don't remove her," said the son. "Leave her arms where they are; it's long since they encircled my neck before. Often — often would I have given the wealth of the universe to be encircled in my blessed and beloved mother's arms! Yes, yes! — Weep, my father — weep, each of you. You see those tears: — consider them as a proof that I have never forgotten you! Beloved mother! recollect yourself: she knows me not — her eyes wander! — I fear the shock has been too much for her. Place a chair at the door, and I will bring her to the air."

After considerable effort, the mother's faculties were restored so far as to be merely conscious that our hero was her son. She had not yet shed a tear, but now she surveyed his countenance, smiled and named him, placed her hands upon him, and examined his dress with a singular blending of conflicting emotions, but still without being thoroughly collected.

"I will speak to her," said Jemmy, "in Irish, it will go directly to her heart: — *Mhair, avourneen, tha ma, laht anish!* — Mother, my darling, I am with you at last."

"*Shamus, aroon, vick machree, wuil thu lhum? wuil thu — wuil thu lhum?* — Jemmy, my beloved, son of my heart, are you with me? — are you — are you with me?"

"*Ish maheen a tha in, a vair dheelish machree.* — It is I who am with you, beloved mother of my heart!"

She smiled again — but only for a moment. She looked at him, laid his head upon her bosom, bedewed his face with her tears, and muttered out in a kind of sweet, musical cadence, the Irish cry of joy.

We are incapable of describing this scene further. Our readers must be contented to know, that the delight and happiness of our hero's whole family were complete. Their son, after many years of toil and struggle, had at length succeeded, by a virtuous course of action, in raising them from poverty to comfort, and in effecting his own object, which was, to become a member of the Catholic priesthood. During all his trials he never failed to rely on God; and it is seldom that those who rely upon Him, when striving to attain a laudable purpose are ever ultimately disappointed.

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We regret to inform our readers, that the poor scholar is dead! He did not, in fact, long survive the accomplishment of his wishes. But as we had the particulars of the story from his nearest friends, we thought his virtues of too exalted a nature to pass into oblivion without some record, however humble. He died as he had lived — the friend of God and of man.

DUKE DORGAN.

BY GERALD GRIFFIN.

"I SAY, messmate," said a young sailor who had just been landed from a ship in the offing of Loup Head, on the coast of Kerry, Ireland, addressing a countryman whom he overtook as he was making his way inland, "can you put me on the track of Carrigabolt?"

"The path is under your *full* every step o' the way," said the man; then, after pacing behind the inquirer in silence for a few minutes, he added, "Why, then, for one that puts out the futt so slow, I never seen any body carry so much of the road wid them as you do, Mr. Duke, Lord bless you!"

"You know me?" said the other, turning and fixing his eye on the speaker; then with an air of greater reserve, as he recognized the face, "and I ought to know you too; that face is Pryce Kinchela's, if you havn't stole it from him."

"I wish that was all I had belonging to Pryce Kinchela about me," said the man heavily.

"I am glad to see you, Pryce."

"I don't know whether you are or not, Duke; but I am glad to see *you*, although you may well doubt my word. I am an altered man since you left the country; and the foolish spite that you and I had then about Pennie Mac-loughlen (the Silver Penny, as you called her—and the Luck Penny, as I called her) is no more than boy's play, to the cause I got since from others. That girl, Duke, was no Luck Penny to either you or me."

Here we interrupt the colloquy for a moment, to give some brief but necessary explanations regarding the relative positions and circumstances of the parties named, and thus place the end of the thread of the tale as it were in the hands of the reader.

Duke Dorgan, as the young sailor was called, was a rattling, warin-hearted Irishman, who had been attached, and the attachment was mutual, to Pennie Macloughlen from the days of their childhood. But her father, who was a wealthy farmer, disapproved of Duke's paying his addresses to his daughter, on the ground of the young man's poverty. With the view of removing this objection, Duke went to sea, trusting that fortune would enable him one day to return in such circumstances as would reconcile old Macloughlen to his marriage with his daughter, and he was now returned after an absence of six years, with a well filled purse, the fruit of some valuable captures, and a Trafalgar medal dangling by a blue ribbon from one of his button-holes.

Pryce Kinchela, again, was, as he himself has hinted in the conversation with Duke, just quoted, the rival, though not a fond one, of the young sailor in the affections of Pennie Macloughlen. On the latter's going to sea, he also had proposed for Pennie, but had been rejected by her father with still more marked contempt and displeasure than his rival. This treatment, operating on a deep, designing, and vindictive mind, for which Pryce was remarkable, gave rise to a grudge on the part of the latter against old Macloughlen, which nothing but the most deadly revenge could allay. For six long years, however, no opportunity had presented itself to Pryce for taking this revenge with safety to himself, but the lapse of this time had in no way abated his desire for it, nor in the least weakened his resolution to

obtain it ; and at the moment he met with the young sailor, his thirst for vengeance was as eager and remorseless as it had been on the day he was rejected as a suitor for Pen-nie's hand ; but this feeling, with that cunning which also formed a remarkable feature in his character, he had carefully concealed from the knowledge of the world. No one knew that Pryce Kinchela entertained any resentment towards old Macloughlen, for he never breathed it ; still less did any one dream that he longed to imbrue his hands in the old man's blood ; and yet short of this the vengeance he meditated was not. But Kinchela was a quiet and a reserved man, and one who kept his secrets to himself.

Resuming the story, Pryce now proposed to the young sailor that they should sit down a little until he related to him how he had been persecuted, as he said, by old Macloughlan, for having presumed to seek the hand of his daughter, and how he had, ever since that event, been losing ground in the world through the old man's resentment against him.

"And you take it so tamely?" exclaimed Duke, when Pryce had concluded the story of his grievances, and recollecting at the same time the treatment which he himself had met with at old Macloughlen's hands. "I would have given the fellow a rope's end at any rate, if not round the neck, across the shoulders, at least."

"Is that *all* you'd do to him?" asked Pryce quietly.

"All! 'tis more, it seems, than you'd do—but you were ever and always a poor patient *slob*."

"Was I?" said Kinchela, with a smile, the expression of which, from his turning away his head while he spoke, it was evident he did not wish to give Duke an opportunity of speculating upon.

Shortly after this, Duke and Kinchela parted, but before

doing so, they made an appointment to meet on the following day at the Bee-hive-Inn, at Carrigaholt, where Dorgan proposed to put up. Having parted, the latter prosecuted his journey until darkness overtook him, and compelled him to think of taking refuge in some intermediate place for the night, as he was uncertain, now that he had no longer the light of day to guide him, whether, he was pursuing the right road; and a place capable of affording him this, at length presented itself. After some hours smart walking, Duke found himself close upon a respectable looking farm house; but as the hour was late, he felt a reluctance to disturb its inmates, and resolved, rather than give them that annoyance, to pass the night in the stack-yard. Having come to this resolution, he stepped over the stile; and after flinging down some hay on the ground, he stretched himself on it at full length, and placing the bundle he carried beneath his head by way of pillow, slept soundly until morning.

On awaking and rising from his humble couch, Dorgan pushed on for Carrigaholt, where he arrived in the afternoon, and took up his quarters at the Bee-hive, where he was joined in the evening by Kinchela according to appointment. When he entered, Dorgan was enjoying himself over a tumbler of whiskey-punch, in which he invited Kinchela to join him, but the latter for some time positively refused to drink, and was at length induced to fill up a glass only by perceiving that Duke was getting seriously displeased by his refusal. Dorgan and his guest now began to talk of local matters, Kinchela giving the former an account of all that had happened of any consequence in the neighborhood since his entertainer had gone to sea, and answering all the queries which he put to him regarding the fortunes of those in whose histories he took any

interest. This conversation naturally included old Mac-loughlen and his daughter, regarding the former of whom, Dorgan, whose recollection of the slights cast upon him by the old man was now a little sharpened by the liquor he had drank, spoke in no very measured terms. Pryce agreed in the justice of all he had said on this subject, and even added some observations calculated rather to aggravate than assuage the young man's irritation; but suddenly changing his tone, he said in a gentle voice,

"But although he did injure you surely, Duke, an' that greatly, I'd like I could prevail on you to forgive and forget. Bear and forbear, as we are commanded. He's an old man an' you're a young one, an' it won't be long until the grave will draw a line between ye that you may wish to pass to make friends again an' won't be able. So don't harbor any bad designs again poor Mac-loughlen, I beg on' you."

"Oh, I'll make the purse-proud old rogue know at any rate that ——" At this moment Duke was interrupted by the unexpected intrusion of the clergyman of the parish, who chancing to overhear his abuse of old Mac-loughlen, stepped up to him, and proceeded to lecture him on the sin of harboring resentments, and the wickedness of indulging in them, and particularly reprobated him for the language he had used when speaking of Mac-loughlen, who, he said was a singularly pious and charitable man. On concluding his remarks the clergyman left the apartment, and was followed by Kinchela, who pleaded some business with the publican. Dorgan being left alone soon after prepared for his night's rest, and was shown by the landlord into a double-bedded room, where, after bidding a good night to Kinchela, by whom he was rejoined, and who was to return to Loup Head early in the morning, he went to bed.

At midnight, Dorgan awoke with a violent head-ache, and thinking that binding his head with a handkerchief might afford him some relief, he stretched out his hand to the chair on which he had deposited his clothes, to procure the article he wanted, but to his surprise found that they were not there. He rose and groped about the room in the dark, but with no better success, and finally returned again to bed, in the hope that daylight would explain the mystery. On opening his eyes in the morning, his astonishment whatever it might have been on missing his clothes, was exceeded by what he felt on finding them in exactly the same place where he had laid them the evening before. Dorgan, however, made no remark on the subject to any one. He breakfasted quietly, settled his bill with his host, and immediately after set out to pay a visit to the object of his affections, from whom he had been now so long absent, old Macloughlen's house being about a quarter of a mile distant from the village at which he had slept all night.

As Dorgan approached the house he was surprised to see a number of persons collected round the door, although it was yet early in the morning; and he was still more surprised when he saw a woman rush out of the house tearing her cap from her head, and shouting the death-wail peculiar to the country. Filled with the most dreadful apprehensions by these ominous circumstances, Dorgan quickened his pace, reached the house, and rushed into it, without attracting any notice from the busy talking crowd with which it was thronged. Here a dreadful scene awaited him. Old Macloughlen had been murdered during the preceding night, and his mangled and blood-stained body lay stretched on a deal table in the centre of the kitchen. While Dorgan was yet lost in stupifaction and horror at the miserable spectacle before him, the coroner had arrived, and in

an adjoining room, to which Duke also immediately repaired, had commenced his inquest. The first person examined was the deceased's niece, a little girl of about seven or eight years of age. "Well, my little darling," said the coroner to the child, "tell your story now, like a good girl. Don't be afraid; we are all your friends." "I will sir," said the little girl; and she went on to state at length, and in a remarkably distinct manner, all the circumstances attending the murder; and amongst other particulars mentioned that the person who struck the fatal blows—there being a party of murderers—said on going out after the deed had been perpetrated, "I owed that much to him a long while then." After adding some other particulars, the girl suddenly began to cry and tremble, as if laboring under some great anxiety. "I'll be kilt now entirely," she said, "for there's one o' the men that murdered uncle liss'nen to me." A general exclamation of astonishment and alarm broke from the circle at this singular declaration. The doors were closed by the coroner's desire, and the girl was asked to point out the person whom she recognized, but terror for the consequence prevented her from complying with the request for some time. At length, however, the coroner succeeding in inspiring her with sufficient confidence to speak out. "There he is, then," said the girl, "standin' a-nigh the table, in the sailor's clothes."

Confounded beyond expression by the strangeness of the accusation, Dorgan could do nothing but gaze around him in wild amazement, until he was roughly seized upon and dragged before the coroner, who, after inquiring his name, taxed him, in consequence of some private information which he received from one of the bystanders, with entertaining a spite at the deceased. This Dorgan denied in the sense in which he saw the word was then used. He

confessed to being displeased with the old man for having refused him his daughter's hand, but added that he came home now, with an altered spirit, anxious to see and be reconciled to him.

"These were not, justice compels me to declare," said a voice behind Dorgan, "the sentiments which I heard you express towards him yesterday evening. In the parlor of the Bee-hive I heard the young sailor speak in terms of the vilest reproach against my poor murdered friend Macloughlen." Dorgan looked over his shoulder, and beheld the clergyman with whom he had been speaking. "I cannot nor am I anxious to deny that I did use such expressions," said he, a little confused, in spite of his consciousness of right, at the corroborative force which this unfortunate circumstance was likely to give to the mistaken testimony of the child; "But I spoke then under unusual irritation, and had been drinking."

The unfortunate young man then called upon his host of the preceding evening, who was also present, to attest that he had not been out of his house during the whole of the night. But here again the evidence was against him. The landlord declared that he had heard him get up in the middle of the night, and walk for some time through his room; and added, that his wife had informed him that she had heard the door open and shut a short while before. In despair at thus finding the web of conviction gradually but strongly weaving around him by an inexplicable combination of circumstances, Dorgan, as a last resource, requested that Miss Macloughlen might be immediately called, and from her evidence, as it had been stated by the little girl that she also was present when the murder was committed, he fully expected that the horrible mystery would be cleared up, or at least that his innocence would be established. On

Miss Macloughlen's entering the apartment, a dead silence took place, when Dorgan, after pausing a moment to summon all of his presence of mind, advanced towards her, and taking her hand, while she seemed scarcely conscious of the action, in his, said gently, "It is a sad meeting that has been reserved for us, Pennie; but do you not know me?" When the distracted girl recognized her lover, which until now she had not, she uttered a shrill and piercing shriek, flung herself upon his neck, and hung, in a convulsion of mingled tears and sobs around him. After the interchange of many expressions of affection and regard between the lovers, and when Pennie had been calmed and soothed by the endearing language of her lover, she was called upon to state what she knew regarding the dreadful transaction, and she proceeded to give a similar account of it to that which had already been given by the little girl. On being asked how the person was dressed who actually murdered her father,

"I think in a sailor's dress, like Dorgan's," she said, carelessly, being yet unaware of the charge that was against him.

"You do not think it was *I*, then?" said Dorgan, smiling.

"You!" replied the girl, pausing as if to comprehend his question; "I should sooner say that it was his own act — or as soon —"

"Are you quite certain, Miss Macloughlan, that this was not the man whom you withheld from the deceased?" She had been represented by the little girl as having struggled with the murderer, endeavoring to drag him from her father.

"Certain that Dorgan did not murder my father! Am I certain of my existence? I would stake a thousand

lives, if I had them, that Dorgan would not have stirred one of the grey hairs upon his head, in enmity, if it were to make him master of the universe.

"My own sterling girl!" exclaimed Dorgan, delighted with her ready confidence; "when all are turned against me, I have at least one friend in you."

The coroner, however, could not overlook the strong circumstantial evidence that was against the suspected murderer, and he pressed Miss Macloughlan to say whether she had not observed any peculiarity about him by which she could recognize him again.

Recollecting herself, she said that she had grasped something which was hanging to his coat, and brought it away with her in the struggle. "It is this," she said, and handed to the coroner Dorgan's Trafalgar medal. Dorgan lifted his hand to the breast of his coat in a state of mind which language is incapable of describing, and found, indeed, that this testimonial to his bravery was not there. The evidence borne against him by the medal was conclusive, but it was only so through his own act and deed. Conscious of innocence, he at once acknowledged that the medal was his, and resolved to abide all consequences rather than seek safety in evasion or falsehood.

"It is all a dream; a wild, improbable, impossible story!" exclaimed the distracted girl, who had thus unconsciously brought the guilt of murder home to her lover: "Deny it, Dorgan, and tell them they belie you." But Dorgan, resolving on keeping the straight path, whatever might be the result, adhered to the acknowledgment he had more. Dreadful was the struggle that ensued in the bosom of the unhappy girl, between her affection for her lover and the conviction of his guilt; for even she could no longer doubt that Duke Dorgan was the murderer of her father. A

similar sentiment, but in a yet stronger degree, pervaded the minds of the coroner, the jury, and all that were present at the inquiry; and the consequence was, that the unfortunate young man was shortly after conveyed to jail, tried and condemned to death. The day of execution arrived, and Duke Dorgan, surrounded with all the horrid pomp of the occasion, was brought on a car to the fatal tree. The hangman prepared to do his office, and was in the act of laying his hands on the collar of its victim, when a person who had violently forced his way through the crowd, called out in a loud and hoarse voice, "Come down, Mr. Dorgan, come down off o' the car. Let him go Mr. Sheriff, dear; for the man is here that did the deed."

It was Kinchela. The miserable man — for it need not be stated, it is presumed, in more explicit terms, that he was the murderer of Macloughlen, nor that he had perpetrated the deed in the clothes of poor Duke Dorgan, which he had abstracted for that purpose — had been unable to bear up against a guilty conscience, and had now come at this critical moment at once to atone for his crime, and to prevent the additional guilt of a double murder falling on his devoted head, by permitting an innocent man to die in his place. It was some time, however, after this extraordinary announcement had been made, before the sheriff could be induced to believe Kinchela's statement, or give his consent to a delay in the execution of Dorgan. But the energy and earnestness with which the now contrite criminal persisted in asserting at once his own guilt and the innocence of Dorgan, at length prevailed. The execution was stopped; Dorgan was carried back to prison, and soon after liberated in due legal form; while the wretched Kinchela, after undergoing a formal trial, suffered the extreme punishment of the law for his atrocious crime.

The state of feeling of Penny Macloughlen, while this fortunate turn was given to the fate of one whom she had so much respected, may be more easily conceived than described. One day while sitting meditating on the circumstances, a note was brought to her by the clergyman. The blood rushed forcibly to her cheek, brow, and very finger-ends, and again recoiled, so as to leave her as pale as marble when she recognized the hand of Dorgan in the superscription. She quickly opened the note and read as follows :—MY DEAR PENNIE (for I may once more with a free heart call you by that name), it has pleased heaven to make good the word which I spoke on that unfortunate day, when I told my judges that I felt it within me that I should not die for a deed of which, the Lord knows my heart, and which is since proved, I was wholly clear and innocent. I have got my pardon—for it seems it is a form of law, that, when an innocent man is convicted, after suffering imprisonment, and all hardship, and anxiety, instead of his judges asking *his* forgiveness, 'tis *he* that has to get pardon from them, for being so unfortunate as to be condemned and very nearly hung in the wrong. Now, Pennie, this comes by the hand of Father Mahony, to tell you that, of all things in the world, I admire and love you for your conduct on that day, and all through this dreadful business. I know well, my dear girl, how your heart is accusing you at this moment, but give no heed to such thoughts, I beg of you, and let them be as far from your mind as they are from mine, for you did your duty nobly; and Lord Nelson, my glorious and lamented commander, who little thought I'd be brought into such trouble on account of the victory he died in obtaining, could have done no more if he was in your place. I hope, therefore, you will show your good sense, and think no more of what has past, but take

this as the true feeling of his heart, from him who is yours until death.—DUKE DORGAN.”

The heroic generosity with which her lover thus rose superior to all the petty resentments and jealousies which are incidental to the passion, even in the most vigorous and straightforward minds, sunk deeply into the heart of the young woman. Although the love which she felt for Dorgan was of that genuine and unaffected kind which is wholly a stranger to the delicate intricacies and refined difficulties which are attendant on the progress of this most capricious of affections, in the bosoms of those who boast a higher rank than hers, yet she could not but be keenly sensible that she had failed in one of its most essential qualities—an unbounded and immoveable confidence. She raised her eyes, which were overflowing with tears of mingled shame and gratitude, towards the clergyman, when a creaking noise at the door attracted her attention. It opened—and Dorgan entered. Her agitation and confusion became now extreme, nor were they diminished when her lover advanced to her side with a respectful gentleness, and said,

“Pennie, you see we meet happier and sooner than we expected. I hope you’ll be said by what I mentioned to you in the letter, and give me your hand now in token that all is forgotten.”

“I give you my hand freely, Dorgan,” the girl replied, still blushing deeply, “and bless your good, generous heart—but all cannot be forgotten. I may be friends with you again—but I never can be friends with myself as long as ever I live. There is a load now laid upon my mind, that never will be taken off until the day I die.”

Dorgan, assisted by his reverend friend, applied himself, and as it proved, not unsuccessfully, to combat this feeble

ing; the imagination of the reader will easily fancy the result. In a few days, Pennie Macloughlen became the wife of Duke Dorgan, and the happiness of the pair was not the less complete from both having endured no small share of previous tribulation.

STORY OF HOGAN.



BY GERALD GRIFFIN.

WITHIN the last year the annals of our neighborhood have furnished us with a singular instance of the force of that moral instinct which is so mysteriously interwoven by Providence with the inmost faculties of our nature, and whose internal monitions, habitual depravity itself has scarce the power to subdue.

A man named Hogan dwelt about twenty years ago, in a small cottage on the by-way leading from the village to the common road. The little dwelling has been lately razed to the ground by order of the humane proprietor of the soil, in order that no vestige might remain of what was once the scene of a history so appalling; but long will it be ere the villagers, as they pass the fearful spot, shall cease to point out its site among the trees, and shudder at the recollections it recalls. It was the birth-place as well as the inheritance, of the individual already named. He was the child of parents situated comfortably, considering their rank in life, and received an education somewhat superior to that which usually falls to the lot of the peasant's child. Well skilled in such rudiments of knowledge as were taught in the neighboring village school, instructed in his moral and religious obligations, and even for a time apparently exact in their fulfilment, he was looked upon in his boyhood almost as an ornament to the simple neighborhood, and mothers and instructors used his name when they would stimulate their pupils to good conduct. Romance and poetry, in their happiest hours of invention, have never presented to the

mind a sweeter subject of contemplation than a well-spent childhood ; and the humble can feel it as well as the most cultivated. The subject of our narrative was not studious merely from the want of social sympathy, nor gentle merely from deficiency of natural spirit. He danced seldom, but none danced better. He talked little but none more to the purpose. He did not often mix with company, but when he did, he was the life and joy of the little society in which he moved.

It is not all at once that the human mind can pass from a life so blameless and so tranquil as we have described, to actions like that which has made the name of the unfortunate Hogan a sound of warning in our neighborhood. The death of his parents, and in particular of his mother, a decent, pious woman, was the first apparent occasion of the change which was afterwards observed in the manners of their son. He was oftener seen at the fairs and markets than his business made it necessary, and he did not now return as he was wont after noon, when the business of an Irish fair is over, and its pleasures and its pains begin. The spendthrift, who finds poverty and woe amid the splendor and abundance of a capital, might see in the fate of this humble cottager an exact reflection of the history of his own fortunes. At first, it was but sociability and kindness that led him to loiter in the fair, and spend a trifle in compliment to the neighbor with whom he had bought or sold. By degrees, the tent, the dance, and even at length, the fight (the fatal glory of an Irish peasant), began to have their charms, and what was at first amusement, became in a short time passion. The change of character did not even terminate here. As poverty came on apace, a tinge of mingled gloom and recklessness of mind (alarming symptoms of internal ruin), began to mingle with his wild and

hair-brained gaiety. The more moderate began to shun his company, and the unhappy wretch grew desperate. He drank, gamed, swore, delivered himself up to all the bestial excesses of vulgar dissipation, and became at length the scoff and pity of the adjoining village.

Even here the unhappy Hogan did not arrest his downward progress until ill. Seldom before was our lonely neighborhood defiled by such instances of depravity as ere long became habitual with him and his accomplices. The decent cottagers and farmers in the vicinity began to complain of pilfered turf-ricks and potato pits, of broken paddocks, and sheep-walks invaded in the night, and even of cows and horses stolen, without the possibility of their discovering by whom the mischief was effected. The deed, however, by which the evil progress of this miserable being was brought to a consummation, was of a nature far more heinous.

Near a grove of firs, at a little distance from the village, stood a lonesome house, where dwelt an aged lady, supposed to be wealthy, and confiding so far in the peaceable and honest character of the neighborhood, that she did not even keep a male domestic for the security of her house. She was kind and charitable, attentive to the poor and sick, and exceedingly beloved by all around her. There was, in particular, one old beggar-man, named Yamon, whom, though surly and abusive in his demeanor, she had for many years supplied with victuals, which he sat and ate upon the steps of her hall door. It was her unflinching practice, when her daily meals were ended, to fill a plate for her sturdy pensioner, and take it to him with her own hands as he basked in the evening sunshine at her porch, or sought refuge from the winter cold by her kitchen fire. Often had Hogan, in his earlier days, remarked the figure of the

aged mendicant sitting on the steps; beheld the green hall door open, the venerable lady appear, discharge her charitable office, exchange a laugh or jest with rough old Yamon, and leave him to enjoy the surplus of her abundance. Often, as he passed the little lawn where he witnessed the quiet scene, did he admire Mrs. Maunsel's charity, and would fancy he saw her guardian angel smiling on the act.

One evening, Yamon was unusually surly, and indeed insolent, to his benefactress. He called her abusive names and found fault with his dinner, which he flung contemptuously to his dog. Pitying the poor creature's infirmity, yet not disposed to encourage his insolence, Mrs. Maunsel told him, for his pains he might go without a dinner on the following day. Custom, it is said, creates a right, as it can create a law. The beggar defied and dared her to keep her word. Finding, however, on the following day that she could be as resolute as she was kindly, he went away, uttering a thousand threats, shaking his long staff, and vowing vengeance as deep as ever his gratitude had been before. Some persons who were present reproved him for his insolent passion, and did not fail to keep his menaces in mind.

It happened, that, for some weeks before, the memory of the old lady at the Fir Grove had occurred to the mind of Hogan, with emotions widely different from those with which he had once regarded her at his return from labor or from school. The ruffians, who were now almost his sole associates, had yet much difficulty in inciting him to join them in an attempt upon the house, on the very night on which the aged beggar-man was refused a dinner. Stimulated by want, and by the threats and taunts of those hardened wretches, he consented to accompany the gang, but on the understanding that no violence should be offered

to any individual. They proceeded after dusk to accomplish their detestable mission. The unhappy Hogan never until now had even an idea of the anxiety of mind which attends the commission of heinous crime. He feared the hardened character of his associates, and not without cause.

It was already midnight when they entered the grove of firs that screened the dwelling from the westerly blast. So far was its mild proprietress from apprehending any thing like danger, that she had given permission to her maid, the only servant in the house, to spend the night at a neighboring wake. Having fastened the doors and windows, she retired to her sleeping chamber, performed with a tranquil mind her customary devotions, and, having extinguished the light, lay down to rest. She was awoke from a quiet sleep by the stealthy sounds of feet upon the landing-place outside her chamber door. Without losing an instant, she advanced to the stair-head, and demanded who was there. The ruffians rushed upon her, but, possessing both strength of mind and bodily energy, she resisted with her utmost force, while she endeavored with the loudest shrieks to alarm the inmates of the distant cottages. Perplexed and irritated, the inhuman monsters disregarded the compact they had made at setting out, and the unhappy lady fell a victim to their atrocious passions and her own resolution.

But who can describe the condition of the wretched Hogan's mind when he learned (for he had been left without as kind of sentinel) that the enormities of the night, already sufficiently hideous, had been sealed by murder? Stunned by the news, it appeared to him for the instant as if till now he had led an innocent life, and this was his first step in actual crime. A burning weight seemed to be

laid upon his brain, his sight grew dizzy, and he suffered himself to be hurried along by his companions, without the power of uttering a word, or directing his mind to a single thought but one. There was no resource for safety now but that of instant flight. Their booty, even more ample than they had anticipated, supplied them with abundant means; and before any effectual step could be taken for their apprehension, they were all beyond the reach of the laws which they had violated.

It was not, however, to the promptitude of their flight that they were altogether indebted for their safety. Old Yamon, returning to the hovel in which he lived, began to regret his ungrateful passion, to remember the benefits of his gentle patroness, and to reproach himself for having yielded to his coarse infirmity. After spending a sleepless night upon his couch of straw, disturbed by hideous dreams and causeless fears, he arose at daybreak, and taking his staff, departed for the Grove, impatient for a reconciliation. How great was his surprise to find the kitchen window broke and the door wide open at that early hour! We will not follow him through the fearful detail of his discoveries. Let it be enough to say, that pale, trembling, and affrighted, he was found in the act of rushing from the house by the maid returning from the wake with some of her companions, who remembered with her the quarrel of the preceding evening, and the menaces with which it had terminated. The beggar was apprehended, examined, and committed to the county jail. The circumstances were considered to constitute irresistible evidence, and the unhappy old man was formally executed near the scene on which the crime had been committed.

The tidings of this horrible injustice reached Hogan, in America. His portion of the abominable spoils had

enabled him to settle himself in a respectable little shop or store, as it is there denominated, where he managed a thriving trade for several years, the principal portion of his profit being amongst the emigrants and descendants of emigrants from his native isle, who had become settled in his neighborhood. One of his customers, not long arrived, in speaking to another of some event which had taken place in our neighborhood, by way of fixing the period of its occurrence, said, "it had taken place exactly in that year in which old Yamon was hanged for the murder of Mrs. Maunsel, of the Grove."

It was well for Hogan that the small green blind which curtained the railing of his little office prevented either of the speakers from observing his confusion. These tidings, while they established his security, added tenfold to the pangs of his remorse. A second murder only now revealed! His former agonies, not yet extinct, though somewhat stilled by time and constant habit, returned upon him now with more than all their early violence. The sense of unrequited justice weighed upon his mind, and filled it with a dull and barren gloom. Some months rolled by, and he sought, in a fervent appeal to religion, a refuge from the dreadful state of mind in which he lived. But repentance without restitution is an idle word. His efforts, though they revealed to him more fully the extent of his transgression, could not quell the torments of an outraged conscience. Whether he walked, slept, ate, or drank, the dreadful figures of the innocent victims seemed to glide before his eyes, and a forewarning of judgment dwelt upon his heart. However, he strove to employ his mind about the affairs of ordinary life, and to take an active interest in those subjects which amused his acquaintances,

his thoughts would invariably revert to the Fir Grove, and to the awful tragedy which it commemorated.

Drawn by an impulse unaccountable as it was powerful to the very spot with which all his misery was associated, the wretched Hogan disposed of his trans-Atlantic possession, and returned to his home towards the close of the preceding autumn after an exile of more than twenty years. It was a bright harvest moon when he reached the village; and without pausing to make himself known to a single acquaintance, he immediately proceeded in the direction of the Grove, feeling a relief in the thought that now at least he had it in his power to make some compensation to the violated justice of his country. The house was still uninhabited; but the surrounding lands were richly cultivated, and the garden tended with as nice a care as in the lifetime of its kind proprietress. After surveying with a singular intensity of interest the scene which he had so much reason to remember, he went to his own cottage, which was now in the possession of a relative. Being readily recognized, and welcomed by his kinsman, he obtained from him a most minute detail of all the circumstances attending the trial and execution of the innocent mendicant. On the following morning, he arose early, and went to view the spot on which the poor old man had expiated so severely his hasty fit of anger. More than a month was spent in thus dallying with his internal torturer, and inquiring with the intensest interest into every trivial fact connected with the miserable event, to him the most engrossing of all history. Frequently, in moments of acute remorse, when alone at midnight, he determined that another sun should not go down on his secret; but with the morning came fears of earthly punishment, and of earthly disgrace, which gained, for the time, an ascendancy

above his deeper though more distant terrors. Alas! how few of us are not children in this respect! How few possess the power of mind necessary to enable them to fully estimate the difference between days that are numbered and days innumerable! Thus loitering and undecided he lived from day to day, torn by remorse, yet fearful of ignominy, now taking his hat with the view of delivering himself up to a neighboring magistrate, and now returning from the very door of the functionary, repelled by a sudden failure of the nerves at the immediate view of death.

One morning, after spending a night of horrible anxiety, the conscious-stricken man arose at day-break, and prayed with floods of tears that heaven might illuminate his mind in its perplexity, and give him firmness to act the part which he felt was required of him by justice. Somewhat relieved by thus unburthening his soul, he walked out into a neighboring burial-ground, where, as as if to familiarize his mind to the thoughts of death, he was accustomed to spend a considerable portion of his time. The morning was still and fine; some cattle browsed amongst the graves, and the woodquests cooed in the boughs of the thick elms that screened the solemn scene of death. The wretched Hogan, filled with thoughts of gloom and of uncertainty, perused the inscriptions on the humble tombstones, and envied the repose of every mouldering corse beneath the sod. On a sudden a man sprang over the churchyard wall, and ran with the speed of terror by the spot on which he stood. immediately after, voices were heard, exclaiming, "Stop him! stop him!" and two or three countrymen vaulted into the burying-ground. Conscious of hidden guilt, the unhappy Hogan started and fled involuntarily with his utmost force. He was pursued and seized.

"I have him!" cried the peasant who first laid hand

upon his collar. "Ah! scoundrel, you'll see Van Diemen's Land for this! We'll tache you to break padducks in the night, an' to be sheep stalin'."

"Well done, Tom!" cried a red-faced farmer, whose comfortable proportions did not allow him to keep pace with his servants in the chase; "you rascal, where's my sheep? Eh, Tom—what—where's the thief?—this is not he."

"I am the man," said Hogan, pale as death, but with a voice that sounded hollow in it's firmness.

"You!" cried the farmer, "you are not the sheep-stealer."

"I am not the man that stole your sheep," replied Hogan, "but I am one of the men who murdered Mrs. Maunsel of the Grove, for which Yamon, the old beggar-man, was hanged unjustly."

This stunning intelligence was received by the group with wonder and dismay. The disclosure of his secret, however, appeared to have removed much of the load which lay upon the mind of Hogan, and in the following autumn he suffered, with less anxiety than he had felt in its remote contemplation, the punishment which the law awarded to his offence.

THE THREE ADVICES.

AN IRISH MORAL TALE.

BY T. CROFTON CROKER.

THE stories current among the Irish peasantry are not very remarkable for the inculcation of any moral lesson, although numberless are the legends related of pious and "good people," the saints and fairies. The following tale of the Three Advices is the only one of a moral character which I remember to have heard. It was told to me by a professional story-teller, whose diction I have endeavored to preserve, although his *soubrequet* of "Paddrenn Tre-lagh," or Paddy the Vagabond, from his wandering life, was not a particularly appropriate title for a moralist. The tale is certainly very ancient, and has probably found its way into Ireland from Wales, as it appears to be an amplification of a Bardic "Triad of Wisdom."

There once came, what of late happened so often in Ireland, a hard year. When the crops failed, there was beggary and misfortune from one end of the island to the other. At that time a great many poor people had to quit the country from want of employment, and through the high price of provisions. Among others, John Carson was under the necessity of going over to England, to try if he could get work; and of leaving his wife and family behind him, begging for a bite and a sup up and down, and trusting to the charity of good Christians.

John was a smart young fellow, handy at any work, from the hay-field to the stable, and willing to earn the bread he ate; and he was soon engaged by a gentleman.

The English are mighty strict upon Irish servants; he was to have twelve guineas a year wages, but the money was not to be paid until the end of the year, and he was to forfeit the entire twelve guineas in the lump, if he misconducted himself in any way within the twelve months. John Carson was, to be sure, upon his best behavior, and conducted himself in every particular so well for the whole time, there was no faulting him, late or early, and the wages were fairly his.

The term of his agreement being expired, he determined on returning home, notwithstanding his master, who had a great regard for him, pressed him to remain, and asked him if he had any reason to be dissatisfied with his treatment.

"No reason in life, sir," said John; "you've been a good master, and a kind master to me; the Lord spare you over your family; but I left a wife with two small children of my own at home, after me in Ireland, and your honor would never wish to keep me from them entirely. — The wife and the children!"

"Well, John," said the gentleman, "you have earned your twelve guineas, and you have been, in every respect, so good a servant, that, if you are agreeable, I intend giving you what is worth the twelve guineas ten times over, in place of your wages. But you shall have your choice—will you take what I offer, on my word?"

John saw no reason to think that his master was jesting with him, or was insincere in making the offer; and, therefore, after slight consideration, told him that he agreed to take as his wages whatever he would advise, whether it was the twelve guineas or not.

"Then listen attentively to my words," said the gentleman.

"First — 'I would teach you this — 'Never to take a byeroad when you have the highway.'

"Secondly — 'Take heed not to lodge in the house where an old man is married to a young woman.'

"And thirdly — 'Remember that honesty is the best policy.'

"There are the Three Advices I would pay you with; and they are in value far beyond any gold; however, here is a guinea for your travelling charges, and two cakes, one of which you must give to your wife, and the other you must not eat yourself until you have done so, and I charge you to be careful of them."

It was not without some reluctance on the part of John Carson that he was brought to accept mere words for wages, or could be persuaded that they were more precious than golden guineas. His faith in his master was however so strong, that he at length became satisfied.

John set out for Ireland the next morning early; but he had not proceeded far, before he overtook two pedlars who were travelling the same way. He entered into conversation with them, and found them a pair of merry fellows who proved excellent company on the road. Now it happened, towards the end of their day's journey, when they were all tired with walking, that they came to a wood, through which there was a path that shortened the distance to the town they were going towards, by two miles. The pedlars advised John to go with them through the wood; but he refused to leave the highway, telling them, at the same time, he would meet them again at a certain house in the town, where travellers put up. John was willing to try the worth of the advice which his master had given him, and he arrived in safety, and took up his quarters at the appointed place. While he was eating his supper, an

old man came hobbling into the kitchen, and gave orders about different matters there, and then went out again. John would have taken no particular notice of this; but, immediately after, a young woman, young enough to be the old man's daughter, came in, and gave orders exactly the contrary of what the old man had given, calling him at the same time a great many hard names, such as old fool, and old dotard, and so on.

When she was gone, John inquired who the old man was. "He is the landlord," said the servant, "and, heaven help him! a dog's life he has led since he married his last wife."

"What!" said John, with surprise, "is that young woman the landlord's wife? I see, I must not remain in this house to-night;" and, tired as he was, he got up to leave it, but went no further than the door before he met the two pedlars, all cut and bleeding, coming in, for they had been robbed and almost murdered in the wood. John was very sorry to see them in that condition, and advised them not to lodge in the house, telling them, with a significant nod, that all was not right there; but the poor pedlars were so weary and so bruised, that they would stop where they were, and disregard the advice.

Rather than remain in the house, John retired to the stable, and laid himself down upon a bundle of straw, where he slept soundly for some time. About the middle of the night, he heard two persons come into the stable, and on listening to their conversation, discovered that it was the landlady and a man laying a plan how to murder her husband. In the morning John renewed his journey; but at the next town he came to, he was told that the landlord in the town he had left had been murdered, and that two pedlars, whose clothes were found all covered with blood,

had been taken up on for the crime, and were going to be hanged. John, without mentioning what he had overheard to any person, determined to save the pedlars if possible, and so returned in order to attend the trial.

On going into the court, he saw the two men at the bar; and the young woman and the man, whose voices he had heard in the stable, swearing their innocent lives away. But the judge allowed him to give his evidence, and he told every particular of what had occurred. The man and the young woman instantly confessed their guilt; the poor pedlars were at once acquitted; and the judge ordered a large reward to be paid to John Carson, as through his means the real murderers were brought to justice.

John now proceeded towards home, fully convinced of the value of two of the advices which his master had given him. On arriving at his cabin, he found his wife and children rejoicing over a purse full of gold which the eldest boy had picked up the road that morning. Whilst he was away, they had endured all the miseries which the wretched families of those who go over to seek work in England are exposed to. With precarious food, without a bed to lie down on, or a roof to shelter them, they had wandered through the country, seeking food from door to door of a starving population; and when a single potato was bestowed, showering down blessing and thanks on the giver, not in the set phrases of the mendicant, but in a burst of eloquence too fervid not to gush direct from the heart. Those only who have seen a family of such beggars as I describe, can fancy the joy with which the poor woman welcomed her husband back, and informed him of the purse full of gold.

"And where did Mick, my boy, find it?" inquired John Carson.

"It was the young squire, for certain, who dropped it," said his wife; "for he rode down the road this morning, and was leaping his horse in the very gap where Micky picked it up; but sure John he has money enough besides, and never the half-penny have I to buy my poor *childer* a bit to eat this blessed night."

"Never mind that," said John; "do as I bid you, and take up the purse at once to the big house, and ask for the young squire. I have two cakes which I brought every step of the way with me from England, and they will do for the children's supper. I ought surely to remember, as good right I have, what my master told me for my twelve-month's wages, seeing I never, as yet found what he said to be wrong."

"And what did he say?" inquired his wife.

"That honesty is the best policy," answered John.

"'Tis very well, and 'tis mighty easy for them to say so that have never been sore tempted, by distress and famine, to say otherwise: but your bidding is enough for me, John."

Straightways she went to the big house; and inquired for the young squire; but she was denied the liberty to speak to him.

"You must tell me your business, honest woman," said a servant, with a head all powdered and frizzled like a cauliflower, and who had on a coat covered with gold and silver lace and buttons, and every thing in the world.

"If you knew but all," said she, "I am an honest woman, for I've brought a purse full of gold to the young master, that my little boy picked up by the roadside; for surely it is his, as nobody else could have so much money."

"Let me see it," said the servant. "Ay, it's all right; I'll take care of it; you need not trouble yourself any more

about the matter ;” and so saying, he slammed the door in her face. When she returned, her husband produced the two cakes which his master gave him on parting, and breaking one to divide between his children, how was he astonished at finding six golden guineas in it ; and when he took the other and broke it, he found as many more !

He then remembered the words of his generous master, who desired him to give one of the cakes to his wife, and not to eat the other himself until that time ; and this was the way his master took to conceal his wages, lest he should have been robbed, or have lost the money on the road.

The following day, as John was standing near his cabin door, and turning over in his own mind what he should do with his money, the young squire came riding down the road. John pulled off his hat, for he had not forgot his manners through the means of his travelling to foreign parts, and then made so bold as to enquire if his honor had got the purse he lost.

“ Why, it is true enough, my good fellow,” said the squire, “ I did lose my purse yesterday, and I hope you were lucky enough to find it ; for if that is your cabin, you seem to be very poor, and shall keep it as a reward for your honesty.”

“ Then the servant up at the big house never gave it to your honor last night, after taking it from Nance — she’s my wife, your honor — and telling her it was all right ?”

“ Oh, I must look into this business,” said the squire.

“ Did you say your wife, my poor man, gave my purse to a servant — to what servant ?”

“ I can’t tell his name rightly,” said John, “ because I don’t know it ; but never trust Nance’s eyes again if she can’t point him out to your honor, if so your honor is desirous of knowing.”

"Then do you and Nance, as you call her, come up to the hall this evening, and I'll inquire into the matter, I promise you." So saying, the squire rode off.

John and his wife went up accordingly in the evening, and he gave a small rap with the big knocker at the great door. The door was opened by a grand servant, who, without hearing what the poor people had to say, exclaimed, "Oh, go! — go — what business can you have here?" and shut the door.

John's wife burst out crying — "There," said she, sobbing as if her heart would break, "I knew that would be the end of it."

But John had not been in merry England merely to get his twelve guineas packed in two cakes. "No," said he firmly, "right is right, and I'll see the end of it." So he sat himself down on the step of the door, determined not to go until he saw the young squire; and as it happened, it was not long before he came out.

"I have been expecting you some time, John," said he; "come in and bring your wife in; and he made them go before him into the house. Immediately he directed all the servants to come up stairs; and such an army of them as there was! It was a real sight to see them.

"Which of you," said the young squire, without making further words, "which of you all did this honest woman give my purse to?" — but there was no answer. "Well, I suppose she must be mistaken, unless she can tell herself."

John's wife at once pointed her finger towards the head footman; "There he is," said she, "if all the world were to the fore — clergymen, magistrates, judges, juries, and all — there he is, and I'm ready to take my bible-oath to him — there he is who told me it was all right when he took the

purse, and slammed the door in my face, without as much as thank ye for it."

The conscious footman turned pale.

"What is this I hear?" said his master. "If this woman gave you my purse, William, why did you not give it to me?"

The servant stammered out a denial; but his master insisted on his being searched, and the purse was found in his pocket.

"John," said the gentleman, turning round, "you shall be no loser by this affair. Here are ten guineas for you; go home now, but I will not forget your wife's honesty."

Within a month, John Carson was settled in a nice new-slatted house, which the squire had furnished and made ready for him. What with his wages and the reward he got from the judge, and the ten guineas for returning the purse, he was well to do in the world, and was soon able to stock a small farm, where he lived respectable all his days. On his deathbed, he gave his children the very Three Advices which his master had given him on parting:

Never to take a bye-road when they could follow the highway.

Never to lodge in the house where an old man was married to a young woman.

And, above all, to remember that honesty is the best policy.

THE TWO BROTHERS.

AN IRISH TALE.

BY WILLIAM CARLETON.

THE village of Ballydhas was situated in as sweet a valley as ever gladdened the eye and the heart of man to look upon. Contentment, peace, and prosperity, walked step by step with its happy inhabitants; and the people were marked by a pastoral simplicity of manners, such as is still to be found in some of the remote and secluded hamlets of Ireland. Within two miles of the village stood Ballaghmore, the market town of the parish. It also bore the traces of peace and industry. Around it lay a rich, fertile country, studded with warm homesteads, waving fields, and residences of a higher rank, at once elegant and fashionable.

Many a fair-day have we witnessed in this quiet and thriving market town, and it is pleasant to go back in imagination to one of these hilarious festivals. About twelve o'clock the fair-tide is full, when the utmost activity in solid business prevails. For an hour or two this continues. About three o'clock the tide is evidently on the ebb; business begins to slacken; and now it is that the people fall into distinct groups for the purpose of social enjoyment. If two young folks have been for some time "coortin' one another," the "bachelor," which in Ireland means a suitor, generally contrives to bring his friends and those of his sweetheart together. The very fact of these accepting the "trate," on either side, or both, is a good

omen, and considered tantamount to a mutual consent of their respective connexions.

Amidst such scenes as these, at the fair of Ballaghmore, several years ago, a party of the kind now alluded to was seen to enter a public-house. It was less numerous than is usual on such occasions, and consisted of a young man, a middle-aged woman, and her two daughters—one grown, the other only about fifteen. Who is—ha!—it is not necessary to inquire. Alley Bawn Murry! Gentle reader, bow with heartfelt respect to humble beauty and virtue! She is that widow's daughter, the pride of the parish, and the beloved of all who can appreciate goodness, affection, and filial piety. The child accompanying them is her sister; and that fine manly, well built, handsome youth, is even now pledged to the modest and beautiful girl. He is the son of a wealthy farmer, some time dead, and her mother is comparatively poor; but in purity, in truth and an humble sense of religion, their hearts are each rich and equal.

Their history is very brief and simple. Felix O'Donnell was the son of a farmer, as we have said, sufficiently extensive and industrious to be wealthy, without possessing any of the vulgar pride which rude independence frequently engrafts upon the ignorant and narrow-hearted. His family consisted of two sons and a daughter—Maura, the last-named, being the eldest, and Felix, by several years the junior of his brother Hugh. Between the two brothers there was in many things a marked contrast of character, whilst in others there might be said to exist a striking similarity. Hugh was a dark-browed, fiery man when opposed, though in general quiet and inoffensive. His passion blazed out with fury for a moment, and only for a moment; for no sooner had he been borne by their vehe-

mence into the commission of an error, than he became quickly alive to the promptings of a heart naturally affectionate and kind. In money transactions he had the character of being a hard man; yet there were many in the parish who could declare that they found him liberal and considerate. The truth was, that he estimated money at more than its just value, without having absolutely given up his heart to its influence. When a young man, though in good circumstances, he looked cautiously about him, less for the best or the handsomest wife than the largest dower. In the speculation, so far as it was pecuniary, he succeeded; but his domestic peace was overshadowed by the gloom of his own character, and not unfrequently disturbed by the violent temper of a wife who united herself to him with an indifferent heart.

His brother Felix, in all that was amiable and affectionate strongly resembled him; but there the resemblance terminated. Felix was subject to none of his gloomy moods or violent outbursts of temper. He was manly, liberal, and cheerful — valued money at its proper estimate, and frankly declared that in the choice of a wife he would never sacrifice his happiness to acquire it

"I have enough of my own," he would say; "and when I meet the woman that my heart chooses, whether she has fortune or not, that's the girl that I will bring to share it, if she can love me."

Felix and his sister both resided together; for after his father's death he succeeded to the inheritance that had been designed for him. Maura O'Donnell was in that state of life in which we feel it extremely difficult to determine whether a female is hopeless or not upon the subject of marriage. Her humors had begun to ferment; her temper became shrewish; still she loved Felix, whose good

humor constituted him an excellent butt for her irascible sallies. He was her younger brother, too, of whom she was justly proud; and she knew that Felix, in spite of the pungency of her frequent reproofs, loved her deeply, as was evident by the many instances of his considerate attention in bringing her home presents of dress, and in contributing as far as lay in his power, to her comfort.

The courtship of Alley Bawn and Felix had arrived, on the fair-day of Ballaghmore, to a crisis which required decision on the part of the wooer. They went in, as we have shown the reader, to a public house. Their conversation, which was only such as takes place in a thousand similar instances, we do not mean to detail. It was tender and firm on the part of Felix, and affectionate between him and her. With that high pride which is only another name for humility, she urged him to forget her, "if it was not plasin' to his friends. You know, Felix," she continued, "that I am poor and you are rich, an' I wouldn't wish to be dragged into a family that couldn't respect me."

"Alley, dear," replied Felix, "I know that both Hugh and Maura love me in their hearts; and although they may make a show of anger in the beginnin', yet they'll soon soften, and will love you as they do me."

"Well, Felix," replied Alley, "my mother and you are present; if my mother says I ought ——" "I do darling," said her mother; "that is, I can't feel any *particular* objection to it. Yet somehow my mind is troubled. I know that what he says is what will happen; but for all that — oeh, Felix aroon, there's something over me about this same match I don't know — I'm willin', an' I'm not willin'."

They rose to depart; and as both families lived in the beautiful village of Ballydhas, which we have already described to the reader, of course their walk home was such

as lovers could wish. The arrangements for their marriage were on that night concluded and the mother after some feebly expressed misgivings, at which Felix and Alley laughed heartily, was induced to consent that on the third Sunday following they should be joined in wedlock. Had Felix been disposed to conceal his marriage from Hugh and Maura, at least until the eve of its occurrence, the publishing of their banns in the chapel would have of course disclosed it. When his sister heard that the arrangements were completed, she poured forth a torrent of abuse against what she considered the folly and simplicity of a mere boy, who allowed himself to be caught in the snares of an artful girl, with nothing but a handsome face to recommend her. Felix received all this with good humor, and replied only in a strain of jocularly to everything she said.

Hugh, on the other hand, contented himself with a single observation. "Felix," said he, "I wont see you throw yourself away upon a girl that is no fit match for you. If *you* can't take care of yourself, *I will*. Once for all, I tell you that *this marriage must not take place*."

As he uttered the words, his dark brows were bent, and his eyes flashed with a gleam of that ungovernable passion for which he was so remarkable. Felix, at all times peaceful, and always willing to acknowledge his elder brother's natural right to exercise a due degree of authority over him, felt that this was stretchng it too far. Still he made no reply, nor indeed did Hugh allow him time to retort, had he been so disposed. They separated without more words, each resolved to accomplish his avowed purpose.

The opposition of Hugh and Maura to his marriage, only strengthened Felix's resolution to make his beloved and misrepresented Alley Bawn the rightful mistress of his hearth, as she already was of his affections. At length the

happy Sunday morning arrived and never did a more glorious sun light up the beautiful valley of Ballydhas, than that which shed down its smiling radiance from heaven upon their union. Felix's heart was full of that eager and trembling delight, which, where there is pure and disinterested love, always marks our emotions upon that blessed epoch in human life. Maura, contrary to her, wont, was unusually silent during the whole morning; but Felix could perceive that she watched all his motions with the eye of a lynx. When the hour of going to chapel approached, he deemed it time to dress, and, for that purpose, went to a large oaken tallboy that stood in the kitchen, in order to get out his clothes. It was locked, however, and his sister told him at once that the key, which was in her possession, should not pass into his hands that day. "No," she continued, "nor the sorra ring you'll put on the same girl with my consent."

During the altercation which ensued, Hugh entered. "What's all this?" he inquired; "what racket's this?" "Oh, he wants the key to deck himself up for marrying that pet of his." "Felix," said his enraged brother, "I'm over you in place of your father, and I tell you that I'll put a stop to this day's work. Be my sowl, it's a horse-whip I ought to take to you, and lash all thoughts of marriage out of you; if you marry this portionless, good-for-nothing huzzey——" Felix's eyes flashed. He manfully repelled the right of his brother to interfere. It was in vain. After several unsuccessful remonstrances, and even supplications very humbly expressed, a fierce struggle ensued between the brothers, which was only terminated by the interference of the two servant-men, who, with some difficulty forced the elder out of the house, and brought him across the fields towards his own house. Maura then

gave up the key, and the youthful bridegroom was soon dressed and prepared to meet his "man," and a few friends whom he had invited, at the chapel. His mind, however, was disturbed, and his heart sank at this ill-omened commencement of his wedding day.

Let us follow him on his way. He had not gone far when he saw his brother walking towards him through the fields, his arms folded, and his eyes almost hidden by his heavy brows; sullen ferocity was in his looks, and his voice, for he addressed him, was hollow with suppressed rage. "So," said he, "you will ruin yourself! Go back home, Felix." "For God's sake, Hugh, let me alone, let me pass." "You will go?" said the other. "I will, Hugh."

"Then may bad luck go with you, if you do. I order you to stay at home, I say." "Mind your own business, Hugh, and I'll mind mine," was the only reply given him.

Felix walked on by making a small circuit out of the direct path, for he was anxious not only to proceed quickly, as his time was limited, but above all things, to avoid a collision with his brother. The characteristic fury of the latter shot out in a burst that resembled momentary madness as much as rage. "Is that my answer?" he shouted, in the hoarse, quivering accents of passion, and with the rapid energy of the dark impulse which guided him, he snatched up a stone from a ditch, and flung it at his brother, whose back was towards him. Felix fell forward in an instant, but betrayed, after his fall, no symptoms of motion; the stillness of apparent death was in every limb. Hugh, after the blow had been given, stood rooted to the earth, and looked as if the demon which possessed him had fled on the moment the fearful act had been committed. His now bloodless lips quivered, his frame became relaxed, and the wild tremor of horrible apprehension shook him from limb

to limb. Immediately a fearful cry was heard far over the fields, and the words, "Oh! yeah, yeah, Felix, my brother, agra, can't you spake to me?" struck upon the heart of Maura and the servant-men, with a feeling of dismay, deep and deadly.

"Oh!" she exclaimed with clasped hands and upturned eyes, "Oh! my boy, my boy! — Felix, Felix, what has happened you?" Again the agonized cry of the brother was heard loud and frantic. "Oh yeah, yeah, Felix. are you dead? — brother, agra, can't you spake to me?"

With rapid steps they rushed to the spot; but ah! what a scene was there to blast their sight and sear the brain of his sister and indeed of all who could look upon it. The young bridegroom smote down when his foot was on the very threshold of happiness, and by the hand of a brother!

Hugh, in the meantime had turned up Felix from the prone posture in which he lay, with a hope — a frenzied, a desperate hope — of ascertaining whether or not life was extinct. In this position the stricken boy was lying, his brother, like a maniac, standing over him, when Maura and the servants arrived. One glance, a shudder, then a long ghastly gaze at Hugh, and she sank down beside the insensible victim of his fury. "What," said Hugh, wildly clenching his hands, "have I killed both! Oh, Felix, Felix! you are happy, you are happy, agra, brother; but for me, oh, for me, *my* hour of mercy is past an' gone. I can never look to heaven more! How can I live?" he muttered furiously to himself; "how can I live? and I darn't die. My brain's turnin'. I needn't pray to God to curse the hand that struck you dead, Felix dear, for I feel this minute that his curse is on me.

Felix was borne in, but no arm would Hugh suffer to encircle him but his own. Poor Maura recovered, and,

although in a state of absolute distraction, yet had she presence of mind to remember that they ought to use every means in their power to restore the boy to life, if it were possible. Water **was** got, with which his face was sprinkled; in a little time he breathed, opened his eyes, looked mournfully about him, and asked what had happened him. Never was pardon to the malefactor, nor the firm tread of land to the shipwrecked mariner, so welcome as the dawn of returning life in Felix was to his brother. The moment he saw the poor youth's eyes fixed upon him, and heard his voice, he threw himself on his knees at the bedside, clasped him in his arms, and, with an impetuous tide of sensations, in which were blended joy, grief, burning affection, and remorse, he kissed his lips, strained him to his bosom, and wept with such agony, that poor Felix was compelled to console him.

"Oh! Felix, Felix!" exclaimed Hugh, "what was it I did to you, or how could the enemy of man tempt me to—to—to—Oh, Felix, agra, say you're not hurted—say only that you'll be as well as ever, an' I take God and every one present to witness, that, from this minute till the day of my death, a harsh word 'll never crass my lips to you. Say you're not hurted Felix, dear. Don't you know, Felix, in spite of my dark temper's puttin' me in a passion with you sometimes, that I always loved you?"

"Yes, you did, Hugh," replied Felix, "you did, an' I still knew you did. I didn't often contradict you, because I knew, too, that the passion would soon go off you, and that you'd be kind to me again." After uttering these words, the suffering Felix gradually recovered, but it was only at intervals that he was free from pain or clear in his faculties. His partial recovery, however, such as it was, gratified both Hugh and Maura, and each strove to assure him of

their hearty concurrence in his marriage with his dearly beloved Alley, and hastened to make preparations for entertaining the company which might be expected to be present at the marriage-feast.

Gathering strength sufficient, as he thought, to support him, the stricken Felix now rose to depart. When ready to set out, he again put his hand to his head. "It comes on me here," said he, "for about a minute or so—this confusion—I think I'll tie a handkerchief about my head. It'll be an easy thing for me to make some excuse, or I can take it off at the chapel." This was immediately acquiesced in; but at Hugh's suggestion a car was prepared, a horse yoked in a few minutes, and Felix, accompanied and supported by his brother and sister, set out for mass. On arriving at the "green," he felt that his short journey had not been beneficial to him; on the contrary, he was worse, and very properly declined to go into the heated atmosphere of the chapel. A message, by his sister, soon brought the blushing, trembling, serious, yet happy-looking girl to his side. Her neat white dress, put on with that natural taste which is generally accompanied by a clear sense of moral propriety, and her plain cottage-bonnet, brought for the occasion, showed that she came prepared, not beyond, but to the utmost reach of, her humble means. And this she did more for Felix's sake than her own, for she resolved that her appearance should not, if possible, jar upon the feelings of one who she knew in marrying her had sacrificed prospects of wealth and worldly happiness for her sake. At sight of her Felix smiled, but it was observed that his face, which had a moment before been pale, was instantly flushed, and his eye unusually bright. When he had kissed her, she replied to the friendly greetings of his brother and Maura, with a modest comely dignity, well

suiting to her situation and circumstances. Then turning to the elected husband of her heart, she said :

"Why then, Felix, but it's little credit you do me this happy morning, coming with your nightcap on, as if you wern't well ;" but as she saw the smile fade from his lips, and the color from his cheek, her heart sank, and "pallid as death's dedicated bride," with her soft blue eyes bent upon his changing color and bandaged head, she exclaimed, "God be merciful to us ! Felix, dear, you are ill — you are hurted ! Felix, Felix, darling, what ails you ? What is wrong ?"

"Don't be frightened, jewel," he replied ; "don't darling — it won't signify — my foot slipped afther lavin' you last night on my way home, and my head came against a stone — it's only a little sore outside. It'll be very well as soon as the priest puts your heart and mine together — never to be parted — long, long an' airnestly have I wished an' prayed for this happy day. Isn't your mother here, jewel, an' my own little Ellen ?"

When the ceremony was concluded, those who attended it of course returned to Felix's house to partake of the wedding dinner. He indeed seemed to be gifted with new life ; his eyes sparkled, and the deep carmine of his cheek was dazzling to look upon. Courtesy, and the usages prevalent on such occasions, compelled him to drink more than his state of health was just then capable of bearing ; he did not, however, transgress the bounds of moderation. Still the noise of many tongues, the sounds of laughter, and the din of mirth, joined to the consciousness that his happiness was now complete, affected him with the feverish contagion of the moment. He talked hurriedly and loud, and seemed to feel as if the accomplishment of his cherished hopes was too much for his heart to bear.

shooting pain in his head, and a strange confusion of mind which the poor girl, from some of his incoherent expressions, had attributed to his excess of affection. With words of comfort she soothed him ; *her* arm now returned the support she had received from his ; she led him home languid and half delirious, whilst she herself felt stunned as well by the violence as the unaccountable nature of his illness. On reaching home, they found that the noise of social enjoyment had risen to the outrage of convivial extravagance ; but the moment he staggered in, supported only by the faithful arm of his wife, a solemn and apprehensive spirit suddenly hushed their intemperance, and awed them into a conviction that such an illness upon the marriage-day must be as serious as it was uncommon. Felix was put to bed in pain and danger ; but Alley smoothed his pillow, bound his head, and sat patient, and devoted, and wife-like, by his side. During all that woeful night of sorrow she watched the feverish start, the wild glare of the half-opened eyes, the momentarily conscious glance, and the miserable gathering together of the convulsed limbs, hoping that each pang would diminish in agony, and that the morning might bring ease and comfort.

We feel utterly incapable of describing, during the progress of this heavy night, the scorching and fiery anguish of his brother Hugh, or the distracted and wailing sorrow of poor Maura. The unexpected and delightful revulsion of feeling produced upon both, especially on the former, by his temporary recovery, now utterly incapacitated them from bearing his relapse with any thing like fortitude. The frantic remorse of the guilty man, and the stupid but pungent grief of his sister, appeared but as the symptoms of weak minds and strong passions, when contrasted with the deep

but patient affliction of his innocent and uncomplaining wife. She wasted no words in sorrow; for during this hopeless night, self, happiness, affection, hope, were all forgotten in the absorbing efforts at his recovery. Never, indeed, did the miseries and calamities of life draw from the faithful source of a wife's attached and affectionate heart a nobler specimen of that pure and disinterested devotion which characterises woman, than was exhibited by the stricken-hearted Alley Bawn.

With a vehemence of grief that was pitiable, Hugh uttered cries of despair, and tearing himself from a spot he dreaded to leave, he mounted a horse, which he spurred to the nearest town for a physician to come and see his now apparently dying brother. The doctor, a man of great skill and humanity, instantly attended the summons. But the visit was unavailing. The patient grew worse every minute. Never before had the physician witnessed such a scene of family distress. "Oh, Felix, Felix, Felix, darling," cried Hugh, in the agony of his repentance, "spake to me, spake harshly, cruelly, blackly — oh, say you won't forgive me — but no, *that* I couldn't bear — forgive me in your heart, and before God, but don't spake wid affection to me, for then I'll not be able to bear it."

"Hugh," said Felix, from whose eyes the keenness of his brother's repentance wrung tears, despite his burning agony; "Hugh, dear," — and he looked pitifully in the convulsed face of the unhappy man — "Hugh, dear, it was only an accident, for if you had — thought — that it would turn out — as it has done — But no matter now — you have my forgiveness — and you deserve it; for, Hugh, dear, it was as much and more my own thoughtlessness and self-will that caused it. Hugh, dear, take comfort and support Alley here, and, Maura too, Hugh; be kind to them

both for poor Felix's sake." He sank back, exhausted, holding his brother's hand in his left, and his mute heart-broken bride's in his right. A calm, or rather torpor, followed, which lasted until his awakening spirit, in returning consciousness of life and love, made a last effort to dissolve in a farewell embrace upon the pure bosom of his wife.

"Alley," said he, "are you not my wife, and amn't I your husband? Whose hands should be upon me — in what arms but yours should I die? Alley, think of your own Felix — oh, don't let me pass altogether out of your memory; an' if you'd wear a lock of my hair (many a time you used to curl it over on my cheek, for you said it was the same shade as your own, and you used to compare them together), wear it, for my sake, next your heart; and if ever you think of doing a wrong thing, look at it, and you'll remember that Felix, who's now in the dust, always desired you to pray for the Almighty's grace, an' trust to him for strength against evil. But where are you? My eyes want a last look of you; I feel you — ay, I feel you in my breakin' heart, and sweet is your presenee in it, avourneen machree; but how is it that I cannot see you? Oh, my wife, my young wife, my spotless wife, be with me — near me?" He clasped her to his heart, as if, while he held her there, he thought it could not cease to beat; but in a moment, after one slight shudder, one closing pang, his grasp relaxed — his head fell upon her bosom — and he, Felix, who that morning stood up in the bloom of youth and manly beauty, with the cup of happiness touching his very lips, was now a clod of the valley. Half unconscious — almost unbelieving that all could be over, she gently laid him down. On looking into his face, her pale lips quivered; and as her mute wild gaze became fixed upon the body, slowly the desolating truth forced itself

upon her heart. Quietly and calmly she rose, and but for the settled wretchedness of her look, and the stillness of her spirit might have been mistaken for apathy. Without resistance, without a tear, in the dry agony of burning grief, she gently gave herself up to the guidance of those who wept, while they attempted to soothe her.

At the inquest, which followed, there was no proof to criminate the wretched brother, nor were the jury anxious to find any. The man's shrieking misery was more wild and frightful than death itself. From "the dark day" until this on which I write, he has never been able to raise his heart or his countenance. Home he never leaves, except when the pressure of business compels him; and when he does, in every instance he takes the most unfrequented paths and the loneliest byroads, in order to avoid the face and eye of man. Better, indeed, to encounter flood or fire, than to suffer what he has borne, when the malicious or coarse minded have reproached him, in what we trust is his repentance, with his great affliction.

Alley, contrary to the earnest solicitations of Hugh and Maura, went back to reside with her mother. Four years have now passed, and the maiden widow is constant to her grief. With a bunch of yarn on her arm, she may be occasionally seen in the next market-town, the chastened sorrow of her look agreeing well with her mournful weeds. In vain is she pressed to mingle in the rustic amusements of her former companions; she cannot do it, even to please her mother; the poor girl's heart is sorrow-struck for ever. She will never smile again.

Reader, if you want a moral, look upon the wasted brow of Hugh O'Donnell, and learn to restrain your passions and temper within proper limits.

OWEN AND ELLEN.

A LEGEND OF CLARE.

OWEN and Ellen Duncan, at the period at which our tale commences, resided in a cabin on the borders of the county of Clare—a district at that time in a frightful state of anarchy and confusion. They had not been long married; and never were husband and wife more attached. Notwithstanding Duncan's extreme poverty, he was as happy as a king. His entire possessions consisted of a few acres of miserable land, a cow, a couple of pigs, and the "ould cabin" which consisted of four mud walls, covered with thatch, in which was an opening to let in the day-light, and let out the smoke. Owen had been brought up in this way; and so, as he could *live* by his labor, never thought of needless luxuries; and Ellen, seeing him contented, was so herself.

For some months previous to the time of which we write, Owen's affairs had been gradually getting worse and worse; and it was with no pleasing anticipations that he looked forward to his approaching rent-day. His uneasiness he studiously kept a secret from his wife, and worked away seemingly with as much cheerfulness as ever, hoping for better days, and *trusting in Providence!* However, when within a week of the time that he expected a call from the agent, he found that with all his industry he had been only able to muster five-and-twenty shillings, and his rent was above five pounds. So, after a good deal of painful deliberation, he thought of selling his single cow, thinking that, by redoubled exertion, he might, after a while, be enabled to repurchase her; forgetting that before the cow was sold

was really the time to make the exertion. On communicating his intention to his wife she seemed perfectly reconciled to the idea of parting with the animal, and it was agreed on by both that Owen should set out the next day but one for the town, to try and dispose of "the cow, the crathur;" and although poverty had begun to grind them a little, still they had enough to eat, and slept tranquilly. However, it so happened that the very morning on which he had appointed to set out, "*Black Bess*" was seized for a long arrear of a tax that had not been either asked or paid there for some time, and driven off with many others belonging to his neighbors, to be sold. Now, you must know, good reader, that there is a feeling interwoven, as it were, in the Irish nature that will doggedly resist anything that it conceives in the slightest or most remote degree oppressive or unjust; and that feeling then completely usurped all others in Owen's mind. He went amongst his friends, and they condoled with one another about their grievances — there was many a promise exchanged, that they would stand by each other in their future resistance to what they considered an unlawful impost. When the rent-day came, by disposing of his two pigs, and by borrowing a little, he was enabled to pay the full amount, and thus protract for some time the fear "ov' bein' turned out on the world."

Some days after the whole country was in a tumult, Daly, "the procthor," was found murdered in the center of the high road, and there was no clue perceptible, by which the perpetrators of the crime could be discovered. The very day before, Owen had borrowed the gamekeeper's gun, to go, as he said, to a wild, mountainous part of the country, to shoot hares; and from this circumstance, and his not having returned the day after, a strong feeling of suspicion against him was in the minds of most. The

police had come to the cabin in search of him; and their report to the magistrate was, that he had absconded. His wife was in a miserable state of mind, and her whole soul was tortured with conflicting emotions. While sitting at night rocking over an almost extinct fire of turf, in an agony of mind it would be difficult to describe, she occasionally muttered to herself, "No, he can't be guilty. Owen commit a murder! It must be an untruth!" and such like expressions. Gradually as she had thus thought aloud, her motions became more rapid, her cheeks were no longer dry. Suddenly Owen entered the cabin, and stood before her. She sprang eagerly forward, and hung on his neck while she joyfully exclaimed, "Oh, Heaven be praised, you're come back at last, to give the lie to all their reports, and to prove yer innocence."

"Ellen, my darlint," he answered, "I knew you'd be glad to get me back," and he kissed again and again her burning lips; "but what do you mane, acushla? What reports do you spake ov, an ov what am I accused?"

"Oh, thin, Owen, I'm glad you didn't even hear ov it; an' the police here, sarching the house to make you pris'ner. Shure, Bill Daly, the procthor, that sazed poor *Black Bess*, was murdered the very mornin' you wint to shoot the hares; an' on account ov yer borryin' the gun, an' threatenin' him, the day of the sale, they said it was you that done it; but I giv them all the lie, for I knew you wor innocent. Now, Owen you look tired; sit down an' I'll get you somethin' to ate. Och, but I'm glad that your returned safe!"

Owen now explained the reason of his absence. In the pursuit of game on the mountains, he had been led farther from home than he had intended, and, most unluckily, he was seized and detained for some time by a band of smug-

glers, on the supposition that he was a spy. By taking a solemn oath not to disclose the cause of his detention, he had been allowed to escape. While Dunnean was cheering his wife with his narrative, and declaring his intention to deliver himself up to the magisterial authorities for examination, the tramp of feet was heard outside, and in a few seconds the cabin was filled with armed men, who came to take him prisoner. He had been seen entering his cabin; and they immediately — that is as soon as they could muster a party, set out to make him captive. As he was known to most of them, and did not make the slightest attempt at resistance, they treated him gently, but bound his hands firmly behind his back, and took every necessary precaution. Though Ellen, while it seemed at a distance, had conversed calmly about his surrender, she was violently agitated at the appearance of the armed force. She clung to her husband's knees, and refused to part from him, wildly screaming, "He's innocent! — my husband's innocent!" and when all was prepared, she walked by his side to the magistrate's house (a distance of three miles), her choking sobs and burning tears attesting the violence of her uncontrolled feelings. A short examination was gone through there, and the circumstantial evidence that was adduced, made the case look very serious. One man positively swore that he had seen Dunnean pass by in the morning, in the direction where the body was found, and that he was armed with a gun. Another, that in about an hour after he had heard a shot, but supposed it was some person coursing, and that the report was just where the body was found, and where Owen had been seen proceeding to. His only cow having been seized by Daly, a threat that he was heard uttering, and his absence from home, were duly commented on; and, finally, he was committed to prison,

to abide his trial at the Ennis assizes. While all this was going forward, Ellen's emotions were most agonizing. She stared wildly at the magistrate and the two witnesses, and as the evidence was proceeded with, she sometimes hastily put back her hair, as if she thought she was under the influence of a dream. But when his final committal was made out, and her mind glanced rapidly at the concurrent testimony, and the danger of Owen, she rushed forward, and flinging her arms around him, wildly exclaimed —

"They sha'n't part us — they sha'n't tear us asunder ! No, no, Owen, I will go wid you to prison ! Oh, is id come to this wid us ? You to be dragged from home, accused of murdher — and I — I — Father of marcies, keep me in my sinses — I'm goin' mad — wild mad !"

"Ellen," said Owen, gently unwinding her arms, and kissing her forehead, while a scalding tear fell from his eye on her cheek : "Ellen, asthore, machree ! don't be overcome. There's a good girl, dhry your eyes. That God that knows I'm guiltless, 'll bring me safe through all. May his blesing be on you, my poor colleen, till we meet agin ! You know you can come an' see me. Heaven purtect you, Ellen — Heaven purtect you !"

When he was finally removed, she seemed to lose all power, and, but for the arm of a bystander, would have fallen to the ground. It was not without assistance that she was at length enabled to reach her cabin.

It is strange how man's feelings and powers are swayed by outward circumstances, and how his pride and strength may be entirely overcome by disheartening appearances. So it was with Owen. Although constantly visited in prison by his faithful wife — although conscious of his own innocence — and although daily receiving assurances of hope from a numerous circle of friends, yet still his spirit

drooped. The gloom of imprisonment—the idea of danger—the ignominy of public execution, and all the horrors of innocent conviction, gradually wore away his mental strength; and when the assize time approached, he was but a thin shadow of the former bluff, healthy Owen Duncan. In so short a time as this can care and harrowing thought exhibit its influence on the human frame!

Never was there a finer or more beautiful morning than that which ushered in the day of trial. The court-house was crowded to suffocation, the mob outside fearfully numerous, and never before, perhaps, was Ennis in such a state of fearful excitement. Daly's murder was as nought in the minds of all, in comparison with Duncan's accusation. Alas! the former was an occurrence of too frequent repetition, to be *very much* thought of; but the latter, namely, Owen's being suspected, was a subject of the extremest wonder. His former high character, his sobriety, his quietness, and his being a native of the town, in some measure accounted for this latter feeling; and there was an inward conviction in most men's minds, that he was guiltless of the crime of which he was accused. Although the court-house was crowded, yet, when the prisoner was called to the bar, a pin could be heard to drop in any part of the place. There was a single female figure leaning on the arm of an aged and silver-haired, though hale and healthy countryman, within a few feet of the dock; and as the prisoner advanced, and laying his hand on the iron railing, confronted the judges and the court, she slowly raised the hood of the cloak in which she was completely muffled, and gazed long and earnestly on his face. There was in that wistful look a fear, a hope, an undying tenderness; and when his eye met hers, there was a proud, yet soft and

warm expression in its glance, that reassured her sinking heart.

We need not describe the details of this most interesting trial. The strong circumstantial evidence which was led against poor Duncan, was deemed conclusive as to his guilt, and he was condemned to death. When all was over, Ellen seemed only to awake to consciousness. Her eyes slowly opened to their fullest extent — their expression of despair was absolutely frightful — a low, gurgling, half-choking sob, forced itself from between her lips; and ere a hand could be outstretched to save her, she fell, as if quickly dashed to the ground by no mortal power — her piercing shriek of agony, ringing through the court-house, with a fearful, prolonged cadence.

Evening approached, and the busy crowd of idlers had passed away, some to brood over what they had seen, and others to forget, in the bustle of life, that there were woes and miseries in the hearts of their fellow-beings. Owen was remanded to prison, as his execution was not to take place till the commission was over — thus giving him more than a week to prepare for that final doom. The light that struggled through the bars of his cell rested fully on the stooping figure of his wife, as she bent over the rude bed on which he lay; and her hot tears fell fast down her cheeks as she thought how soon they were doomed to part for ever. Hope was not, however, entirely dead within her, for the jury had strongly recommended him to mercy; and ignorant as she was of forms and ceremonies — helpless as lone woman in misfortune always is — she had determined on going to Dublin, to kneel at the feet of the Lord Lieutenant — then the proud and whimsical Duke of Rutland, and there to solicit his pardon. Having hesitated for some



time as to the manner in which she should break it to him, and ask his advice, she thus began —

“Owen, dear Owen! do you know what I’ve been thinkin’ ov, an’ where I’ve been thinkin’ ov goin’?”

There was no answer returned for some time, and on looking at him more earnestly, she was astonished to find that he had sunk into a profound slumber. “Guilt,” thought she, “is not there!” and her resolution was taken instantly. She would not wake him — she would not let him know her purpose — and if she succeeded — her eyes flashed through her tears at the anticipation of his rapturous surprise.

On the third night from the events which we have narrated, a poor woman was observed wending her toilsome way through the streets of the metropolis. Her appearance bespoke fatigue and long travel; and as she neared the Upper Castlegate, she had to lean against the railing for support.

The lamps were lighted, carriages rolling to and fro, and all the buzz of life was ringing in her ears; but, oh! from the expression of pain and suffering in her face, and the shrinking with which she surveyed the sentinels pacing up and down, it was evident that her mind but little accorded with the scenes by which she was surrounded. She slowly and fearfully entered the wide court-yard — a flood of light was streaming from the windows of the vice-regal dwelling, and a crowd of idlers stood round about, viewing the entrance of the visitors, for it appeared as if there were a revel of some kind going on. Ellen’s heart sank within her, as she heard the carriages rolling and dashing across the pavement, for she felt, that, amid the bustle of company and splendor, her poor appeal might be entirely unnoticed. As she waited, she saw several of the persons assembled

thrust rudely back by the soldiers that were on guard; and when she advanced a step or two for the purpose of entering, a brute in human shape pushed her, with a blow of the end of his musket, back against a pillar. He was about to repeat his violence, when the poor creature fell on her knees before him, screaming, "Sojer, darlin', don't stop me! I'm only goin' in to plade fur my husband's life, an' shure you won't prevint me? I've thravelled many a wairy mile to get here in time; an', oh! for marcy's sake, let me pass."

At this moment the carriage of the eccentric and beautiful Lady ——, one of the wildest, strangest, and best hearted females of the Irish court, set down its lovely burden. Having seen the transaction of the sentinel, and heard Ellen's pathetic appeal, her ladyship resolved instantly to get Ellen admitted to the presence of the duke — nay, to present her herself. She desired Ellen to rise and follow her; and while passing up the grand staircase, amid the wandering gaze and suppressed titter of the servants, she instructed her how to proceed; and having received a hasty account of all, and desired her not to be faint-hearted, she led the way into the presencc-chamber. Suddenly every eye was turned on the door with wonder and astonishment, and every voice was hushed as Lady —— entered, her cheeks blushing from excitement, and her eye bright with anticipated triumph. She led the poor and humbly clad Ellen by the hand, who dared not look up, but, with her gaze riveted on the splendid carpet, was brought like an automaton to the feet of the duke, where she mechanically knelt down.

"Will your excellency be plazed," began Lady ——, playfully mimicking the brogue, "to hear this poor craythur's complaint? Her husband has been condemned to

die for a murther he didn't commit by no manner ov manes, as the sayin' is; an' as there was a sthrong recommen-dation to marcy, if you'll grant him a reprieve, you'll have all our prayers, and (in an under tone) your excellincy knows you want them."

The duke seemed a little bewildered, as if he could not make out what it meant, and the glittering crowd now all surrounded the group; when Ellen, who had ventured to look timidly up, conceiving that the duke hesitated about the pardon (poor creature, she little knew that he had not even heard of Owen's trial) eagerly grasped the drapery of his chair, and while the big tears rolled from beneath her eye-lids, exclaimed, "Oh! may the great and just Providence, that sees the working ov all our hearts, pour a blessin' on your lordship's head — may *his* holy grace be wid you for iver an' iver, an' do listen to my prayers! My husband is innocent — an', oh! as you hope for marcy at the last day, be merciful now to *him*."

"Lady ——," said the duke, "what is the meaning of all this — will you explain?"

"Your excellency," answered she, in the natural sweet pathos of her tones, "it is a poor man who has been condemned to die on circumstantial evidencce. He has been strongly recommended to mercy, and this weeping female is his wife. I found her outside praying for admission, and have brought her hither. She has travelled, mostly on foot, upwards of ninety miles, to ask pardon; and I trust you will not refuse a *reprieve*, till your gracc has time to inquire into the matter. 'This is the head and front of my offend-ing.'"

"May heaven bless yer ladyship," burst from the depths of Ellen's grateful heart, "fur befrindin' thim that had no support but his gracious marcy."

Lady ——'s suit was eagerly seconded by many a fair creature who thronged around ; and the duke smiled, as he answered, " Well, well, one could not refuse so many fair beseechers, so we will order him to be *reprieved*. And there, now, let the poor woman be removed."

Ellen's heart was light, and her eye was glad, and her very inmost soul was thankful to the Omnipotent, as she that night rested a few hours, ere she set out on her return ; and Lady ——, as she pressed her costly pillow, felt a fuller sense of happiness in being useful to her fellow creatures, than ever she experienced before. Oh ! that all the wealthy and in power were incited by similar feelings.

The remainder of our simple tale is soon told. The reprieve arrived — the sentence was changed to banishment — and the very day appointed for Owen's death, was that of his wife's successful return. One week previous to the embarkation of those sentenced to transportation, a man was to be executed for sheep stealing. On the drop he confessed his guilt and that he, and not Duncan, was the murderer of Daly. Owen was immediately released, and a subscription raised for him ; with which, as well as with a weighty purse presented to Ellen by Lady ——, he took a comfortable farm, and rebought "*Black Bess*."

THE PASS OF COOLEAGH.

AT Dunemarc I parted for a time from Bantry Bay, and proceeded on my road towards Inchigeela, in an eastern direction. I rolled rapidly along a capital road ; and coasting the river Ouvane, by its northern bank, I came within the gorges of the hills, which now closed me in on every side ; and still ascending along the banks of the noisy and sparkling stream, I entered a pretty mountain valley, wherein was a slated cottage, and a pleasant little meadow, the whole surrounded by mountains ; and at length

The ascending vale
Long straightened by the mountain here was closed.

The road seemed to have got into what the French call a *cul de sac* or blind alley, and you seem at a dead stop unless you can say some such talismanic words to the mountain as "open sesame." But all of a sudden you turn a jutting rock, and enter the singular and stupendous pass of Cooleagh.

This deep and extraordinary chasm, which nature has excavated through these mountains, and which within these last ten years, has been taken advantage of, in order to make an excellent road between Macroom and Bantry, is really one of the most picturesque things in Ireland. It is well worth a journey to see its rocks and precipices : its cliffs clothed with ivy, and here and there interspersed through the masses of rock, old holly and yew trees, and occasionally an arbutus. And then its strange and sudden windings. You look back and you cannot find out how you got in — before you, and you cannot imagine how you are to get forward. You might imagine that the spirit of the mountain had got you into his strong holds, and here

you were impounded by everlasting enchantment. Then the surpassing loneliness of the place —

I never
So deeply felt the force of solitude,
High over head the eagle soared serene,
And the grey lizard on the rocks below
Basked in the sun.

And now I had arrived at one part of the pass where an immense square castellated rock, a keep of nature's own construction, seemed to stop up the road for ever. The sides of this natural fortress were clothed and garnished with ivy, maiden hair, feathery ferns, and London pride; and on the very top of the crag, as if its warder, on the very extreme beetling point, a goat, a high-horned shaggy fellow, stood — and how he stood I could not explain, or scarcely imagine — but there he was in all bearded solemnity. This spot was, not very long ago, a scene of blood and battle. It was the strong hold of the Rockites, in the winter of the year 1822, when, instigated by dark and curstained men, and

Trusting to the strength of these wild hills.

the peasantry retired hither, as to a stronghold, where they imagined

That nature for the free and brave prepared
A sanctuary, where no oppressor's power—
No might of human tyranny could pierce.

And from hence, as from an insurrectionary centre, they made incursions in search of arms towards Bantry, Macroom, and Dunmanway. After an incursion of this kind, and an attack on a gentleman's house near Bantry, Lord Bantry, and his brother, Captain White, of Glengariff, attended by about forty mounted gentlemen, and a party of the 39th foot, commanded by an officer, pursued the insurgents, who retreated before them, and sought the recesses of the mountains that surround the pass. On arriving at

the defile, the pursuers halted and held council; the hills were found inaccessible to horsemen, and the officer commanding the military declared, that unless the heights were scoured by a large body of troops, he would not enter such a man-trap as the Glen; whereupon Lord Bantry and his brother, urged on by their contempt of the rebels, and reckless of unascertained danger, persisted in pushing forward, and dashed into the straits, while the cautious officer persisted that his small detachment could only serve to keep the gates of the mountain open, and cover their retreat. The gray of a winter's morning was just opening as the horsemen burst into the pass, and on they pricked at full gallop, as it was his lordship's desire to proceed onwards towards some villages situated on the lakes of Inchigeela, where he hoped to apprehend certain notorious characters, the leaders and promoters of the present insurrection. About half way in the Glen, a scout of Captain Rock lay on a bed of fern, under a cliff, wrapped in that loose frieze coat which Spencer, two hundred years ago, so graphically described as a fit house for an outlaw, and a meet bed for a rebel. This man started up from his lair, pike in hand, and joined the horsemen, supposing that they were some of the *Boys*, that had returned from a marauding expedition. The poor creature, while huzzaing for Capt. Rock, was cut down, and left there for dead, and the troop moved on through the pass. But other scouts were more on the alert, and the leader of the insurgents was soon informed that there was a party of the military stationed at the western mouth of the pass, and that a large body of horsemen was advancing through it. He who personated on this day the ubiquitous Captain Rock, was not one to overlook or forego the advantages his enemies presented him with. He felt that his foes were within his grasp, for he stood secure

that they must re-pass the defile : and he counted on their capture as much as if he had them within the clenching of his fist. No one could tell who this young man was ; his bearing, attire, accent, bespoke him much above the common sort, and as not a native of Cork. Be he whom he might, no one presumed to question his power — all seemed as on oath bound to obey, and with a blast of his bugle he summoned in his forces, and called to his side his generals of division, Lieutenants Pat Peep-o'-day and Sylvester Starlight, and then in a speech, not so round and set as Livy or Tacitus would record, but in an abrupt, joyous, presumptuous tone, fast and fiery, like a true Milesian Irishman, he announced that Pastorini was a right prophet, and that this day the Virgin and all the powers had put the orangemen and red coats into their hands. "Only, boys, look this once to your cause and your oaths — mind *my* bidding — be steady but for this morning, and the whole west country is your own ; and I promise you all, *boys*, the tap of Lord Bantry's cellar. Peep-o'-day, off with you westward — take sixty of the smartest boys in the whole mountain, and run round the red coats — watch them well — keep them at play as you would a ball on the hoop of your hurl — never come to close quarter — keep behind the rocks and turf clamps — never fire till sure of your man. Run away as they advance — coax them, if you can, up into the hills — tease them until you see they quit the pass, and pursue you into the mountain — amuse them as a plover would a spaniel on a moor ; and when we have houghed all the horsemen, I will come to you and hamstring all the soldiers. Starlight, take you fifty of the stoutest on your roll ; each man must carry a spade along with his gun or pike. Go to the Red Deer's Rock — that big stone which overhangs the pass, and from which the

fairly buck bounded and cleared the Glen, when Fin M' Coul hunted him for a summer's day, with his good dog Bran. The stone, big as it is, is loose already; I almost shook it the other evening with my shoulder. Twenty men, in ten minutes, will undermine, and leave it so, that at command you can kick it down like a football. Off, Starlight, lose no time; dig away as if you were digging by night for dreamt-of gold. Work for the virgin and St. Patrick, and when the rock is ready to rattle down, clap your Kerry cow's horn to your mouth, and blow me the old whiteboy blast, and then wait quietly until you hear three distinct flourishes of *my* bugle, and then in the name of all the saints, down with the rock; it will plug up the pass, as this cork stops my dram bottle; and then, my brave boys, these orange oppressors, these pitiless men, who rode rough-shod over the country, are in our power. The foxes of Bantry and Glenariff are bagged — we who have been hunted and halloed at — our blood spilt like water — our necks broken on the gallows — our heads rolling on their scaffolds — we who have borne a century of suffering and shame, shall now be triumphant. Now, now our time is come; we have all the vermin of the country in our power — fox and badger, marten, weasel, and pole-cat — come, boys, we shall have rare sport; we shall be all in at the death, and every man can chuse his game."

Thus spoke Captain Rock, and forward marched Lieutenants Peep-o'-Day and Starlight to their respective positions. Captain Rock disposed his own main body on both sides of the eastern end of the defile, each man effectually secreted and covered by his own grey rock; so that were any traveller to bend his way through the pass, he would have felt awe-struck, as he went along, at the loneliness of his wayfaring. But not so at the western end of the glen.

There Peep-o'-day, the moment he was arrived, began his tactics; some of the fleetest and most enterprising of the *Boys* crept along the brow of the pass, and under the shelter of the rocks and heath, came within shot of the military party, fired a volley, and then fled towards the hills. The officer, a cool veteran, whose experience taught him self-possession, who was well seasoned in Guerrilla practice during the Peninsula war, saw the hazard of dispersing his small detachment among the mountains, and ordered his men to stand to their post, and not attempt pursuit. Again Peep-o'-day tried his practice, and some of his men came so near as to taunt and scold the red coats from behind the rocks; and here a few of the soldiers, irritated by the insolent forwardness of the white boys, started forward in pursuit, and ascended the mountains, but they had not gone far, when, from amongst the hills and bog-holes, up started the enemy on every side, and a bloody hand-to-hand contest ensued. Luckily all effected their escape except one light infantry man, who more forward than the rest, fell pierced by a hundred pike wounds.

In the mean time, Lord Bantry returned from a fruitless search through the villages along the lakes of Inchigeela. He found every house deserted, and water thrown on every hearth, and it was high time to turn homewards, disappointed and weary — with horses blown and jaded, and many lame from want of shoes. They entered slowly, in long and loose array, the eastern opening of the defile. Captain Rock, with head and neck protruded from behind a neighboring cliff, and still protected from observation by an old yew, that waved its palmated foliage around him, hung in deep suspense, watching the entrance of the last of the Bantry men into the pass — he seemed to fear lest

he should lose even one of them — he counted them as a ratcatcher would count the vermin that he was enticing into his cage ; and now he crossed himself — he heard the beating of his own heart like the tick of a death watch, as he counted the seconds, expecting every moment to hear Starlight's horn announcing that the rock was ready to be uprooted.

The Bantry men had about a mile to pass on, before they came to the point over which the loosened rock impended. At the rate they were proceeding, about ten minutes more would have brought them to it. Rock's hopes, or dashed, or realized, hung in suspense on these ten minutes ; and still onward the horsemen wound their toilsome march, through the silence of the defile. At this instant an old man of the Mahonys looked down from his covert, and saw Lord Bantry and his brother just passing under him. This poor fellow had once two sons, the pride of his name, and the consolation of his descending years — active, honest, industrious ; but, seduced into the Rock system, their house near Gougan Barry was searched under the provisions of the insurrection act, and arms and ammunition being found concealed, they were tried at Bantry, and sentenced to be transported, which sentence was instantly put into execution, and their aged parents were left desolate and destitute ; the mother wept her life away, and her gray hairs descended in sorrow to the grave ; the father joined the rising and cared not how he died. This bereaved old man saw now, as he thought the very man in his power, who robbed him of all the the props of his existence, and in an agony of passion that brooked no restraint, he started up on the gray rock that hitherto concealed him, and holding high in his withered hand a ponderous stone,

THE PASS OF COOLEAGH.

His loose coat floated on the wind,
His hoary hair
Streamed like a meteor in the troubled air,

and muttering the curse of him that was made childless, he cast the stone with wonderful energy down on Lord Bantry. The stone missed his lordship, but wounded severely his horse, and immediately captain White drew forth his pistol, and with accurate aim, fired at the old assailant, who stood overhead, still foaming forth wrath and curses. The bullet, true to its mark, passed through the streaming hair of the poor impassioned wretch, and closed for ever his sorrows and sufferings. Down he came, tumbling from rock to rock, until he lay along the road, a mortal ruin. The sight was too much for Irishmen to bear; all the prudential commands of Captain Rock were in an instant forgotten; and setting up one universal yell, each man started forth from behind his rock, and the whole glen bristled with pikes and muskets. "Move; — march — away," cried Captain White; "a gallop or a grave. Lord Bantry keep a-head; I will bring up the rear. Spur, spur for your lives; — keep moving, and they cannot mark us." Never was advice better given, or more carefully taken. The spur's rowel and the sword's point goaded the horses on, and forward the whole party rushed; and just as Lieutenant Starlight had loosened his rock, just as it was tottering to its fall, just as the horn sounded, the last loyalist passed beneath it and turned the point; and then down it came, a smoking ruin, closing up the pass effectually, too late to bar retreat, but just in time to preclude the enemies' pursuit.

Thus the whole well-contrived military speculation of young Rock was defeated. The Bantry men soon got through the defile; they joined the detachment of the king's

troops at the Glen's mouth, and they all retreated unmolested to Bantry.

Some time after, a large body of troops surrounded and scoured the mountains, but no Captain Rock ; he had retreated in hopelessness into the fastnesses of Slievelogher, and it cost the sappers and miners of the king's army many a blast, and many a pound of powder, before they broke up the rock with which Lieutenant Starlight, a minute all too late, closed up the pass of Cooleagh.

THE WHITEBOYS.

DURING the summers of 1828 and 1829, the Queen's county, and the counties of Carlow, Kilkenny, &c., were greatly disturbed. The peasantry having entered into a very extensive combination, under the title of Whiteboyism, kept the country in a continual state of alarm. In a story of this nature, professing to be a picture of a certain trait in our national manners, it would not be proper to discuss the occasions or circumstances which are said to have given rise to this illegal association or conspiracy; we propose only to describe our countrymen as they really are, with regard to morals, turn of thought, and expression, without lessening, exaggerating, or caricaturing in any way.

The Irish SCULLOGUES, or large farmers, who act as middlemen and land-agents, are generally hated by the lower farmers and cottiers, on whom they practice all the little tyranny which is in their power. As these people originally spring from the very lowest of the peasantry, they are also despised and detested the more, for the Irish, in general, look up with great respect to noble birth and genteel extraction.

Near the foot of Cloughbrennan, in the Queen's county, there resided a person of the above description. His name was Cornelius Cahill, and he was said to be a very wealthy man; he possessed two or three large farms, and was a very extensive cattle breeder and grazier.

At the time the present tale opens, some years after his father's death, he was in possession of all his father's property, and one of the most generally detested men in the whole county. At a previous assizes in Maryborough, he

prosecuted two men, who were hung, for an attack on his house in search of arms ; one of whom, at the place of execution, declared the justice of his sentence, and bore testimony to the innocence of his companion. This completed to ripening the hatred which was in its spring for him, and he became the watched and the marked of the white-boys.

On the other side of Cloghbrennan, on one of Cahill's farms resided an honest poor man, with one son and a daughter, who rented fifteen or sixteen acres of land under him ; and who, with the assistance of his son, then about twenty-one years of age, cultivated their little spot, and managed to live comfortable and independent. Bryan Mooney, for such was the farmer's name, was returning one evening, in the winter of 1829, from the town of Carlow, after making a market, and disposing of the surplus produce of his little farm much to his satisfaction. Mounted on a young and spirited half-blood mare of his own rearing, and of which he was very proud and with a glass or two of *the native* rising high in his brain, he considered himself one of the most fortunate men in the Queen's county. The night was dark, and as he approached the foot of Cloghbrennan, the wind, cold and frosty, blew keen over the dark hill's side, and Mooney wrapped his cloak, or frize riding coat, closely round him, and tipping his mare with the end of a supple heavy-handled whip, proceeded at a sober trot along the narrow, lonesome road. He knew the country to be much disturbed, but he had no fears for himself. His neighbors and he had been always on peaceable terms, and he was unconscious of having an enemy in the wide world ; therefore a thought on the subject never entered his head.

Nearly at the foot of the hill the road gives a sudden

turn to the right, and enters on a wild-looking, rude tract, where the vestiges of any habitation are never to be met with. As Mooney turned into this part of the road, a shriek of distress, and a rush and trample, as of men in contest, came from the neighboring field; then another shriek, and call of murder; and the earnest prayers of mercy were succeeded by the threatening and taunts of one or two men, who appeared as if dragging the sufferer farther into the darkness and loneliness of the place, in order to complete some deed of blood. Mooney, inspired by the generous impulse of the moment, faced his mare to the low, dry-stone built boundry at the road side, which the young animal cleared at a bound and galloped across the field in the direction of the sounds. As he came up, he beheld a man faintly struggling against three ruffians, who were dragging him along, with dreadful threatening and horrid imprecations.

"Say your prayers," said one to him, "av the' do you any good, for it's short your time is."

"It's little good they'll do him, I'm thinkin'," said another ruffian, "in regard iv all the black doin's that's to the fore agin him."

"Have mercy on me," cried the wretched man on his knees; "for the sake of your souls at the last day do not commit murder, and any thing you wish me to do I'll do it without asking a question."

"Is it you that axes marcy, you informing villian?" said another; "it's little you can expect, I'm thinkin', if it's the right o' the thing you look at."

"Oh! have mercy! have mercy!" again ejaculated the wretch.

"Yes; the same as you showed Doolin and Toole,"

said the first ruffian, "when you got them hanged, an' you knowin' one poor boy to be innocent."

They now had him down, and one of them was kneeling on his breast. It was at this juncture that Mooney came up; and he thought that he distinguished the voice of his landlord, as he shrieked in the last throes of fear and horror beneath the men; so twisting the thong of his heavy whip round his hand, he dashed to the spot, and before they were scarcely aware of his approach, he knocked the man who was kneeling on his breast senseless to the ground. The other two fled, without once looking to see by whom they were attacked, and alighting from his mare, and raising the man, almost stupified from his perilous situation, he found that indeed it was his landlord, Mr. Corny Cahill.

"Oh! God be praised," he exclaimed, as he slowly recovered the use of his faculties, and found that he had been delivered from a frightful and horrid death.

"And is it yourself, Mr. Cahill," said Mooney, "that I'm afther pursarvin' from destruction? just take my mare here, and go as fast as you can to my house, as it's the nighest and quietest, and stay there till I come to you."

"I will — I will," he said in an eager and agitated manner; "but watch that fellow — that assassin, and if he recovers have him sent to prison, that we may hang him or make him inform on his comrades."

Mooney evaded a direct answer, but urging his landlord to fly, he added, "you know if they return, us both 'll be kil't without marcy; so dash on for the sake ov him who made me the instrument of saving you."

Cahill did not require a second intimation of the danger, but turned the horse's head about and soon galloped out of sight.

Mooney looked at the man, who, to all appearances, lay lifeless in the field beneath him. He opened his eyes, and slowly turned his head, as if to see was he alone ; and getting up, he shook himself firmly into his great coat, and putting his hand to his head, he rubbed it awhile, as if to determine whether all was right or not ; then, as if satisfied of the safety of his cranium, he turned towards Mooney, and in a tone of serious, half joking, said,

"Bryan Mooney, you should look before you'd leap, and you should see who was undher your arm afore you'd strike with so heavy a hand ; you were nigh murdherin' your own wife's first cousin that was, God rest her sowl."

"Good heavens ! what brought you here, Paddy Rooney ? You'll be hanged for this night's work, that you will, as sure as a gun," exclaimed Mooney, horrified at beholding so near a relative in such a perilous situation ; but Rooney, who appeared to be particularly well acquainted with such scenes, looked perfect indifference.

"Mind your own business, Bryan Mooney," said he, "and let others mind theirs ; and if you did, you'd have left that black-hearted villain in the hands that knew best how to handle him."

"Paddy Rooney, will you just take a friend's advice, and never heed the blow I sthruick you, but just take yourself away as fast as you can, and never say you saw me," said Mooney.

"I forgive you in the regard of the blow," replied Rooney ; "but just take a bit of advice in return. Niver agin intherfere in what doesn't consarn you. I'll take care that the boys don't disturb you on account of this night's work, and keep your timper about it yourself."

Rooney then bid his relative good night and turned away. He was soon lost in the darkness as he passed

down the field, and Mooney turned about and pursued his way home on foot.

On entering the house he found his landlord sitting at the fire beside his daughter, the young and blooming Kathleen, and quite recovered from the effects and fright of the attack recently made upon him. He was profuse in his acknowledgments to Mooney for his deliverance; and it was agreed that he should stop there during the night. The next morning Cahill proceeded home, and for a length of time never stirred out of his house by night. He never made any noise about the attempt that was made on his life; and it was scarcely known to any but the few personally concerned in the transaction. However, another feeling which contributed to alarm old Mooney very much, seemed to have sprung up in the bosom of his landlord—a passion for the young and innocent Kathleen. Mooney was well aware that Cahill was once the most profligate and abandoned of men: that his passions were ever his masters, and there was no sacrifice he would not make to gratify them. He could not expect that such a character could have honorable views or intentions toward his child; and he dreaded to desire him to keep away from the house, for his anger was desperate and his revenge sure and deadly.

Day by day he came to Mooney's and always endeavored to come at a time when the old man and his son would be absent to their field labor. By slow and insidious ways he at first attempted to win a favorable impression; then by degrees, growing more bold, he grew pressing and eager, and proceeded to take certain liberties with her person which put her maiden modesty to the blush, and obliged her to complain to her father. Her soul abhorred him—she could not bear the false and disagreeable expres-

sion of his face ; but, like the rest of her family, she dreaded his power, and feared to say anything that would tend to irritate him. The father did not know what to do ; but the brother, a fine manly young fellow, about twenty-one years of age, was determined, let what would be the consequence, to bring the affair at once to an issue, and end it. So the next visit he paid, Maurice watched him ; and pretending other business, quitted his father's side in the field, and proceeded by a circuitous route to the house. I have said before, it was placed in a lonely situation, a distance from the public road, and far away from every other habitation. As Maurice approached the house, the voice of his sister shrieking for assistance reached his ear, and he darted like an arrow to her help. The door was closed, and she within, shrieking in desperation. He rushed against the door, which gave way before him, and as he leaped in, he found Cahill, with his sister in his arms, and he endeavoring to force her into the room. Young Mooney seized him by the throat, and swinging him with a powerful arm to the other end of the house, stood between him and his panting sister, with eyes on fire with maddening rage and indignation.

"Monster !" he exclaimed, "is this the way you show your gratitude to my father's child, after he rescuin' you from death — a death you desarved richly."

"Oh ! Maurice ! Maurice !" she cried, bursting into tears, "it was God sent you to me."

Cahill stood petrified ; he did not reply, and Maurice seizing him by the collar, was dragging him to the door. "Oh ! sure you're not going to kill me," said he with a sneer.

"Go away, you villain," said Maurice ; "you are not worth killing ; but let you never come inside this door

again," and he pitched him forth and shut the door after him.

Cahill returned to his house, burning with disappointment and rage, and resolved upon revenge. It was then that he recollected that on the night on which his life was in danger, Maurice was absent from his father's house; and immediately conceived the idea of impeaching him with the crime. Accordingly he proceeded to the next magistrate, and lodged information against Maurice Mooney, and a warrant was issued for his apprehension. Timely notice was conveyed to young Mooney, who absconded, and took refuge with a relative who lived at a great distance, until his father disposed of a certain portion of his means to make up a sufficient sum to send him out of the country.

He embarked the March following for America, and in the course of the last year he sent money to bring over his father and sister, and he is now a wealthy farmer near New Orleans.

As for Cahill, he met the fate which the whiteboys had long threatened him with. Returning from giving his vote at an election which took place the ensuing summer, at an hour later than usual with him, he was fired at by two or three at the same time, one of the balls passing quite through his body. He was able to make good his way home, and he lingered under the fatal wound for about six weeks, and died in the most excruciating agonies. The murderers were never discovered.

THE END.



May 20/70 S.S.

